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Vol. XXIII. No. 1.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE

PHILO MIRROR.

DECEMBER, 1876.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

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THE MIRROR.

Charles Holder, '77,
Frederic H. Garman, '78, } *Editors.*
Louis B. Hasbrouck, '77,

VOL. XXIII. DECEMBER, 1876. No. 1.

IRONY.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

Nothing is so offensive to good taste, nothing so coarse to a delicate ear, as exaggeration. And so, in conversation, writing, or public speaking, we admire nothing more than irony,—saying one thing, and meaning another. Irony is often expressed more forcibly by manner than argument. It is neither sarcasm nor arrogance : while the former, in its true sense, signified bitterness, a mean or sneering manner, the latter, assumption, insolence of bearing. Irony is the opposite of these, though neither ridicule nor ostentation. In ancient literature we find it used to a great extent. We also find among the sacred writings, scattered here and there, ironical remarks, employed by the prophets against idolaters, by our Lord against the Scribes and Pharisees, but always in a serious manner, endeavoring to expose the errors which had crept into their teachings, and forcibly illustrate the truth. The Greeks and Romans considered it as an art in their rhetoric. The orator who could intersperse his remarks with ironical hits would call forth the admiration of his hearers, and thus be enabled to enforce his argument upon them.

A complaining soldier has often been silenced, and the despondent spirits of an army elated, by an ironical remark of the general. Notice its effect in the ancient drama. It was the spice of the comic poets. Among modern writers, Shakespeare best knew its power; as, for instance, Mark Antony's address to the Romans. That wonderful speech is irony from beginning to end. How gradually he presents his purpose before the minds of his hearers! Brutus himself could not object to Antony calling him "noble," but how his keen, sharp words would cut him to the quick when he repeated his remark, "And Brutus is an honorable man, so are they all, all honorable men." An Italian newspaper shows its contempt for England's imbecility, on the Eastern question, in the following strain: —

> "England has a real body of reserves, composed of twenty divisions of sympathy, forty brigades of speeches, and eighty regiments of declarations, and there is not a cause in favor of which the whole army does not take the field as soon as the humanity cry has reached the tender entrails of generous Albion. Only fancy, a pamphlet! England is in earnest, and the Turks now know with whom they have to do. Is it possible? Have the Turks pushed cruelty so far that they make war by killing people? Do they bombard towns? Do they burn villages? And is such conduct tolerated? Where, then, did these infidels learn the art of waging war? Let them go to India and find out how war ought to be waged. War with ottar of roses, without slaughter, without fire, without rapine; war with gutta-percha swords and cannon balls of Windsor soap."

This is a splendid illustration of irony. A paragraph like the above speaks with more force than a whole column of plain reasoning. The newspapers of our day, from the greatest to the least, use this weapon to overthrow the arguments of their opponents; especially do we find this the case among our political papers. Take up almost any party paper, and see how the antagonists of both sides abound with ironical remarks, — one quoting the words of another so as to throw a different light on their meaning.

There are some who employ irony for the purpose of turning everything into ridicule, in order that they may show forth their wit, regardless of the consequences and the feelings of others.

Like a person crying out "Fire!" in a crowded hall, to see the people rush for the door, he calls it a joke! A nice joke, forsooth! but only a few killed, some friends to mourn them, and a city enraged. Excellent fun!

We use irony with great boldness against folly and vice, and even feel fearless in striking at law itself. By it we can censure a friend, and be bold in showing him his faults, or assail an enemy and make him wince under its power. Indeed, error and corruption are often best attacked by this means, especially when they have crept into high places. The very vividness of the language holds the attention of the reader, and likewise excites his curiosity, bringing out his sympathy or contempt. But the word has lost its original meaning, to a great extent, in our day, and is more closely associated with the idea of sarcasm.

Although irony has a true use, both in literature and public speaking, yet when abused for the purpose of spite or assumption, it becomes mean and contemptible. Some people are so arrogant and egotistical that there seems to be no other way of replying to them. For, since they will make use of irony against truth and reason, causing innocent persons to appear in a false light, the only way to pay them back is in their own coin. Another class seem to be so constituted that it is almost impossible to cause them to see the plainest irony. They are incapable of comprehending it. To such a class there is little or no danger of doing harm; but the majority of persons are sensitive, and feel keenly such a remark. And therefore, when unjustly applied, it is often the cause of much trouble. Instances there are, as when instructors, using ironical remarks to show a dull scholar his errors, — not in the spirit of Christian charity, — have called forth curses from the boy rather than thanks.

He who would successfully use irony must first have a good reason: that is, employing it for the benefit of the person or persons aimed at; and especially he should himself be blameless of what he wishes to correct in others.

> "O! sacred weapon, left for truth's defense,
> Sole dread of folly, vice, and indolence,
> To all but heaven-directed hands denied;
> The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide."

SCHOOL HONOR.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

THE school has an important part in developing traits of character, as well as of the mind. It is the place where a student is first to obtain honor; and, in going over the beaten and familiar path of learning, every one of his intellectual faculties is susceptible of culture and improvement. Never is this culture so rapidly or so effectually gained as in the period of school training; and in cultivating these faculties in the right way while in school, he can lay so firm a foundation that not only in school will he obtain distinction, but in after life he will feel its influence and end.

Honor must of necessity be attained as any other branch of education, and is brought into more or less active exercise by every person as he advances in the habit of thought, and is a distinguishing mark, not only among men in mature life, but even among students in the same school.

Whoever has had anything to do with professional schools, has marked the decided advantage which those who have been trained in college have over those who have had only a common education, not only in the amount of acquired knowledge, but in concentration of thought, and the ability to comprehend readily the studies of their profession, and the power of firm self-control. As their faculties are developed to a greater degree, they have a keener perception of right and wrong, their minds are ennobled and enlarged, and certain responsibilities are placed upon them from which they cannot shrink, and which they have to carry out of respect for their own reputation. The school is a community not merely for the acquisition of knowledge, but for the development of the faculties of the mind, and to aid it in obtaining a knowledge of itself and the world outside. It is a community in which a student is separated from home life and influences, and brought to rely upon his own personal ability, polished by the continual society of fellow-students in participating in the sports and festivities of a college and academic life. The intellectual ability of one student is brought to bear upon another, and a keener sense of honor is thus attained. Indeed, every school does not have the same influences ; each individual school has a *genus loci* of its own, which is partly dependent upon traditionary influences and partly upon current events. No community is swayed more completely by public opinion. Before its power the settled judgment of individuals is abandoned, and the pleasant dictates of truth and honor are misinterpreted. Notwithstanding these disturbances with which this community is occasionally visited, justice asserts that the prevailing influences are not only healthful but eminently vitalizing. In no community are the distinctions of life — such as of wealth or birth — of so little account in comparison with intellect, generosity and open-heartedness, as in this commonwealth. The rich and poor meet on equal ground ; and in this arena they contend for honor, and intellectual superiority comes off conqueror. In no community are the shallowness, pretensions and shams more quickly discovered, or treated with a more unanimous derision.

Even the very failings of a student, however inexcusable and injurious, may be said to " lean to virtue's side." As a student advances in school, the lower vices and the more degrading indulgences, which are common among the earlier youth, are less prevalent with the older, as a natural result of the influences excited by school life, apart from any moral or religious improvement. There is no community in which this pre-eminently critical period of life can be spent with greater safety than in an Academy or college. It is, indeed, a true saying, " You send your child to the school-master, but 'tis the school-boys that educate him." Those who neglect the duties of the school find that the life has been anything but wasted. For even those who afterwards sink beyond recovery find that their downward course is retarded by the good with which their previous culture has enriched them. It is not the instructors that furnish those influences which are the most necessary, but it is the influence of the community that awakens the direction of a person's energies. The examples which are constantly placed before the student, the inspiration that he may derive from others, the encouragement of a fellow-classmate, spoken at a critical moment, the estimate of literary and artistic tastes above the vulgar desire for wealth and power, — these, together with school friendships, the earnestness of rivalries and fidelity in triumph and honor, all tend to excite in the student his greatest desire for progress, and, in after life, to become the representative and type of all other men. F. H. G.

TWO TEN-THOUSANDS.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

Let one of these represent the Greeks at Marathon; the other, the Greeks in the Retreat of the Ten-Thousand.

The Greeks at Marathon were able to drive forth from the country their bitterest enemies; while the Greeks with Xenophon were fleeing from the same race that the others had opposed.

It seems beyond belief that the small force of ten thousand coped successfully with that mass of the Persian army, outnumbering them, according to some accounts, by twenty to one.

In addition to the natural and inherent strength of the Grecian character, there were at the time of Marathon many objective elements that led to their success. The marshes, then by chance filled with water, extended on each side of the army and offered a strong protection to the flanks, which otherwise could have been but poorly defended. The sun also proved a great advantage to the Greeks, as they had their backs toward it while its rays shone full in the faces of the enemy. The ground on which the engagement took place was dedicated to Hercules; and it was there that Theseus, the great hero of Attica, slew the monster brought over by Hercules from Crete; and, yet again, on this very ground, Macaria, the daughter of

Hercules, offered herself up to death for the liberty of her countrymen; and to what an extent must these associations have worked on the mind of the Greeks! To a mind so superstitious and trustful of the gods, they must have furnished the most powerful incentive to heroic exertion for the preservation of the land.

And for what were they striving? Was it simply for this one field, this one victory? No. It was for a far higher, a far nobler object. They were fighting for the liberty of Greece, for freedom from the oppression of the Persians. They felt that if once they were in the power of Persia, Grecian liberty was at an end. They would become the oppressed, down-trodden slaves of their conquerors.

"The first Greeks who ever ran to meet a foe" at length pressed forward against the enemy. Strange sounds were heard on the battle-field, which they thought were from the gods urging them on.

Before such a determined assault the mass of the Persians gave way, the field was won, and Liberty was, for a time at least, secure. But I wish to show that the Greeks could accomplish much when dependent alone upon mere discipline of character and the superiority which it confers; and such an occasion I find in the famous Retreat of the Ten-Thousand under Xenophon.

About ninety years after the battle of Marathon, the Retreat of the Ten-Thousand took place. The Greeks had been hired by Cyrus to assist him in an expedition against his brother, the king. Before they realized it, they had been led into the very heart of the Persian Empire. When, about the time of Cyrus' death, they had become fully acquainted with the nature of the undertaking, they found that they were really in the power of the king against whom they had been proceeding. They have now no favorable circumstances that will lead to their success, such as the Greeks were favored with at Marathon.

Their unalterable determination and keen intellects are their only allies; the invincible will that is always associated with thorough discipline is now called into full play.

Their generals have been put to death, and now they are without even an officer; but hastily others are selected and the Retreat begins. With such a spirit urging them on, obstacles must give way before them; and, although many die on the march, the rest still press on; and at last their perseverance is rewarded, their wanderings are over, and the black waters of the Euxine are in sight.

Thus we have both times seen the end accomplished for which the two parties were striving.

The one was strong in those resources alone which are within one's self; the other was furthermore strong in good fortune, luck. Woe would have followed the Greeks, both at Marathon and in Persia, had they relied only on luck. The sun and the rains are not always for our convenience; the traditions of the past and the associations of the present are not always inspiring, if there be not at such times the inherent capability. In every struggle of human existence, the value of self-reliance is illustrated in a greater or less degree.

In the battle of Waterloo, the English were supported by their indomitable will, that would not harbor even the thought of defeat, but enabled them to face the bullets and shells of the enemy while waiting for reinforcements; while it is barely possible that the French were strengthened in their hope of victory by the presence of Napoleon, the "Man of Destiny," in whom they had implicit trust, because up to that time he had never been defeated.

As Wendell Phillips says, 'A man who is a man and has true manly instincts may be defeated in battle, but is never driven from his principles,' so a man who has strength of purpose, like that which characterized the Greeks in the Retreat of the Ten-Thousand, is more likely to secure the goal with "very many times his own number" against him, even when the accidents of the struggle are all unfavorable. How much more promising is it for him when these chances are in his favor! And so, also, a man who waits for luck to lead him forward, more thoughtful of *where* and *how* he may be than of what he is, veering like a leaf in autumn with every change of the wind, will prove a complete failure and close his life with disappointment.

ORIGINALITY.

THE first ambition of a young writer is to be original. He is not satisfied with reproducing the ideas of others, but strives to bring forth new and fresh thought from his own brain. But when his productions are compared with others, he finds that most of his ideas are old, his reasoning has been applied again and again, and his illustrations have been used constantly, from the days of Virgil and Homer to the present time. This discovery will probably make him despair of producing anything which is not already trite and worn out by endless repetition.

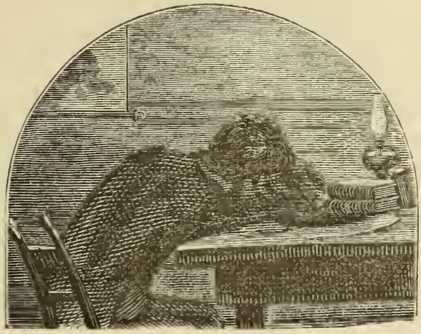
In one sense no one can be original. It is next to impossible to write anything absolutely new. Long ago, a wise man said, "There is nothing new under the sun." If this could be said then, with much greater emphasis may it be said now, amid the civilization of the nineteenth century, teeming as it is with thought and intellectual activity. The old thinkers, Socrates, Plato and Cicero, had most of the ideas of our day, and expressed them with an elegance and precision which we cannot equal. The few ideas which are new, as the use of steam, of electricity, the theory of evolution, are but the development of germs of thought which may be traced far into the past. The conflict of opinions which goes on to-day is only a new phase, upon a higher plane, of the same old battle which has been fought over and over again, and which will always rage till the end of time.

Really original thinkers, therefore, are rare. When they do come, they come as the great masters of thought, whose lives mark an era in the progress of ideas. But the world demands a continual supply, not merely of facts, but also of ideas. The human brain requires sustenance as much as the human body; starve it, and the man becomes a brute. The vast body of educated writers and speakers must supply this demand. Only a few have fertile minds, able to create new thought; most of them must produce what is required in another way. They absorb ideas and assimilate them to their own minds, as

F. W. Robertson said Milton, Locke, Edwards, "passed like iron atoms of the blood into his mental constitution." Their minds must be trained to grasp the universal principles underlying facts, and to trace those hidden relations of things to which most men are blind. The reasoning of the old thinkers must be applied to solve the problems which are to be settled to-day. The contest between principles must be fought with the same weapons which have been used since the days of Cicero and Demosthenes. The secret of Charles Sumner's power lay in his knowledge of the principles and ideas developed by the world's best thought, and his ability to apply them to the great questions of his own day.

But it will not do to be a mere sponge, giving forth exactly what is absorbed, without thought or feeling. To take any hold upon the minds of men, thoughts must come from the brain fresh and glowing, stamped with the individuality of the speaker or writer. They must be clothed in clear, forcible language. The imagination must make them vivid, and with all the strength and color of reality. Above all, the author must be in sympathy with his subject, must make his ideas, as it were, a part of his own being. Many authors are read for instruction, many speakers are listened to for the finished eloquence of their discourses; but the men who make their ideas living forces in men's lives are animated by an earnest purpose which makes itself felt in every word they speak. Earnestness of feeling is always fresh; and living truths, spoken from the heart, will be ever new, though they were heard thousands of years ago.

E. E. A.



THE SCHOLAR'S DREAM.

In a third-story garret, in a rickety chair,
With his head on the table, a scholar sat there.

A map on the wall, in one corner old boots;
And for food intellectual, derivative roots.

For study, what? Euclid! Diversions, then? Purley!
His rest must be dreaming; his eating is surely.

For friendship there's Tully, for love he has Plato,
And supporteth his lot by the maxims of Cato.

He has drunk deep of Lethe's dull waters, it seems,
And now has forgotten his cares in his dreams.

While he is dreaming, the great world is slumbering,
And no sound is heard, save that ticking outnumbering

The hour of one. Then there comes a low tapping. —
A visitant, surely not mortal, is rapping;

And on the soft moonbeams, the low casement through,
Came Mercury, sparkling with heavenly dew:

"I come here commanded to let your thoughts roam
Far off in Elysium, their own native home.

"Up, hasten! come with me, — there is no delay,
For soon will Aurora bring in the bright day."

He beckons him follow; and on noiseless pinions
Together they tend to the Manes' dominions,—

A palace all richly with fancies inwrought,
And filled with the treasures that sages had brought.

Of ambition and hope the portals were made,
And, standing ajar, Minerva displayed.

While odors Sabæan, and fragrance most rare
Of Amaranth blooming, distil in the air.

Here spirits innumerous — though nameless, yet great —
Move hither and thither around the large gate.

And farther within the muse Clio appears,
Her scroll stained with blood, her eyes filled with tears.

Afar in the shade veiled Melpomene stands,
Euripides near her, a mask in her hands.

Over there mild Thalia in sunlight is smiling,
Menander and gay old Anacreon beguiling.

There Virgil is moving along on the walk,
Together with Horace engaged in a talk.

Afar, alone, the old man Homer, musing
Upon the mighty past, its page perusing.

They nearer move, his kingly form to see,—
Perhaps some strain to hear. It may not be.

Returning light his consciousness awakes,
The spell dissolves, the holy mystery breaks.

ART CULTIVATION.

Not until within the last quarter of a century has the subject of art cultivation become one of great importance, because its neglect and imperfect realization previously had allowed valuable human faculties to remain undeveloped, while scientific education has had great success, especially in America. Art is in close sympathy with our faculties; therefore, it follows, it must be of inestimable importance to civilization. A correct appreciation of art can only be attained by long and careful study and by gradual mental growth. Art is a delicate test of the intellectual culture, and inner life, of all who are accustomed to study and cultivate it, because the material expressions of art are but the natural results of a man's train of thoughts and faculties; it is not only so with man individually, but it is a test by which we may judge a whole nation with the exactness of a daguerreotype. Thus we see the importance of art in history on account of the knowledge it conveys to us which can scarcely be estimated. But were all the pictorial and sculptured representatives of scenery, costumes, deeds and men, in short, all that being of the past, taken away from us, a greater part of history and the surface of the globe would cease to us to have a tangible form. Words are an imperfect means, compared to form and color, of conveying to our minds actions and objects. To get at the prevailing art ideas of any epoch we must read its architecture as well as its literature. The former is the practical expression of the latter. Several nations have left no other evidence of their civilization than their architecture, showing that in the usual forms of development the practical expression of the mind precedes the abstract. Men carved, painted and built, before they invented letters; thus the artistic art of Greece and of the Middle Ages reached a high standard before they learned how to cheaply and easily preserve their thoughts by printing. Art in America is choked by the stern cares and homely necessities of an incipient civilization. Men must work and live before they can live to enjoy the beautiful. America has no antecedent art venerable with age. Besides this loss there is a great want of institutions for instruction in the science of art.

Another obstacle of art is, the Americans think they have no time for thoughts of art, or it is an affair of idle moment; something to complete the furniture of a house, to be shut up for occasional use. But art also has many advantages in America; it has freedom of development and a growing national knowledge of refinement and taste to stimulate it. No nation was ever in better circumstances for the cultivation of art than the United States, and it is for her to prove that the cultivation of it is agreeable with freedom; and that, with the spread of taste and refinement, she loses nothing of her vigor and sincerity. G.

LANGUAGE.

Pitiful indeed would be man's condition if, endowed with reason and the power of generating ideas, he had no means of communication with his fellows. We should then have a world of beings, each inclosed in the little sphere of his own existence, and wholly unconscious that those about him were affected by the same emotions as himself. But man has been preserved from this fate by the gift of language, that basis of all social relations, that link which unites the members of the human family, making them one.

Language is undoubtedly a divine gift, although many theories have been advanced to prove it a human institution. When imparted to man it must have been in a very imperfect state, and was probably cultivated in the same degree as the mind employing it. And through the succeeding ages, the various languages suffering decay gave birth to others which should surpass in beauty and perfection, each yielding to its successor its most valuable acquisitions. These, constantly increased by consequent contributions, have been handed down to the present generation, — an invaluable possession.

In all media of communication there is this underlying principle, that the emotions which exist in one mind give rise to indications which shall produce similar emotions in another.

Then we see that emotion can be expressed by other means than the set form of speech, — by modulations of the voice, changes of countenance, and no more emphatically than by gesticulation. And man, taking advantage of this fact, combines question with speech to produce a greater effect than could either alone. Pantomimists, by this medium alone, are able, in a wonderfully clear manner, to bring before us long and complicated trains of thought. This mode of communication is employed by beast to give expression to the dominant emotion; and while man and beast are actuated by some common impulses, speech serves as the delicate medium for reason, while instinct must be content with uncouth gesture.

G. H. T.

NOT HEXAMETER.

The following Epic Poem of 5,000 lines, without date, was found in the cellar of one of the houses in Latin Commons. For want of space we can only print a few select passages.

On Sion's hill there is a townus
Scattered far and wide around us.
'Tis the finest habitation
In this great and glorious nation, —
Nullus wiser; nullus better, —
From the riser to the setter;
None in all the world more famous
Than this one, this very samus.
Pilgrim fathers were her paters,
Pilgrim mothers were her maters;
Sulcant super frinum mare,
Came from Cork et Londondary,
To explore this vast profundus,
Nullus major on this mundus;
Stopped at Plymouth for fresh water,
Saw Aquila there, and caught her, —
Avis Jove Americanus!
Perched upon a bending ramus,
With its feet beneath its tailus.
Nunc up "Salt Creek" the navis wendeth;
Nunc up Shawshin its viam bendeth,
Here in the bosom of this mighty river,
Which can be equalled? — never!
Nam quod est Rhenum quod est Nilus,
Alligator, crocodilus,
Ad hoc flumen, here beside us,
Plenum bull-frogs et todeilus.

. . . .

Navis saileth into dock,
Navis hitcheth to a rock;
Injuns come ab mons cacumen, —
Come to scare and scalp these few-men.

Sicca is drawn, et telum thrust;
The Injuns have kicked up a dust,
There's need of action, see, non Cæsar,
Sed on the rostrum Ebenezer,
Ho, fraters! cried he, Ἅμα στῆτε;
Fight like the Deuce, or else they'll bate ye.
The fight is o'er, and many an Injun
Now in Tartarus is singein',
While Pilgrim paters, maters, fraters
Dine on cod-fish, beans, and 'taters.
The beans, too many for the feast,
Were thrown upon the desolate waste:
Sprouted, budded, bloomed, and spread,
'Twas beans alone on which they fed;
And beans for breakfast, beans for dinner,
Is now the lot of every sinner.
Coena est post et tenus collum,
Majus et Bonus tread the solum.
Through thickets filled with horrid catus,
Led by no wandering ignis-fatus,
They pass o'er roads inexplicablis,
And wade through mud inexpugnabilis,
Until they come unto the summit
Of Sion's hill, and stand upon it.
Here they plant the mighty robur,
(How many of the set were sober?)
And Obediah, Fair Liberty's trumpet,
Makes the following speech, and shows how to stump it.

. . . .

Winter's snow and summer's heat
Have come and gone with silent feet.
Oft has Luna waxed her hair
And Sol pursued the northern bear.
"O tempora, mores!" people say,
"The Theologues" — but where are they?
Ab Hollande ships come in
Laden cum whiskey, rye et gin;
Rum was made on this very spot,
Plus quam hoc from Lawrence got.

Rum and Theologues! the place ran down, —
What use of Theologues in such a town?
Even bonus puer Phillipinus
Chickens steal et stone felinus,
Ignes on the campus set,
Engine et cornua to get.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

There is nothing more important entrusted to the youth than the formation of his character, for upon that depends in a large measure his success in this life and his happiness in the next. The young man who, actuated by lofty emotions, experiences a disposition to realize them, should convert that disposition into a determination, a fixed and unyielding determination that will ensure him success, though the labors which he endures seem endless, and the obstacles which he encounters innumerable. The plastic nature of the youthful mind continually demands the most watchful care, in order to prevent the retention of those impressions that, as they dazzle the eye with their brilliancy, pervert the mind by their influence. How clearly is the import of the old adage, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," verified in the life of that youth who, in a moment of weakness, has adopted a course of action that injures his health, impairs his intellect, and perverts his morals, and who, as he progresses in his downward course, has no inclination to reflect seriously upon its consequences, or if he does contemplate it, has not the moral courage to renounce it. How different is the life of that young man whose mind during his youth has been instilled with Christian principles, the direct result of a careful parental training, and who, as he arrives at maturity, possesses a consciousness of rectitude that has not, like the others, had its keen edge blunted by contact with the vices and follies of fashionable society.

The Creator has endowed Man with a sensitive mind, that enables him to discriminate between right and wrong. The visible application of this discriminating power is seen in decision of character; but the man must cultivate that strength of character, and not suffer it to degenerate into perverse obstinacy, which is full as persistent in the accomplishment of a bad object as in that of a good one; still few of us can refrain from admiring the persevering man, although in the pursuit of his intention he may wholly ignore that principle which ought to influence all. In the personal history of Napoleon, we notice that a prominent peculiarity of his character was his wonderful promptitude in deciding between two or more courses, any one of which few would have any choice in adopting, so equally advantageous each would appear. That perseverance is an essential element of true success there can be no doubt; the fact has been repeatedly verified, and how often we see the man of ability yielding the palm to the man of perseverance. The person who has never in the whole course of his life experienced success in his vocation, the want of which is often attributed by his friends to inaptitude rather than inability, is in fact one who courts the ideal in preference to the real, is indolent, easily discouraged, and does not seem to realize the necessity of forming a character and of rigidly adhering to it in every particular. While the individual destitute of the advantages that the other enjoys, yet who nevertheless persists in following out his intention to the letter despite the ridicule and abuse that public opinion is so ready to shower upon him, will accomplish his purpose, if accomplishment be possible, and enjoy the advantages that accrue from his success. All the inventions have resulted from the labors of those persons in whose minds there existed a fixed belief in the utility of their conception, and everything not in any way relating was made subordinate to it.

In fine, even from a practical point of view we can see how important it is to form a strong and decided character, if we only wish to be merely successful in our occupation. How much more then, does it concern our moral nature, and who can fail to see its close connection with our inner life? C. F., JR.

A COMMON PIECE.

Gentle Reader, hearken while I relate the experience of three years of my life, passed in the Commons at Andover.

Some have denominated them the "Barracks," but this is too harsh. They are in reality comfortable, cosy buildings, replete with all the contrivances of masculine ingenuity. On the top of the hill, in a long row, stand the habitations of the Latini, bare, bleak and uninviting without as the old Latin Quarter in Paris; while parallel to them, separated by a rolling mead, are the abodes of the English Commons, as they say, but we say the capacious edifices of the Lords; indeed, there is no doubt that our position is superior to that of our neighbors, who, like folks who think themselves somebody because a little higher up in the world, affect to regard us with contempt on account of their elevation. How they come to overlook such important advantages as the well of limped water, shaded with apple-trees, the leafy grove, and, above all, the nunnery sitting among the draped clothes-lines and exposed to bird's-eye view, I cannot tell. Yet so it is! And even outsiders oftentimes, when seeking suitable lodgings for their sons, seem insensible to the attractions of this delightful situation. It is no infrequent thing, at the beginning of a term, to see a gentleman and lady and two little boys (like the Pharisee) walking front of the commons, "a great way off," not daring to lift up so much as their eyes. By good fortune I was thrown into what I conceive to be the best house, and the best room, but I was dissappointed of the best room-mate. This was in September, and for a few months we got along happily enough together; the novelty of strange faces and circumstances disposed our minds to study and sport, and so many enterprises abroad left little time for disturbance at home. We were well pleased, and did not even desire a change of room, being free from that nomadic propensity of trying every room in both commons, which makes a first of May out of every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, occasions the borrowing of a wheel-barrow, and usually ends with that vehicle breaking down in the middle of the campus under the superincumbent weight of carpet, mattress, stove, chairs, and books too numerous to mention, all of which must reach their destination *per vim hominis*. However, with the exception of this short honeymoon, there was a weekly feud betwixt us, — a quarrel that at length became habitual, — and the cause of this was the sweeping. I had laid it down as one of the laws in my statute-book, that the room should be swept every Saturday; but as far as Tom was concerned the law was obsolete, for I generally found when it came his turn the corporation (he was larger than I) was not under the control of the Legislature. This quarrel always began immediately after dinner, as soon as we entered the room. I would seat myself and say, "Well, Tom, it's your turn to sweep out." "I swept out last time," was the invariable reply. "No, you didn't either," I would urge. "Well, I must go down town now, but I'll sweep out when I come back," was Tom's corollary.

I well knew his love for study; but, though he might want to spend the afternoon delving, still, on account of weak health, he was obliged to wander round, much against his will, until after supper. All house-cleaning, was then adjourned, of course, till the next day; and this, I believe, was the real ground of much of Tom's Sunday sickness. To be sure, he himself said it was because he disliked sensational preaching; but it must have been very hard for him, when he did not rise till nine, to sweep out, dress himself, and get to church before ten. And here it may as well be said there was much sickness in our house: you might have taken it for a hospital, — so many bottles!

I pass lightly over the succeeding events of this year, and the first of September we entered the Middle Class.

If there is any flaw or weakness in character, or any laxity in conduct, it appears in the Middle year in the Academy, and the Sophomore year in College. My friend was Tom, not St. Thomas, a boy, not an angel; accordingly I was not much surprised when he told me, about October, that he had a hundred and eighty demerits. Now it is one of the laws at Phillips that a man be suspended with two hundred feet of rope; so I grew doubtful of Tom's fate. Saturday morning, at Chapel, my fears were increased: there was a pathos about the prayer, — a deep premeditated pathos not unusual. At ten o'clock Tom gave me to understand he had passed "from the frying-pan into the fire;" but he didn't care, he said, except on account of his parents. That evening his trunk was set in the middle of the floor; his Sunday go-to-meeting clothes (those he had gone to meeting in so seldom) were thrown across the back of a chair; a Cicero, interlinear, on the table, a Clark's Xenophon in the tray, — while every five minutes the door opened, and some new friend came to condole and borrow a cigar to remember him by.

When he returned,— which was not till the beginning of the Senior year, — we were both very much changed, more particular about our persons and diet. We broke at once with club-fare, and called on the Principal to tell him we would be under the necessity of boarding ourselves, or foregoing our education. Besides the extra food we expected from this move, there would be a large surplus of funds for traveling expenses: that is, if we saved a dollar a week, there was a trip to Boston, or five round trips to Lawrence. On this basis we boarded ourselves. But some accidents occurred: the first time we attempted to make chocolate it boiled over. "What's to be done?" shouted Tom. "Stir it!" I cried. Then he asked for a spoon; but I was only able to find a fork, and so the chocolate was spoiled. Dish-washing was a great source of trouble. There was no end to it. Then it was expense for nothing, as we were always breaking them: sometimes they slipped from our hands when drying them; sometimes the water would get so thick, from grease, that a saucer or plate, at the bottom of the pan, would be thrown out without our seeing it. Once a whole pan of dishes was left on the table over night, to be washed in the morning; but the fire went out, the water in the pan was frozen to solid ice, and the dishes spoiled.

Before stopping I must observe the custom of the commons to throw everything out of the window. A friend once remarked, that, though he had seen a great many things carried into the different houses, he could not recall a single instance where one was carried out again. Are you at a loss where they go? Out of the window. Do you wish to know the shortest, quickest, and most direct way of getting rid of rubbish? It is out of the window. And last, but not least, of the advantages of commons is the opportunity they afford to throw things out of the window.

NOT TOM, BUT 'TOTHER.

A SKETCH OF OLD JAPAN.

THE history proper of our empire begins with the reign of Zinmu Tenno, the first sovereign. The imperial dynasty, the oldest in the world, has never changed during two thousand five hundred and thirty-six years, though the emperor's power and influence have been at times but nominal.

Passing over many important and interesting events which cannot be briefly related, we come to the time of Tokugawa Iyéyasu, a man of uncommon ability, wisdom and shrewdness, who attained the supreme power, and founded the Tokugawa Shōgunate. It lasted until 1867, and had given the nation uninterrupted peace and prosperity for two hundred and sixty-four years. The feudal system was then perfected, having previously originated in the division of the land as a reward to those who had performed brave deeds in war. It may be interesting to note the social system of this epoch. The people were classified as follows: First, the mikado, or emperor; second, shōgun, or chief-general; third, the kugé, or court nobles; fourth, the daimios, or princes; fifth, the samurai, or soldiers; sixth, the farmers, merchants, and artisans.

Kioto, beautiful in situation and abounding in places of classical interest, the centre of literature, the arts and sciences, was the mikado's capital. Here he lived with his court, excluded from the people, who held his person sacred, and dared not look on the face of the Lord of Heaven, as he was styled.

In a fortified castle, in the present Tokio, resided the shōgun, the military usurper and the actual ruler. Here, too, the daimios lived for at least six months in the year. The residence of each was in the centre of spacious grounds, around the four sides of which were built the long houses of his samurai. When in his own province the daimio occupied a castle and held a small court. They had vast landed possessions, thousands of soldiers, and yearly incomes of sometimes more than a million bushels of grain. The samurai wore two swords, and was supported by the daimio whose retainer he was, and for whom he fought in war. In time of peace his master demanded of him but light service, and he devoted himself to study, sword practice, and equestrian exercise. As a class they were brave, loyal and cultivated men, who led a somewhat easy but repressed life. Far below the preceding classes in social rank, was the sixth. The revolution of 1867 wrought wonderful changes. The shōgunate and feudalisim fell, the mikado was restored to his rightful power, and the country was opened to foreigners. Wonderful indeed has been the nation's progress in the past eight years, and in no way is it more clearly shown than in its provision for education throughout the empire. The final success of the experiment to infuse modern ideas into our ancient civilization will depend upon the nation's receiving the religion of Jesus Christ, without which it will prove unsafe to "put new wine into old bottles." T. B. T.

THEOLOGICAL.

TEN Whopping Theologues smoking in a line ;
One turned pale, then there were nine.
Nine Whopping Theologues lounging at the gate ;
Along came a Fem. Sem., then there were eight.
Eight Whopping Theologues on the road for heaven ;
One found the way, then there were seven.
Seven Whopping Theologues in a desperate fix ;
One repented, and then there were six.
Six Whopping Theologues, the humblest men alive ;
One got humbled, then there were five.
Five Whopping Theologues knocked at her door ;
One got admitted, then there were four.
Four Whopping Theologues on a whopping spree ;
One got whopped, then there were three.
Three Whopping Theologues at an oyster stew ;
One got dished, then there were two.

Two Whopping Theologues summing up their fun ;
T'other went west, then there was one.
One Whopping Theologue left all alone ;
He got married, then there was none.

This Whopping Theologue had a little son,
Whom he ycleped Futurus Number One.
But this Whopping Theologue, a loving pa and true,
Not content with one, set his heart on having two.
Two little Theologues climbing on his knee,
When his wife presented him with Theologue Number Three.
Three little Theologues quarrelling on the floor ;
Another came along, — that makes four.
Four little Theologues at a game of drive ;
They desired to have an umpire, and he made up the five.
Five little Theologues, tough as little bricks ;
Blessings never come too often, so there were six.
Six little Theologues, raising like leaven ;
Now the happy family has multiplied to seven.
Seven little Theologues, full of tricks and hate,
A trouble to the neighbors, — what's the need of eight ?
Eight little Theologues, what a fruitful vine !
But, if you take the trouble, you surely can count nine.
Nine little Theologues — about to wipe my pen,
But, to my great astonishmént, I find the sum is ten.

BARTLETT HALL.

N.B. — Salary, $500 per annum.

A CHALLENGE.

To the President of the Shawshin Club.

We, the Picked Fish-Ball Eleven of Smith (Hall) Restaurant, challenge the Fish-Ball Eleven of your Club to a deglutitious contestation, relative to an ichthyological conglomeration, under the succeeding stipulations: First, that the game be played on our own grounds, Sunday morning; second, that the contestants be clad in *salmon;* third, that the ichthyophagous umpire be *perched* upon a *pike;* fourth, that, in a rush, we will have it down; fifth, the side that shall first elevate the conglomeration over the goal shall be declared the victors. Provided the Shawshin wins, their prize shall be some codfish-skins; but to the girls, some codfish-tails, and necklaces of fishes' scales.

[Signed.]	We, the undersigned, members of Shawshin Club, accept, with conditions. [Signed.]
Mary Daisy Day,	William Daisy Douglass,
Mary E. Thurston,	Thatcher Thayer Wilder,
Arianna A. Collins,	Eddie D. Barron,
Emma A. Beaton,	Geo. A. Beadle,
Julia W. Newton,	Georgie W. Barnard,
Isabel J. Knowlton,	William A. Currier,
Alice E. Gates,	William H. Gridley,
M. Lizzie Blodgett,	Geo. R. Langley,
Lizzie J. Ashton,	Samuel C. Wilmarth,
Charlotte B. Swazey,	Eddie L. Blodget,
Annie H. Torry.	D. Temple Williams.

The following books are required to get out a lesson in Homer: Text, Dictionary, Hadley's Grammar, Goodwin's Moods and Tenses, Baise's Notes, Classical Dictionary, Dictionary of Ancient Antiquities, and Long's Atlas.

In addition to the above, the following are recommended: Owen's Notes, Smith's Smaller History of Greece, Crusius and Keep's Lexicons, and Ancient Classics for English Readers, Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

When we were chosen to edit The Mirror, we were conscious of our inability to place before you a speculum without a flaw; especially as this is the first time we have had our fingers in the type, it would be strange if we did not make *pi* of some of it. Therefore, if any one should behold their physiognomy here, and think that the representation is imperfect, they should consult the original for the flaws, before they *find fault* with The Mirror. We take pleasure in presenting this volume in a new dress. The cut on the cover page was engraved by Mr. Kilburn, of Boston, whose card appears among our advertisements.

Send this number away to your friends: it will give them an idea of the appearance of the school, and an insight into our daily life.

When we returned to school this term, everything looked *blue*, — so few old faces, and so many new ones! With the departure of "Animus anni nobis," we felt like a widow who had lost her husband; but like the widow, as a few weeks rolled away, and we had teased the homesickness out of the new-comers, we became attached to new loves, as widows do, — and the frequent cry of "Oh! how dull!" soon vanished.

The senior classes are larger this year than last, with a good proportion in the lower classes. We miss the smiling countenance of D. McGregor Means, our former teacher, and most heartily wish him success in his new field of labor at John Hopkins University.

The new chapel of the Seminary was dedicated with appropriate exercises October 2d. The Phillipians are pleased with the change from the high seats to the comfortable pews they now occupy. We would take this opportunity to thank Mr. Johnson, who kindly furnished us with hymn-books. We appreciate his kindness, and trust he will find no cause to chide us for misusing them.

Great credit is due Mr. Bancroft for his untiring efforts to procure a complete set of PHILO MIRRORS. He has sent letters to all parts of our own land, and to foreign countries, to gentlemen who have been members of Philo, and in this way has finally obtained all the books, — twenty-two volumes, sixty-six numbers. He has had them well bound in four large volumes for the library. In them is found much of the history of the school. They contain articles from such men as Gov. Chamberlin, Profs. Churchill, Phelps, and Southworth, Rev. Joseph Cook, Rev. L. T. Chamberlin, Frederick W. Loring, and others, who have made their mark in political, professional and literary life. The first number was issued in the fall term of 1854. The names of the editors appear in the third number and subsequently. As a part of the records of the Society were lost in the fire of 1864, THE MIRROR is particularly valuable to the Society, as giving lists of members and, incidentally, other information.

To do business successfully, one must be known. But how can you be known without advertising? A perusal of our advertisements will repay you, as they represent the best firms in their respective trades. By consulting these firms, you can be fed, clothed, shod and capped, then adorned with ornaments, and finally be accommodated with all the luxuries of life.

Our sports this term have been lively, — some of them a little too much so. The interest was centered in base-ball at the beginning of the term, but was soon transferred to foot-ball. The School Eleven have played two matches, the first with Adams Academy, at Quincy. Our boys got one goal and two touch-downs. The Quincy boys did not get within seventy-five feet of their goal during the game. The news was received at

Andover with joy, and the whole school met the Eleven at the depot, bore them on their shoulders to a large wagon, and with a team of one hundred and forty boys they proceeded through town, passing through the grounds of our sister Academy, and up to the Mansion House, where a supper was provided for them. The second game was with the Harvard Freshmen, in which our boys got beat, the Harvards getting one goal. We would remark here that new rules were introduced; besides, three good men were absent, whose places were filled by substitutes. The eleven have knit suits; pants of white; blouse of maroon, with cap and stockings of the same. They look very pretty on the field. The Eleven have introduced a new cheer, as follows: P—H—I—L—L—I—P—S, Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

The regular lecture course has been omitted this season.

The Senior Class will give their concert sometime after the holidays.

The Means Prize contest will come off Friday evening, December 15.

SCRAPS.

Mrs. Ellis keeps a Gardener,—therefore she has plenty of Jelly.

The Senior Class this year is unparalled, and has but little Field for improvement.

A Theologue, in despair of receiving a call, preached from the text, "Many are called, but few are chosen."

We hear that the Fem. Sems. are jealous of the class of '77 because there is a "Bradford" in it.

Why are the Editors the vainest boys in School? Because they are always at THE MIRROR.

We hear that there are about thirty old maids on Zion's Hill; their names will be given in the next MIRROR, if encouragement is given. Nelson's speech to the Theologues: "We expect every man to do his duty!"

Why is Torry the greatest blower in school? Because he is the organ (pumper) of the Lockhart Society.

"MR. EDITOR,—As an inquisitive writer, I write to know if I am rightly informed that Wheelwright and Cartwright are related to the Rt. Rev. Mr. Wright. By replying you will make it all right."

Professor, — "What is the sound of ch?" Student, — "Hard." Professor, — "Why do you not pronounce machine, McKeen?" The student's answer is drowned in the roar of laughter which follows this question.

If literary men don't know the good points of a horse, how can the faculty give advice about "ponies"?

The study of the classics evidently does not tend to produce in the Seniors a love of fine art, judging from the manner in which they promiscuosly hang their hats upon the Statue of Laocoön.

January 10, 187–, in the town of L., Mr. A., a promising Theologue of the Senior Class, delivered a sermon before an appreciative congregation, of which the arguments and illustrations were taken from a lecture of Professor Park's. One week later, Mr. B., a classmate at the same place, delivered a sermon, the illustrations and arguments of which were derived from the same lecture.

N.B. They are both settled now, but not at L.

Scene in a Boston Drug Store. Dramatis personæ: Andover Fem. Sem. and cousin, polite clerk, several young men in the background. Cousin, — "Won't you have some soda?" Fem. Sem., — "No, thank you: I never drink it." Cousin, — "Well, I'll take — what what would you take?" (turning to the clerk) "how much is it?" Clerk, — "Five cents per glass." Cousin,–"I'll take a glass;" (smacking her lips), "Won't you taste it, dear?" Fem. Sem., tasting about half of it, — "Oh! I don't like it!" Cousin drinks the rest. Turning, they meet the smiles of the young men, and, with a satisfied air, leave the store, and take a view of the city in a street-car.

An Od-lin(e) from a Senior. "Iris mille traxit varios adverso sole calores." "Iris dragged a thousand various colors from her adverse sole." Professor,—"What do you take *sole* to mean? Student, — "I thought it meant the sole of her feet."

"Deriguit visu in medio, calor ossa reliquit." The following was given as a fly translation by a *Wily* Senior: "She petrified in the middle of her face, then she fainted."

A member of '77, noted for his vocabulary of words, gets off the following in class: "Quam pater amisso fluitantem errare magistro." "When the father saw it (the ship) wandering, its magistrate having been lost." Professor, — "What is the nautical word for magistro?" Student, — "Skipper."

The following catechism was handed to us just before going to press, having been rejected by the faculty as too complicated for students fitting for Harvard: Who is the most eloquent man in school? Webster. — Who is the littlest? Rogers. — Who is the greatest pedestrian? Walker. — Who is the most dignified man? Guess.—Who wear scarlet ribbons on their feet? Senior Englishmen. — Who is the poorest man? White.—Who is the sharpest maiden? Miss (Mc)Keen. Who is the busiest body? First Editor. — What do Phillipians do in church? Go to sleep. — What do they get for going to sleep? Get marked when the teachers are awake. — What is required by the fourth commandment? That thou shalt visit thy neighbor during study hours, so as not to intrude on play hours.—What is forbidden by the fourth commandment? Thou shalt not take tea at the Fem. Sem. Sunday eve. — What is the ninth commandment? Thou shalt not crib.

PERSONALS.

Martin, Wells, Noyes and Chase, of '76, entered Yale without a condition.

Hines, of '76, passed all the Harvard examinations in October.

Haines and Webster, of '77, have come back to Phillips.

R. P. Walker has gone to Mount Vernon, N. H., on account of sore eyes.

George W. French is spending a few weeks at Newtonville.

R. H. Frost, of '78, has gone to Europe.

The Misses McKeen, of Abbott Academy, have returned from abroad.

Messrs. Chase, Wylie, Tyzzer, Clark, Tilton, French, Knowlton. Haines, and Burton Monroe Firman have tried their preliminary examinations at Harvard.

Prof. Churchill has given several entertaining readings before the Senior Class.

Phillips Exeter has a Bancroft scholarship. but we have Mr. Bancroft himself.

Mr. Merrill's baby has not been named yet.

Mr. Coy's baby is just beginning to talk (Greek).

MARRIED. McCurdy-Morrill.—At the home of the bride's parents, in St. Johnsbury, Vt., August, 1876, Miss L. E. Morrill to M. S. McCurdy. No cards.

It is said that Mr. Comstock is to be ——. The day is not announced yet.

The following were chosen to compete for the Means Prize: Aiken, Beach, Cartwright. French, Freer, Hewitt, Lindsay, Rogers, and White.

As the regular course has been suspended this season, we hope to hear from the following residenters on the subjects specified, viz: Horns, and How to Use Them, Prof. Bancroft; on the Propriety of Pull-backs, Miss Philena McKeen; upon the Felicity of Married Life, Prof. McCurdy; Great Expectations! Prof. Comstock: on the Witty Passages of the French Novelists, Prof. Skeele; Homer as he Should Be, Prof. Coy.

J. Wesley Jackson, of Portland, Oregon, a member of '76, died at Andover, August 17, 1876.

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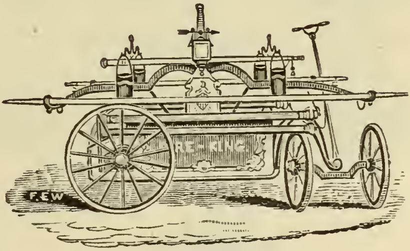

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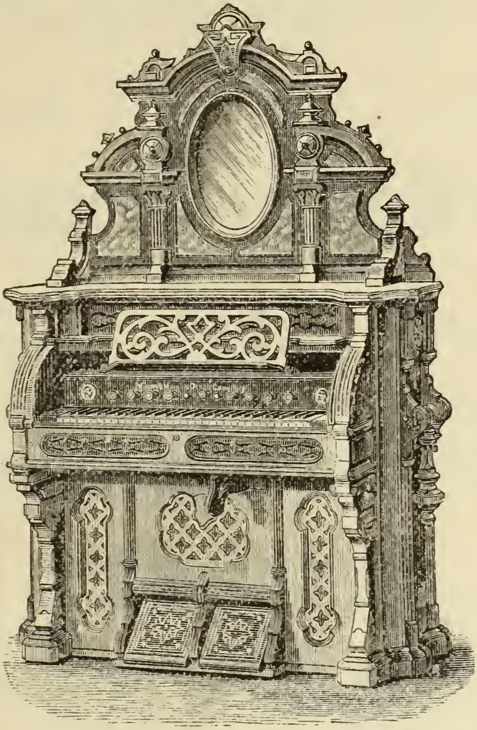

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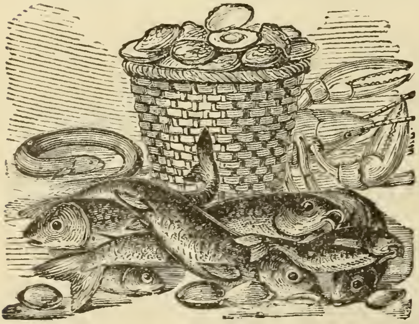

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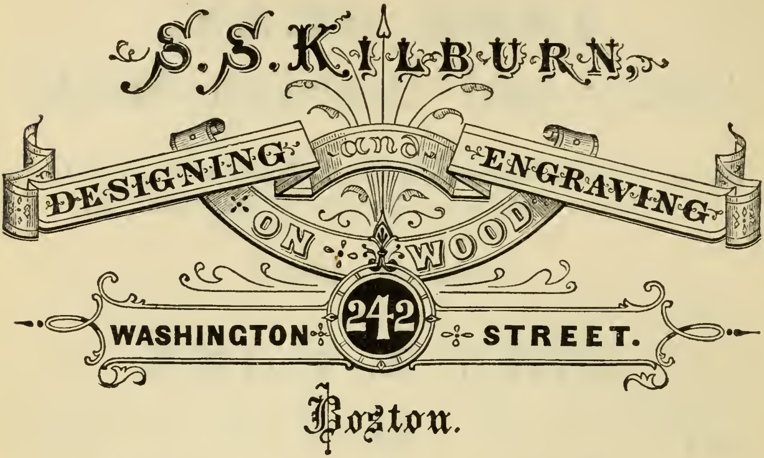

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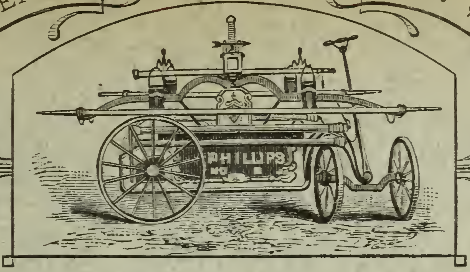

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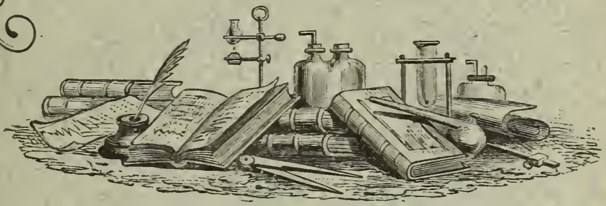

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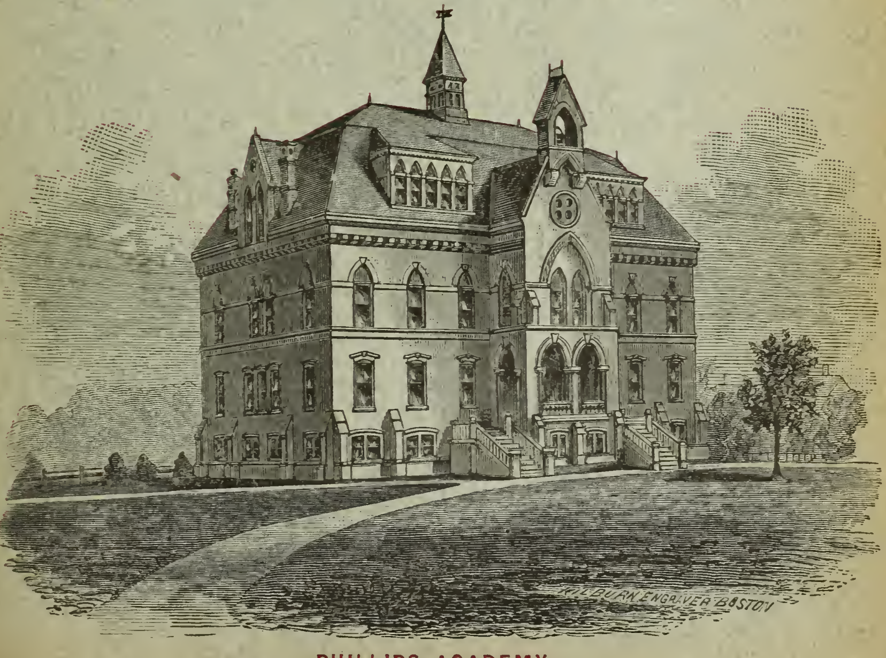

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PUBLIC RECREATIONS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

RECREATION forms an important factor in the life of man, and public recreations are a vital element in a nation's development. Amusements are necessary for the healthy growth of the mind and the body, because men have need of festivals and recreations " which relax their spirits, repose their bodies, and gladden their souls.'' Throughout the world's history, every nation has had fêtes and amusements peculiar to itself. Thus we may judge, in a measure, the degree of taste and refinement of a people by their amusements. Realizing, then, the important place which amusements claim in a nation's prosperity, it is evidently necessary, therefore, to cultivate the right kinds of recreation.

Men devote their lives to find the best employment for the " activity of the human race,'' but it is to be regretted that few seek the best employment of their leisure time. The standard of recreations furnished for the amusement of the public is not what it should be, because most of them tend to cultivate a low and vulgar taste rather than the higher qualities of a man's mind. They are, as a general thing, amusements which please the sense for the passing hour, but, if they leave *any* impression, it is not of a good character. As a result, the intellectual and moral condition of the people, of the laboring classes especially, is not bettered, and more often is weakened and stunted. Ultimately this has its effects upon the advancement of science and manufactures. We see, then, that the moral condition of a people, and the progress of a nation, depend in a great measure upon the character of the public amusements which are cultivated. When we consider the results that a poor standard of amusements may produce, we exclaim with a French moralist, "O philosophers! put yourselves in quest of pleasure; find some amusements without brutality, some joys without selfishness; invent, in fine, a carnival which all the world may enjoy, and which will bring the flush of shame to no one." Within the past twenty years nearly every city has opened, for the use of the public, large and copious libraries, and good, cheap literature is constantly increasing, so as to be within the reach of the poorest. Although a great deal is being done in this way for the enlightenment and refinement of the people, yet this is only one of the many ways in which the cultivation of the masses can be attained. Next in importance the matter of public recreation seems to claim our attention. The amusements should be of the very highest character, and the people will, by degrees, be educated up to them. Every effort should be put forward to blot out anything of a low nature. The drama is an amusement especially patronized by all classes, and every effort should be made to raise it to the highest possible standard. All plays should be of the highest literary merit, and nothing of a poor quality should be tolerated. The best musical talent should be patronized and enjoyed by every one. In a word, all amusements of the highest character should be within the means of the laboring classes as well as the wealthy. This means, coupled with the free distribution of literature, would tend to elevate the morals of the people, and assist the cultivation of taste and refinement more than either could do alone. All organizations and public amusements, made for the furtherance of such purposes, should have the willing support of the people. The musical organizations of our country conduce greatly to the advancement of culture, and such men as Theodore Thomas have done much to awaken and stimulate, in the minds of thousands in our nation's metropolis, a refined and cultivated taste.

Progress is the inevitable aim of the country; progress in education, science, and manufactures. As every limb of an animal must be equally developed to attain a perfect growth, so must every interest of a growing republic — to compare small things with great — receive its proper attention for the perfect development of a nation. It is for America to show that she realizes fully her needs, as well as the advantages already secured by her spirit of advancement, and, before it is too late, to give due attention to this very important branch of her national education.

CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

THE struggle for eminence and power is a grand one, a strife requiring the use of the greatest powers of the body and mind if we would climb to the highest peak of the Olympian mount.

The very first condition of a successful life is an ideal. Not a fanciful creation of a distorted, if not diseased imagination, but a real noble, elevated aim; the mark toward which to direct our most strenuous exertions in the contest. "Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labor, and nothing is to be obtained without it." Our ideal must not be simply an object to enhance our own power and glory alone, but one whose consummation will entail blessings upon our fellow-men.

The second condition is the resolve to seize upon everything and anything, if honorable, no matter how lowly, which will assist us in attaining our desired object. "Nothing," "says Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will." A ready hand and a willing heart are important requisites. "Do with a will what your hands find to do," is an old and tried maxim.

Hard work is the next condition of success. When Turner, the distinguished English painter, was asked by a lady what was the secret of *his* success, he answered, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." And this is irresistible logic; a truth as self-evident as the first axiom in geometry. Work is bound to win in the long run. "Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be obtained by the labor of a life-time, but it is not to be purchased at a lesser price."

Another condition of success is patience. Many men fail from being too impatient. We have often seen a little child plant a seed in the earth, and because it was covered in the ground and the process of germination which was really going on could not be seen, we have seen him dig up the seed again and again. Thousands of men are as foolish as the little child. They cannot wait patiently for God's appointed time. "We need not only the grit to take hold, but the grip to hold on."

Still another condition of success is courage. We must enter upon work with a brave heart, resolved that whatever may betide, no shape of terror shall daunt us, that no obstacle shall turn us aside until we have accomplished our purpose. We must conceive of failure as impossible. Energetic and courageous work will accomplish far more than mere talent.

Then first and last and best of all must be the golden threads of integrity of character and the Christian principle of a man who "fears God and loves his fellow-man" interwoven with the silver web, uniting each warp and woof in one harmonious, glorious whole. Then shall we at last attain to that success for which we have studied and labored, and our praise will simply be, "The good he did lives after him."

THE STUDENT'S USE OF SUNDAY.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

The most important period of every man's life is that which is passed in school. Here he forms his character; here are born the hopes and aspirations that lead him on in after life; here are formed his habits, which are very seldom materially changed in later manhood; here, in truth, the boy becomes the man.

In school the lives of students seem much alike. Where all are pursuing similar objects, and governed by the same rules and regulations, individuality is, to a certain extent, hidden from view. But is there no criterion whereby the future great and noble man may be distinguished from him whose future is to be hidden in well-earned oblivion? Verily, there should be, since the boy is father of the man. An eminent student of human nature lately observed that such a criterion may be found in the use which a young man, who is fairly freed from the restraints of home authority, habitually makes of Sunday.

The Christian Sabbath is, doubtless, one of the greatest of divine institutions. Established at the creation, revived by the Israelites as a first principle of religion, and observed in all ages since, it has, indeed, proved a blessing to the world; in fact, carefulness in the observance of it may be regarded as a concomitant indication of the prosperity and enlightenment of all nations.

The chief end and aim of the Sabbath is, doubtless, to promote the spiritual welfare of man; to afford him leisure for the study and contemplation of the divine teachings, and for that communion with the spiritual which alone will prepare him for the higher life which is to come. But these are not the only rewards which a conscientious observance of the Sabbath brings; for, by the laws of nature, the mental and spiritual interests of man are best promoted by the performance of this duty. It has been conclusively proven by practical observation that a weekly day of rest is necessary for both man and beast, and that he who attempts to perform seven days' labor in a week as inevitably finds "the way of the transgressor hard," as he who breaks any other divine law. Workmen can perform more physical labor at the rate of six days a week than at the rate of seven. Business men have lost their health by the seven-day plan, and lawyers, in trying thus to rob the Almighty of his day, have succeeded as poorly as did the heroine of the golden-egg fiction.

While this is the case of men in every walk of life, it is doubly true with respect to the student. If he seeks simply the accumulation of knowledge, he will, by the seven-day plan, be an equal loser with the rest. But if he seeks that vigor and intensity of thought which are the chief characteristics of true mental culture, he will find the loss of his rest on the Sabbath an irreparable injury. In the light of facts, then, no intelligent student proposes to disregard the Sabbath. Yet the temptation is sometimes strong to infringe a little. The Monday morning exercises are difficult, and lack preparation, while an hour's study on Sunday evening will prevent a disgraceful failure. Will it be wrong to make the preparation? Weak humanity answers, "No." Reason, judgment, experience, answer, "Yes." The first offence is likely to lead to a continual breaking of the Sabbath, which, in turn, will lead to the utter frustration of the high objects for which the Sabbath was ordained.

"Small habits, well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes."

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

Far from the hostile field
  We two fought alone,
In a tangled and woody brake,
  Whence the wild-duck had flown.

The battle was fierce and keen;
  We fought each for his life, —
And the ground was red with blood
  From the fury of the strife.

We fought from early morn
  Till the westering sun sank low,
And we could no longer see
  To aim the offending blow.

Then, in the darkness, came
  The captain of the war,
And on his breast there gleamed
  The light of a golden star.

He raised his imperial sword,
  I heard it cleave the air;
I saw my grizzly foeman fall,
  And the hush of death was there.

So, far from the busy crowd,
  With its own sins and care,
My spirit struggles alone
  With the phantoms of doubt and fear.

Yet, somehow, I know that these forms
  Will vanish like mists of the night,
When the star of the morning returns,
  And opens the fountains of light.

THE SOURCE OF TRUE GREATNESS.

In reading the lives and actions of men who have made themselves truly great, one is often struck with the importance of the fact, that, in the same generation in which these men worked and achieved their success, thousands upon thousands were born and passed off the stage of life, the knowledge of whose existence died out with their generation. And shall this sad story be the history of our career? or shall we not rather let a manly spirit pervade our whole lives?

Many of those whom we call great have been satisfied, in a measure, with the honor which the world gives, while scarce a thought has been given to the welfare of the human race, and the prosperity of the work for his Maker which constitutes a supreme duty of every man. There are, of course, many and varied views taken at the present day of what constitutes *true* greatness, and many of these are grossly mistaken ones. Some will point at a hero, who, they consider, has inherited his greatness from the noble line to which he belongs. But birth, noble blood, rank and title, all, do not constitute a truly great man. We need only to look at the career of a Napoleon, a Caligula or a Nero, to become convinced that the heart of the bravest warrior and the mightiest monarch of earth is filled with blood that never knew sympathy for the human race so long as certain selfish ends were accomplished, certain great victories won. What cared they for the widow's tears or the orphan homeless and alone? The great Emperor of France never thought of these when about to make a splendid charge, and few are the hearts really *grateful* to him, although he became indeed a powerful monarch. Ambition too has its place in the path to renown. Every boy of ten years and every man has ambition enough to place him high among his fellows. But this too often fails to win the laurels for one who strives after them, whose ambition excels his capacity for labor, or his willingness to couple with his cherished desires constant effort and patient labor.

Many are those, in the present day, who build their hopes for greatness on wealth. But fortune is as fickle now as she has ever been; sometimes showering her gifts on kings and princes, and again descending to some lowly orphan and raising him to the heights of earthly fame. And then again she is inconstant; for the one who boasts in the halls of wealth to-day is liable to be reduced, without warning, to a condition on the morrow not to be envied even by the poor. It is often to be noticed that side by side with riches, in the same abode, often exists a degree of vice and ignorance that is to be pitied. The home of the savage chief may teem with jewels and gold in abundance, and yet filth and ignorance prevail all about it.

The human understanding has brought before the world some of the most illustrious men that ever existed. But all these men cannot be said to have gained eminence simply by natural endowments. Close application and the *right use* of the faculties are two elements of true greatness. Some of the profoundest intellects the world has produced have been exercised in wonderful scientific research, but have entirely neglected to acknowledge their Creator and his supreme dominion. Voltaire was an eminent instance of a man lacking this last requirement. His versatile genius and his vigorous intellect have placed him far in advance of any of his countrymen in the literary arena. But owing to his infidel views many of his works have a tendency to debase rather than raise mankind to a proper sphere of living. The cases of Hume and Gibbon, of Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall of our own time, need but a passing mention to bring to mind theories and statements in direct contradiction of divine law. All these are instances of profound intellect, but a perverted use of that intellect. Hence these men became great, but not truly great. Thus we see that ambition, rank, mental ability, or wealth, do not bring one to that greatness for which every man should strive. These are accessories, it is true, but underlying all must be a love for God and an interest in the elevation of all around us.

Vice is to be found in myriad forms wherever we go, and virtue is not everywhere tolerated. Where virtue is prevalent, prosperity and happiness are present in more cases than where vice abides. The warfare between the two is constantly in progress in our own land. Every man, sooner or later, must take his stand for good or evil. Which shall it be, is a question worthy the deep consideration of every young man. And it should always be borne in mind, that "without virtue society cannot exist."

As the world grows older the field for work in behalf of our fellow-men becomes broader. In every profession, in every work-shop, there is opportunity to assist in the elevation of the race. We are of one family with the wild Indian, the Hindoo, and the swarthy African; and hence a common interest in our brothers — for they are nothing else — is a part of the fulfillment of God's own design. And who dare thwart that design?

We have, then, only to look at the lives of Addison, Newton and Milton, to become aware of the fact that living for God and our fellow-men is the only successful way to live. Whatever our aims, whatever our abilities, whatever our surroundings, let this be the one underlying principle of our life, — that without the Divine assistance every attempt to become truly great must be a failure.

THE SECRET OF GRECIAN ELOQUENCE.

First Means Prize Oration.

BY WILL E. FREER.

Greece was not great in eloquence alone. In art and in military affairs she stood pre-eminent. In freedom of government and advanced civilization she excelled all contemporaries.

In poetry, in philosophy, in the drama, in all literature, she is still unrivaled. In all these Athens surpassed the rest of Greece as Greece surpassed the world, so that this city stands the best representative of Grecian development. If, now, we could find out the cause of the energy of thought and action which characterized her people, we should have, not the secret of Grecian eloquence alone, but the fundamental principles which underlie all her greatness.

Tradition ascribes the origin of the Greek nations to a race of heroes whose reputed exploits, even now, after the lapse of so many ages, kindle our enthusiasm and set us all aflame with admiration. What must have been their effect on the susceptible minds of the Greeks themselves, especially when united with their religion, the most elaborate system of hero-worship ever known? What could it have been but to develop, at the same time, intense patriotism and intense love of personal liberty? These characteristics produced Grecian democracy. Out of Grecian democracy grew personal liberty, open courts, free speech, and universal intelligent thought. Self-government in Greece, as in Rome, in Holland, in America, wherever it has been tried, produced great energy and intense mental activity. Self-government there, as everywhere else, produced a nation of orators. The absolute newness of the experiment intensified the results, and prevented that popular conservatism and conventionality which so often hinders the workings of original genius.

The want of any other means of communicating with the public made oratory a necessity. Popular assemblies and open courts, where every man must plead his own cause, made it universal; and the nobility of the popular mind, which was not then restrained, as it now is, by a complete code of written laws, made eloquence the most powerful means of acquiring personal influence.

The language of the Greeks kept pace with their national development, so that Athens, when at the summit of her greatness, possessed a tongue stronger, more flexible, more full of grace and of beauty, better adapted to all kinds of expression, and to oratory in particular, than any other known to man.

The Athenian orator must appear before an audience who were educated by familiarity with the best drama the world has ever seen; and to appear acceptably he must please their cultivated taste, by a graceful and effective delivery, as well as by the purity of his language and the excellence of his thought.

The mighty questions with which the Grecian orators dealt, questions which often involved the very existence of the nation, and which could not then, as in later times, be determined by established precedents, gave occasions for the exercise of his genius which have never since been equaled.

These are some of the causes of Grecian eloquence. The secret may be stated in two words, Liberty and Democracy.

It was liberty and democracy, more than any thing else, that produced the rapid development which raised Athens, in a hundred and fifty years, from a condition of comparative indifference to the leading place among the Grecian cities. It was liberty and democracy that carried Grecian literature, in a hundred and fifty years from its dawn, to the era that produced a Socrates, a Plato, and an Aristotle; and it was liberty and democracy, that, in a hundred and fifty years, raised Grecian eloquence from its first budding to the full-blown glory of a Demosthenes.

THE REWARDS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY.

Second Means Prize Oration.

BY G. B. ROGERS.

Matter is the result of a divine creation; mind is the power given to man to fathom the laws which govern matter.

The condition of the human race in the earliest stage was a material one; its mental powers were not developed; they slept in the deep recesses of the soul, latent in their action, but capable of being drawn out by divine will.

But how has this change been brought about? Has the mind taken one spontaneous leap from its primeval state of torpidity to its present cultivated and refined position? or is it the result of laborious journeys, made under trying difficulties, with obstacles to be overcome?

In answering this question, let us scan the pages of scientific history,.and trace its development.

In the beginning, our Creator had a divine object to unfold to man; it was to be accomplished in successive stages of time, and the medium which was chosen to lead to such an end was science. We find man thrown upon the world, ignorant and degraded. His mind is inactive; he lives in an empty space within himself. But does he remain so long? No! Thoughts creep into his being, reaction has begun; he feels there is something external to himself; he catches a faint glimmer of the material world about him, and a feeling takes possession of him that he must investigate the laws which govern these processes.

But what a field for study! Where shall he begin? Naturally with those things which concern his own life. He perceives the various forms of nature, their physical relations to one another, and connects them with himself; he classifies them, and notes the changes taking place; the first step is taken, a second follows, his mind wanders farther away, it tries to grasp the idea of space, of the bodies moving in it; it fails again;

it has a faint knowledge; a third attempt, — its knowledge increases; finally, the heavenly bodies unfold themselves to its view, and, their laws becoming simple, he has a consciousness that there is a cause for all these operations.

But while he has been engaged in his investigations, he wonders how he has been able to pursue them. By degrees he becomes conscious that there is a power within himself, a something which places him above the material objects about him. He now comes into contact with the ideal. The thought presents itself that he has a mind, whose laws control his soul; that there is a Supreme Being, and that he is connected with Him.

Now, as we have traced the path which man has followed in unfolding the mysterious works of nature, we perceive that there is a divine end to be accomplished; that he is to be the instrument by which it is to be fulfilled, but he is to be sustained in this task, and rewarded for his diligence.

Now, what is to be his recompense? Will it be riches, fame, power, or glory? No. His rewards pertain to divine ends.

The astronomer does not pursue his study with the fact in view that he is simply to disclose great laws, but he has the consciousness that he is carrying out his Divine Maker's will. All these truths which he brings to light form one of the prime factors which make up a divine whole. When he views the heavenly bodies he not only sees their wonderful structure, but also the omnipotent hand which governs them; he may view the very abode of God himself. This is his reward.

The geologist may form a correct notion of matter, and the changes taking place on the earth, but he may come to the conclusion which will disclose to us, whether it is to be our future dwelling, or whether it will return to chaos, and man make his resting-place with his God.

The theologian has attempted to sink himself into the depths of the soul; he has tried to make the connection between God and man. Will he succeed? Yes; and by his success the divine end is accomplished, and man is redeemed. It is this that rewards him. He is bringing the soul of man to a level with his God, and is placing them in that communion which will never be broken.

THE SECRET OF GRECIAN ELOQUENCE.

Third Means Prize Oration.

BY E. E. AIKEN.

THE eloquence of Greece may be conceived of from two points of view, the political and the artistic. The political constitution of Athens made Grecian oratory possible. Eloquence must speak to an intelligent audience, and must be inspired by an adequate occasion. The popular assembly, the right of free speech, the practical training for the duties of citizenship, these educated an appreciative people, while the public discussion of great questions of policy, upon the decision of which the State sometimes hung, made fitting occasions.

But the true secret of Grecian eloquence lay hidden in deeper and more far-reaching causes. It lay in their sublime ideas of man, and of art as interpreting the nature of man, upon which the Grecian civilization was founded. Attic oratory was the noblest expression of those ideas, the crowning achievement of Greek art. No just conception of Grecian eloquence can be formed without a clear idea of the Grecian civilization. In the progress of man from barbarism to civilization, Greece represents him awakening from the unconscious childhood of ignorance to the knowledge of his divine powers. He had not yet analyzed his complex nature, nor perceived the terrible capacity for evil beneath the grand possibility. The stage of human development which a civilization represents determines the character of its art. The type of barbarism, when the darkened mind is first groping after truth, is Architecture, a vague, indistinct form of expression. Then follows Sculpture, the type of man as he first rises from barbarism. As the mind reaches a more complex development, it finds expression in Painting, Music, and Poetry. Greek art, therefore, took the plastic character: Sculpture was the type from which all its productions were modeled.

Eloquence, in the Greek conception of it, was an art. Here was the vital difference between the ancient and the modern conceptions of eloquence. The Greek audience required an orator to produce a finished work of art. The modern ideal of eloquence is a spontaneous outburst, poured forth to meet a crisis. As Sculpture was the type of Greek art, Attic oratory had the plastic character. An oration was a distinct conception, expressed in a form of the nicest finish. Plastic art is limited; it lacks complexity and color; but it gave to Grecian eloquence those qualities of strength, beauty and permanence which were the secret of its power.

With this conception of their art, the orators of Greece fashioned the works of their genius. They used a language whose power of expression has never been equaled by any other tongue. To the cultured ear of an Athenian audience the Greek conveyed nice shades of meaning, which the blunt Anglo-Saxon cannot express. This language the Greek orator moulded to express his thought with the utmost care. Each word was weighed and every sentence was put into its most effective form. From proem to epilogue, all the proportions of an oration were shaped in perfect harmony. With all this beauty of expression, the Greek oration was not a display. The orator never allowed the flowers of rhetoric to smother his idea. All rhetorical figures and images were subordinated to the thought which moved onward with definite purpose until it called into action the mightiest passions within the breast; the climax was followed by a grand calm, as the peace of nature follows the shock of the tempest.

Nor was Attic oratory cold because it was artistic. The art of Greece gave a finished expression to distinct conceptions, but it was not a cold and dead formalism. In the sculptured forms of her eloquence there breathes a living soul, speaking truths to which men still listen, though the civilization which conceived them has passed away.

AN ADDRESS BY JAMES T. FIELDS, LL.D.

Delivered in Phillips Academy, at Morning Prayers, Feb. 17, 1877.

It is always a great pleasure to meet young students face to face, to see the light in their eyes, and to hear the sound of their voices. And this Academy has special attractions to me, for much good scholarship has come out of it, and much more is yet to be born within its time-hallowed precincts. I could not leave Andover without a word with you: just a word to express the deep and abiding interest I have in young men like yourselves, who are in earnest to be educated, to become accurately informed of the truths of knowledge and virtue. Depend upon it, my dear fellows, the time has gone by for Ignorance. It will not do now. Ignorance is out of fashion. Mis-information has had its day. "Pretty near," is not near enough. "About right," will not pass muster. "In the neighborhood" of a certainty has no relation whatever to certainty itself in these days, and "I don't know," has gone entirely out of date. There was a time when *money* could do almost everything in America, but there is another currency now more in demand than silver and gold, and that currency is Education; not half-education, not two-thirds-education, but complete education. Now, can this vitally important currency be had in New England? Can a young man, by seeking, find this priceless pearl, just here under our own skies, within our own borders? Most assuredly he can. But he must bring to the search three student-lamps, and keep those three lamps trimmed and burning, never allowing one of them to flicker in the socket or give an uncertain light, through all the days of his youth. The first is the lamp of Attention, a lamp of supreme importance, for without its influence the light of the other two will be superfluous. Attention, concentrated, undivided attention, is the first lamp of learning The second is the lamp of Memory, and the more you use that lamp, the better it will burn. Keep it bright by constant employment, and you will never regret it. Macaulay kept his unceasingly occupied, and you all know what that particular lamp did for him. The third is the lamp of Perseverance, and a marvelously good lamp that is. Gen. Grant kept one constantly burning during the war. Scholars as well as soldiers know how important that lamp is. Longfellow would never be able to read seven languages beside his own if he had ignored the properties of that helpful lamp, or set it aside after he had acquired Greek and Latin. That is a lamp never to be set aside; *hang on to it*, to use a slang phrase, and never mind how dark it is all around you. Keep fast hold of it, and it will reward you for all your trouble.

Keep these three lamps, my young friends, full of oil, the best you can find, the oil of Endeavor. One lamp will help another burn, and, with God's blessing, if you keep a steady flame in each of them, the lamp of Virtue will be added to your illumination. You cannot be well and thoroughly educated men unless you are virtuous men. This *you* know as well as I do, and I will not insult your intelligence by urging you to walk in the paths of Rectitude as well as in the paths of Knowledge.

Let me emphasize the fact that there never was a successful scholar who did not cultivate Attention, Memory, and Perseverance. *Genius* is a misunderstood word. Without *study* it never existed, and never can exist. When a weak father said to me the other day, "Do come over and see my Tom's painting of a cow under a tree, — Tom never took a lesson in drawing in his life," do you think I went? Not I; for I knew if Tom had never taken a lesson I should not be able to tell from his painting which was the cow and which was the tree. Nothing is achieved without study. Rubenstein became the great piano-forte player he is because he practices eight hours every day of his life, and always has. You cannot go to sleep over Euclid and wake up a profound mathematician. You cannot use Homer for a pillow and expect the Iliad to creep into your brain like an earwig, of its own accord. With study, nothing is impossible. Never be persuaded, young gentlemen, that anything really worth knowing or doing in this world is impossible. Keep your three lamps burning in the days of your youth, and then —

> "Go forth, true hearts, and resolutely dare,
> With minds on fire for action every day;
> And if a tear fall on the task of care,
> In memory of these hours that glide away,
> Let it go by.
> Devote your hearts to God; to brother-men
> Your aid, your labor, earnest prayers, and then
> No cause to sigh.
> For He who holds the blue heaven in his hand,
> Will lead you up to his own promised land."

And now, in saying "God bless you," and in bidding you "Good-morning," let me ask to be remembered, if I am remembered at all, as the old fellow who dropped in one winter day, to recommend three lamps, which he warranted never to wear out, and never to go out if you keep them well filled with that unfailing oil which God himself will supply to every patient, earnest, and willing scholar.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

Beneath a shadowy chestnut-tree,
Weeping as though her heart would break,
A maiden sat, and, drawing near,
I heard the words she spake:
"How many times has yonder star
Risen in its orb of light,
Since Osmond went away to war,
Since he said his last good-night."

The dew-drops tremble on her hair,
The moonbeams quiver at her feet,
The violets, waving in the air,
Exhale an incense sweet,
And through it all there comes a prayer,
"Heaven help, and I will wait."

The morning star sings in the sky,
The sun with purple floods the earth;
From the meadow, mounting high,
The sky-lark hails the new day's birth.
Footsteps, as rustling of the corn,
Greet the ear of Lulu, mourning,
And the maid, just now forlorn,
Hears Osmond's voice, "My love, good-morning."

X.

OF THE CONDITIONS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF EPIC POETRY.

Epic Poetry, which derives its name from the Greek word ἔπος, is the relation of some hero's exploits, which are interspersed with episodes and designed to contribute to one end.

These poems are very wide in their extent and dates, form an important class in literature, and, in the history of nations, are not without significance. An attempt to trace some of the laws which control their origin and mechanism cannot be an unprofitable task.

In the composition of an epic three elements are necessary, the poet, the poetic material, whatever prompts the poet or assists him in his work, and the poetic spirit of the age which appreciates and preserves the poem.

These conditions are found in all real epics. As they are satisfied so is the merit of the poem; as they are left unfilled so is the poem worthless. In almost every large library one may see several poems of this latter description, divided into 12 bks., printed on excellent paper and never read. These are the failures, the attempts made contrary to laws established in the nature of things. They are not without splendid passages, oftentimes, but they fail in general, and the whole is lost. Most of these failures seem to be the fault of the authors, who themselves first failed to recognize some condition which was at the bottom of success. It might be that they lacked material or ability, or that the subject chosen by them was one which could find no response in the national feeling, and in any of these cases the poem must fail.

The real epic is that which the voice of a people claims as the highest representative of its literature, and which it chooses to hand down to posterity as the incarnation of its spirit.

It is also noticeable that these poems have been composed in the most powerful, though, perhaps, not always in the most prosperous period of a nation's life. Augustus was the patron of Virgil, Camoens was a cotemporary of John II., and Tasso lived in Italy at its prime. The most prosperous age of England was the golden reign of Queen Elizabeth, which furnished the world, strictly speaking, with no epic poem; but the English spirit was bravest and its ideas broadest and furthest advanced in the days of Milton and Paradise Lost.

But the testimony of language is here stronger than the assertions of history. Language is the embodiment of thought, thought the precursor of action; and the power of a nation consists in the greatness of its achievements and purposes.

A tongue which has ceased to be spoken has lost its poetic force; it is the mere acquirement of the intellect, without pathos or passion to express the *feelings* of men; and so, while for this reason it may be better suited than the changing forms of every-day speech for the garb of abstract truth, or what is to be perceived, it totally fails the poet. *Here* Buchanan's Latin destroyed him. Since, then, the epic contains the richest and most expressive language of a people, and, to command this language, it is necessary the poet live in the days of its perfection, it is evident that this poetry is the outgrowth of a nation's greatest power.

However, even when this acme of power has been reached, it is frequently insufficient to produce an epic poem. There may be no unity which alone is enough to prevent such a creation. The empire of Persia, in the days of Xerxes, composed of an agglomeration of one hundred and twenty-nine provinces, each with a local interest, babbling a different jargon, having neither patriotism nor oneness of object, is a good example. Who, though its name *was Persia*, would expect from it any great effort of genius? Slavery and poetry are water and oil which will not commingle; for, if men will not reverence their fellows, how can they sympathize with the Almighty in the contemplation of nature's works.

War is the chief consolidator of states. The Trojan War fired the people of Greece into a spirit capable of forming an Iliad and an Odyssey. This was probably the only time in their history when this would have been possible. The Persian invasions might have afforded a theme if the Greek spirit had not been quenched before truth had faded into the twilight of fable. Those who, like the Hollanders and Germans, engage in commerce, have neither the material nor spirit which war furnishes to poetry in this broad sense. No common cause wakes in them the love of glory ; no single object calls forth their hatred ; no imperishable memories of tremendous conflicts rise to unify and consecrate their patriotism. Between them and a warlike race lies as much difference as between a counting-house and a battle-field.

Besides this, wars are specially prolific in poetic incidents exceedingly well-fitted for a work of such magnitude, which requires such an elaborate plot. Then, too, ancient warfare was far more picturesque in its accoutrements and conduct than the modern. The shield and armor of Achilles, the animosity of personal encounters, the ignominy of the vanquished, have given way to the uniform and scientific tactics of the army, and conditions of surrender given to the defeated. In times of peace passion yields to sentimentality, states become effeminate and poetry artificial. War, by altering these, restores the sceptre to poetry. Less than the fate of a nation will scarcely engage the interest of a people, and almost every revolution is accompanied by war.

An essential condition of epic poetry is that the events narrated be distant in time. This, as Dryden saw, when he planned his unwritten epic, allows much more freedom in the selection of legends and other materials of that nature than would be admissible, since the imagination and the affections often retain a strong hold on objects which the reason discards.

Voltaire, by choosing occurrences so recent for the subject of his poem, seems to have deprived himself of much poetic material which the history of France afforded.

The same may be said of Lucan, though in a less degree. Distance of place may substitute distance of time, especially when, as with the ancients, the means of communication were difficult. His scenes are often remote — where he could indulge in impossibilities which would have been derided at home. However, a people which could receive with composure Cæsar's description of the fanua of Germany might have seen miracles without astonishment.

Klopstock is a glaring example. His plot is laid in the full blaze of history; furthermore his personages are largely those treated of by sacred history, — where to add or diminish is to profane. Is it possible to watch the train of patriarchs coming from the sun, when the legions of Cæsar are shaking the ground?

A national poem must necessarily contain the national spirit and genius. A religious sense is common to all men, and a religious element, therefore, is the chief characteristic of epic poetry. The hero-worship of Homer; the refined patriotism of Virgil; the devotion to liberty which distinguished Voltaire; the broader doctrines of Christianity, — are all developments of this feeling and only differ in degree. This it is which exerted on nature produces poetry, on human nature tragedy, comedy, &c.

Sublimity is one result of it, and in very close alliance, as would seem, from an examination of the book of Job, — religious at once and exceedingly sublime. Showing the fidelity of man (as represented in Job) and the mercy of God, it does not once step from its divine idea, but enforces it by an intensity of earnestness and splendor of imagery which is marvelous. Consider the age at which it was written, and then look at this line from the preface, — "God said to Satan." Here the two great, omnipresent ideas of good and evil are seen and named; their power appreciated, and, by an artful turn, the less made subordinate. This line itself would be nearly a proof of inspiration.

Two other points about this poem are worthy of notice: the fact that it is the finest example of a union of the epic and tragedy; and the manner in which the bodily anguish of Job is made to illustrate his heroic fidelity, according to the law that physical pain is only poetic, in as far as it affords a background, as it were, or relief, to display some great moral trait in the character of the victim.

Byron has said that half of Paradise Lost was prose ; losing sight, apparently, of the benign sublimity of Milton's conceptions, which are so great as to be independent of ornament. Milton, as he saw the fall of man expand into a milder future, has suited the composition to this end, and the last six books seem to indicate the genial influences of Christianity in redeeming man ; unlike the Mantuan, who singing of arms, fills his last books with wars, indicative of the subsequent martial character of the Roman Empire.

The sublimity of Ossian seems to be more in passages than principles.

If sublimity is heightened by intensity, and the religious sentiment prevails in epic poetry, it is evident that polytheism hinders its highest development.

The whole secret of epic poetry lies in its greatness. Its length requires a stately measure of verse, — the long flow of period, and the episode to relieve the mind. This is the reason wit, which deals in minutiæ, is here entirely out of place, withdrawing the mind from the end of the poem.

The personifications of Sin and Death in Paradise Lost have received, very generally, adverse criticism. It is said that figures so horrible should be excluded from poetry, and if the passages themselves only are looked at, one is apt to concur in this opinion. But it is plainly wrong. The design of Paradise Lost is theological ; these figures are especially so, as is proved by the fact that Milton gives them the same relationship as Paul : in all ages of the church *these two* ideas have been present, and have always appeared as hostile to human happiness. In a poem, therefore, which treated the theme of man's apostacy, it was necessary they should be graved in all their hideous deformity and loathsomeness. Either to have entirely omitted them, or to have palliated them after they were received, would be destructive to the design and integrity of the work.

To judge the epic correctly one must remember this greatness. The appearance of a ghost on the stage, in the representation of a tragedy, often makes a tumult among critics on account of its improbability, but the inteference of gods and witches in affairs, as displayed in the epic, is admitted by these persons to be lawful enough.

This is owing most to the different distances of time preserved by the two; next, because one is short, violent, and sensible, the other long, progressive, and imaginative.

The ancients, undoubtedly, through the popular belief in the supernatural, had here an advantage over moderns. The poet was at liberty to dress the divinities with any attributes his genius might suggest. Such an error as being in two places at the same time would scarcely be noticed in an oral recitation, if an episode were thrown between.

Homer had the broadest field in this respect, and the result has been that his poems are distinguished by incident and variety of character.

Virgil found his readers less credulous. Yet in his day, even, it was proper for "Æneas' hair to stand up and his voice stick in his throat,'' far oftener than it would have been at a later period.

The way in which Camoens mingles saints of Rome and gods of Greece, ancient and modern, holy and profane, in his poem, must have been intolerable to any other civilized country than his own, and shows the absence of pure religion and taste, as well as the classical pedantry which characterized Portugal at the time.

Tasso, with no less poetic sensibility than philosophic perception, discarded the pagan mythology, replacing it by magic, which, in the days of the philosopher's stone and Faust, — which were the days of Tasso, — certainly had a strong hold on the belief of all classes.

It has been said that so long as there is a god or goddess in the background, the personage is safe and our sympathies not carried to the extent they would otherwise be. But an inordinate sympathy on the part of the reader is to be avoided, for it withdraws the attention from the main thought, and makes rather a histrionic than epic effect.

This trend of plot (if the expression may be allowed) toward one end is remarkably well preserved in the Æneid, where from first to last the founding of a city by the Trojans is kept in view.

In the Iliad it is so obscure as to seem a reason to Wolf for doubting the unity of authorship.

This oneness of idea so pervades the Paradise Lost and the Paradise Regained that, however separated by the author, we must believe them to be a twin conception. The epic dignity, or greatness, appears even in the animals, only a few of which are naturalized in this kind of poetry.

These few are generally representative; the dove, eagle, boar, lion, snake. The snake is a favorite on account of its place in mythology and the variety of its species, and especially with Virgil, because of the elegant description the " cærulean serpent " admits of.

In view of these conditions and historical examples it may be asked, " When shall this country have an epic poem ? "

When Spain opened a path to the Indies Ercilla sang her fame; and shall America, who has tracked a way to where " the haunted waves of Asia die, on the shores of the world-wide sea," go without ? The question is dubious.

Civilization tends toward luxury, philosophy, fact. These are fatal to poetry. National oneness is necessary; patriotism, religion.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

LIKE our predecessors we take pen in hand to tell you the "Curtain is about to fall and one more short term is drawing to a glorious close," we hope to the satisfaction of both teachers and students. As this term is unavoidably dull in all outdoor sports the students naturally give more time to literary pursuits, and there have been some lively debates in Philo this term, proving that the "Spirit of patriotism has not altogether declined." We hope the efforts made by some members of Philo in arranging for the mock-trial will be fully appreciated by the students, and incite them with more zeal to carry on literary work in the society.

The usual course of lectures this season have been done away with, and the monotony of the winter term would have been almost unbroken if there had not been an opportunity of attending a course of four lectures on Literary Characters, delivered by J. T. Fields, LL.D., of Boston. They have not only been of an interesting character, but also instructive, and, we think, duly appreciated by the students.

The Juniors courageously held a cremation exercise over Cæsar at Pomp's Pond, the night before last term closed. Although it snowed very hard and it was quite cold, they claimed they had a good time. No one was there but themselves, and of course they enjoyed it. Perhaps they pride themselves upon their bravery in carrying it out on such a stormy occasion, but the only thing apparently commendable was the absolute secrecy with which they did it. Why they were so secret we do not know, but of course it was not on account of the Seniors.

The first part of the winter the gymnasium was poorly patronized, and this term began the same way, until it was announced that there would be prizes given to successful competitors in different branches of gymnastic performances, at an exhibition to be given in the early part of next term. We are glad to see since then it has been well attended, even by those who never before thought of going there, and the gymnasium presents a far more lively appearance this winter than it did last. There have been a good number of entries made in all the different parts, and the competitors practice with a constancy which shows they appreciate the interest taken in the gymnasium by the instructor, and will endeavor to make the exhibition a good one.

A very agreeable change in regard to Monday morning exercises has been made, by spending the time formerly employed in biblical exercises, in singing with our new song-books, which Mr. Bancroft has introduced into chapel exercises, so that all may take part, and make the services far more interesting.

The Draper Prize men have all been elected, and the speaking will take place sometime in May. The speakers are as follows: Bliven, Ladd, Holder, Rogers, French, Dyer, Gardner, David, and Belknap.

During the last vacation we had the pleasure of meeting a prominent physician in a neighboring city, who was a member of the class of '31, and also a member of one of the "starvation" clubs, then flourishing. He said, while looking over some of his old papers recently, he found an old board-bill, which amounted to "58c weekly;" the only way he could account for it being so high was, that some of the students must have smuggled off pies, &c., to their rooms.

The Senior Class concert came off Friday evening, Feb. 23d. The music was furnished by the Male Swedish Quartette Club, assisted by Mrs. West, Mrs. Barry and Miss Cummings. Mr. Wulf Fries was also to take part, but was unable to fulfill his engagement, which was ably filled by Mr. William Popper, accompanied with his violoncello. The programme was of choice selections, and the singers were frequently encored. There was a full house and the audience had the pleasure of enjoying the most delightful music offered to the Andover public for a long time.

Mr. Editor: The question whether we students are, or are not, exempt from the laws of good-breeding which govern the inhabitants of the outside world, is one which we refer to you for an answer. Many jokes have, in past years, been perpetrated upon the various educators of this vicinity, but we do not know that the right has ever been fully established to use the names of those, who, from their sex, position, and reputation, ought to be left out of our publicly posted witicisms. In society any person who should use the names of respectable ladies after the manner of the last Mirror, or recent mock-concert programmes, would be excluded from the presence of cultivated people as a vulgar, ill-bred fellow. Does the fact of a man being a student change his social responsibilities and duties in this respect? That students of ancient and honored institutions, where the influence of learning and culture ought to raise them far above vulgarities, should take liberties with the names of ladies, which, if taken with the names of their own mothers or sisters, would cause them the deepest indignation and disgust, is truly a hard problem.

Your humble servant, Student.

The case of the Commonwealth *vs.* Forfar was tried on Friday evening, the 2d inst., in the Supreme Court of Philo, before Judge Day. It was one of unusual interest to the students, and we apprehend that in the vindication of justice a warning will not have been given in vain to those abandoned youths, who, like the prisoner, are accustomed to sacrifice the pecuniary well-being of their landlords to their own debased passion for that *bonne bouche* apple-pie. The case was ably conducted on both sides; Aiken and Field for State, Holder and Freer for defendant. The dignified demeanor of Judge William Porter Day attracted no little attention, and though age has silvered his hair and dimmed his sight since his previous circuit, his stentorian voice seems not to have diminished in power. A crowd of witnesses of all possible degrees of intelligence were on the stand. Nickerson impersonated a fat-armed, red-handed servant girl, in a most amusing manner, and

Beal, a languishing, gushing, blushing Fem. Sem., the betrothed of the prisoner, winning considerable applause. It is needless to say that it was a mock-trial, and a very successful one, at that.

The Means Prize Exhibition came off Friday evening, December 15th. A large audience was present, and the speaking was up to the usual standard. The successful competitors were as follows, in their order: Will E. Freer, G. B. Rogers, E. E. Aiken. Mr. Freer was also the successful competitor for the second prize last year.

We are glad to see the Courant published in such good season this year; this fact alone would indicate it to be a good one. We have perused the pieces with considerable interest, and are convinced it is *not* the work of "Helen's Babies." Turning to the Items we find a very agreeable part of the book, and especially appreciate the sarcasm (?) expended upon THE MIRROR. Not possessing the genius of a critic, we will not take upon ourselves the criticism of the pieces with the avidity of our predecessors.

A large number of students have availed themselves of the opportunity to attend the series of piano recitals at the Fem. Sem. The two already given, by Mr. Sherwood and Madame Schiller, were fully attended and were very enjoyable, though much of the music was so severely classical as to require a finely cultivated ear to appreciate its beauty. Miss Thornton, who sang several times at the first recital, has a voice of much sweetness, but apparently not of great power. The last recital, by Perabo, will be given April 4th.

SCRAPS.

What has Philo had to light up her path this term that was brought forth during the first seven days of the creation? The light of Day.

What other treasure does Philo possess, to which kitchen-maids are always greatly attached? A Holder.

Instructor: "What would be the regular supine of *potum?*" Student: "Potato."

The following is a Newton-ian way of translating French into our "idiomatic English:" "Comment vous portez-vous?" "How far have you come?"

Principal: "What English word from *coquat?* Bewildered student: "Coquette." Not so bad after all, since *coquat* means to vex.

Instructor: "What English word from *canis?*" Student (thinking of dinner): "Cannibal."

Young lady (to Cad, calling): "Is the Lockjaw Society going to furnish music for the Senior Class concert?" Cad (disgusted): "A, — a, — a, — "

A member of the Senior Class, with Ambro-sial locks, makes the following translation in a hurried preparation of his lessons: "Hic alienus oves custos bis mulget in horâ." "This hireling shepherd milks the e-wes twice an hour."

Webster's (not Noah's) translation of the following passage: "Novimus et qui te, transuersā tuentibus hircis." "We know, too, who corrupted thee while the he-goats were looking on cross-eyed."

"Praedrique lupos jusset." "He commanded the wolves to pray (prey)."

The following translation will show how one word may materially change the meaning of a sentence: "Nic gemere āëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo." "Nor will the turtle cease his cooing from the lofty elm."

Another odd line from a Senior, — a mistake in gender, that's all: "Sed videor argustos inter strepere anser olores." "But I seemed like a goose to crow among the tuneful swans."

This translation was made by one of the Seniors Thursting for knowledge: "Occursare capro, cornuferit ille, caneto." "Look out for my he-goat, he hooks."

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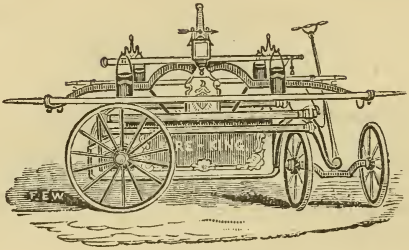

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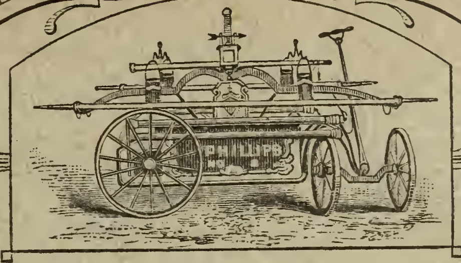

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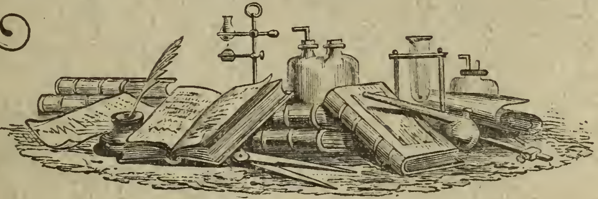

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THE
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JUNE, 1877.

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E. D. COLLINS, '77,

VOL. XXIII. JUNE, 1877. No. 3.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

OMNIPOTENCE existing alone is inconceivable, — it necessitates a power of a secondary order. We speak of the All-powerful One; but is it not unthinkable, unless we associate the idea of omniscience with omnipotence?

God, in his boundless realm of the universe, must, in order to sway it, possess these two essential powers; they are reciprocally related to each other. He is able to command atoms, to collect and form matter; but, without the requisite knowledge, his power would avail nothing. He might order the sun to change his daily course, the moon to fly off into space, or the stellar kingdoms to be blotted out from view, but would fail in accomplishing his design, unless he had sufficient knowledge.

In a conception of the creation we must admit two facts, — the existence of God, and the existence of matter. We cannot go behind these facts. As to the creation of God we know nothing, as to the creation of matter we know nothing; but the series of events which have transpired since that time can be traced, their causes detected, and their relations to one another conclusively shown.

Space is a technical term. It contains matter — to what degree we do not know; but, at the time of the creation, this matter was not collected, — it floated in the boundless depths of space; but the Divine command was given, a revolution took place, atoms of matter displayed their affinity for one another and formed molecules, the coalescence of molecules formed particles, by natural laws particles became bodies of fixed shape and form.

But only a step has been taken towards the completion of the Divine end. Chaos has only been transformed to Order. If the course of events should stand still at this point, the condition of affairs would be little changed for the better; but not so is the case. God has further plans to perfect; he has an end in view, which can only be reached by successive steps. Let us proceed to the second. Matter has collected into definite forms, planetary systems have been created, the laws which hold them in their requisite positions have been established; but surely this cannot be the Divine end, — to leave it at this point would only be forsaking his original plan. He now creates that sublimest being which has entered the universe, the grandest result of Divine forethought, Man: a being who is a fit ruler of the earth, one in whom he places the power of superiority over the lower animals, to rule and "have dominion over them." He instills into his being understanding, mental powers by means of which he can make judgments and form conceptions.

But the creation ends here: the earth is finished; its various forms of animal life are placed in their respective positions; man is installed in his office of government, and has received the knowledge requisite to assert his power. But as he is made in like image to God, possessing his attributes in a finite degree, then the power of his designer must exist in him. But God himself cannot hold power without knowledge; much less then, in the organization of man, can these two gifts be separated.

The history of the human race, from its birth to the present time, is one of successive stages. The lowest comprises man in his primitive state: his knowledge is limited, his mind weak; it has little scope for a broad range of vision; it is incapable of analyzing or detecting any of the laws which govern the objects about him; the sun passes on his daily course and is worshiped as a divine being; the stars as they appear at night are watched and revered as deities. In fact, his mind is in a chaotic state; the thoughts which exist imprint no distinct ideas upon it.

But chaos is soon supplanted, — order takes its place; perceptions group themselves together, the faculties of the mind exert their power, consciousness gives rise to mental action, mental action to reason; by reason he passes from the known to the unknown. This great promoter of knowledge impels him onward, seeking hidden truths. He is aided also by judgment to detect right and wrong; he exercises a free will, which promotes his welfare in no small degree; imagination brings him within the range of the ideal, and memory stores up in his mind the knowledge he has already accumulated.

With all these aids man is destined to become the ruler of the earth; not over his inferiors alone, — his knowledge will give him power to extend his influence over an unbounded field.

But how has all this been gained? Is it not through the stores of knowledge he has been diligently gathering up? It is an undeniable fact, that, as man thinks, so will he act. The extent of his knowledge is the king-pin to his power; if he has cultivated it to a high degree, then will he be able to exert a correspondingly high influence; and the nearer it attains perfection, the broader will be his range of government.

As the human race radiated from its birthplace the waves of emigration bore away all the knowledge possessed at that time. When this tidal-wave reached Africa it lost none of its power. The learning of Egypt soon attained such a position of fame that she became the mistress of the Mediterranean; arts and sciences were developed by her architects and astronomers;

her Ptolemy explored the heavens, his theory of the universe was set forth, and he catalogued the known stars for the benefit of future generations. The architecture of Egypt reached a position of grandeur and sublimity; the ruins of her temples tell too true a story of her refinement and taste; the pyramids which still exist stand as witnesses of engineering skill which cannot be equalled to-day, while the faces of her obelisks shine forth with a literature the light of which centuries have not extinguished.

The wave of civilization which took a western course assumed a power which was overwhelming. Rome could now boast of sitting on her seven hills and ruling the world. Her power was gained by knowledge in military skill; but her golden age was passed, her sceptre of iron was broken, her arms no longer encompassed her dominions, the tyrant has met his fate, and the imperial city is in the hands of her captors. But when did this take place? It was when knowledge ceased to accumulate. Slothfulness of character proved to be her downfall and ruin.

But the two waves have met, — they now encompass the globe; their proportions have attained a prodigious size, and their influence is wide-spread: but will it decrease? No: the returning wave will carry on its crest a culture, a refinement of learning, a knowledge, which cannot fail to influence everything which may come in contact with it.

But to what degree will human intelligence attain? Is it destined to reach a certain finite point and cease, or will it go on forever? It is but a natural inference, when we assert that learning is destined to become the ruling power of the earth, that the waves of knowledge will sweep over its continents forever, wearing away the heights of ignorance, leveling the fields of doubt, and dispelling all diversities of thought.

"LEARN TO LABOR AND WAIT."

BY SECOND EDITOR.

THE above quotation has been sung by poets, ancient and modern, and, to most of those who have paid any attention to it, an acquiescence to the first half of it is a necessity at once perceived. The second part, however, is altogether harder to learn. The student learns to labor, and no better place for such an accomplishment (if I may be permitted so to term it) could be found in all America than at "Old Phillips."

The conscientious student, the ambitious student, the student with some end in view, does learn to labor, and how to labor to the best advantage; but to wait the results of that labor, for the coveted end which caused that labor to be expended, for the recognition which it rightfully merits, is something far different, and a test that tries many a brave heart. Bright visions of future glory flit before our dazzled eyes, and fill our minds with false hopes, which lead and lure us on to a fancied success; and before we have really fitted ourselves to work for our advantage, we impatiently overstep the bounds that confine us in our proper sphere. Before we realize our situation, we are plunged into an abyss of disappointments and difficulties which overwhelm us, and extinguish the flickering light of genius that may have been in us, which, if we had employed it more easily, might have been a benefit not only to ourselves, but to many of our fellow-men.

No captain is able to sail his ship from Boston to China, or the East Indies, in a day, nor does he expect to do it. He knows, that, before reaching his desired haven, he must wait patiently night after night, and day after day, trimming his sails as the direction of the winds may dictate; and although it may seem to him a long time, yet he knows that to accomplish his purpose with any degree of success he must learn to overcome many tedious trials.

Not every builder rises to the place of master architect; the one who impatiently hastens to the desired goal may have worked as hard as the other who advances gradually, but he has done it with less care; he has taken upon himself duties which his meagre training in his earlier life renders him incapable of performing now. Not every man of talent receives at once the reward due to his genius. Gold is not found on the surface of the earth, but we must dig deep for it, and battle against the disappointments which we must inevitably encounter; and though for many weeks and months we turn up nothing but mud and clay, let us rest assured that with patient toil we shall not remain unrewarded. All Nature cries aloud to "Labor and Wait." We do not get our harvest as soon as the earth is freed from the winter's snow, but we must wait until it has received the gladdening rains, and the bright glowing sun of weeks and months. Iron at first is a shapeless mass; and before it comes out into the bright, sharp cutting-tool, it must first pass through the white heat of the fire, and by patient heating and cooling, tempering and re-tempering, cleaning and polishing, it is formed into an instrument capable of cutting its own substance in its original state.

So we often hear the student thoughtlessly complain of the great folly there is in spending so much time in fitting himself for duties more responsible and severe. No one will deny that it is a laborious task, but, surely, it cannot be considered folly on that account.

"There is no royal road to success." And he who would be of some use in his after-life, whether rich or poor, must learn not only to labor, but also to wait the results of that labor. The polishing stone may be long applied, but be assured that, if applied with the earnest zeal of one having an end in view, the knife will cut all the better when brought into use. The *student* grinds the steel, and must keep grinding; the *scholar* has the perfect blade at command.

Let us not, then, seek to hasten the formative process; for it is better that one's brains should imbibe knowledge by degrees, than that it should be driven in with violence; in the latter case, it will be repelled as forcibly as it was urged into its unwelcome home, while in the former, it will gradually become assimilated as an essential part of our being.

NEW ENGLAND.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

Two hundred years ago New England was covered with forests; the cry of the Indians re-echoed through the pine-woods; the rivers and lakes were untraversed, save by birch-bark canoes; here and there, mostly along the sea-coast, little hamlets had been established, but, for the most part, New England was a trackless forest. At the present time, on every hillside and in every valley flourishing villages stand; upon the banks of every river great manufactories are built; in the sea-ports vessels are loading and discharging their cargoes; and back from the sea-coast, in New Hampshire and Vermont, agriculture is carried on. The Western States are noted for their agriculture and mining, the Middle States for their commerce; but it is reserved for New England to unite all these, though not to so great an extent as other districts. The manufactures of New England surpass those of any other part of America. Yankee ingenuity and perseverance have triumphed over all obstacles; and now her manufactures are transported over the world. Such is New England to-day.

Let us, now, look back over her history. In sixteen hundred and twenty the permanent settlement in New England was made at Plymouth by the Puritans, who came to this country to obtain religious liberty. They were a sincere class of men, strict in their religion and worthy ancestors of the revolutionary heroes. About ten years later, Boston, the Athens of America, the "Hub" of the Universe, was settled; and, a little after, Rhode Island and Connecticut. From this point the march of civilization was slow but sure; the Indians were defeated; the pine forests were cut down, and villages were founded. Boston steadily grew, and took its position at an early period among the foremost cities of the land. Soon after the close of the French and Indian War, England began to encroach upon the liberties of the colonies, and first began to impose taxes upon the United States. This was resisted throughout all the country; and the cry of "No taxation without representation," which arose from Boston, was re-echoed throughout the land. British soldiers were landed in Boston, and the blood that was spilled in the streets of Boston was the first shed in the struggle which threw off the chains of the mother country. When the battle of Lexington was fought, the New England farmers dropped hoe and plow and took up the musket; and so it was New England that drew the sword of that bloody war.

As we look over the first century of the Republic, we cannot help noticing the multitude of distinguished men who have hailed from New England. The names of Hancock, Adams, Webster, Everett, Sumner, and others, are names that are and always will be associated with New England. But it was in the abolition of slavery that there was conferred upon New England the highest honor. For, very early, she took a decided stand against this curse of mankind. Charles Sumner, upon the floor of the Senate House, spoke boldly against it. He was, in consequence, attacked by the leaders of the slaveholding party The horror of slavery, excited in New England hearts, spread toward the West, and, at the election of Abraham Lincoln, a general war broke out between the North and South. After five years' hard fighting, the war ended and the negro race was declared to be free. In bringing about this great result, New England had a very important place. O New England! proud and happy in the possession of such sons as Sumner, Everett, Webster and Wilson, may thy course be always upward and onward; always defending the right and resisting oppression; and may the Stars and Stripes wave over New England as long as there is a sun in the sky.

THE BIRTHRIGHT OF THE SOUL.

The President's Address, delivered at the Annual Exhibition, June 14, 1877.

BY WILLIAM A. KNOWLTON.

THE crowning work of the Most High, "in the beginning," was the creation of man.

To all other creatures he gave an existence purely animal, an existence governed only by the laws of instinct and appetite; and to them the beautiful fields, the luxuriant groves, the majestic rivers, the streams dashing down the mountain side, relieving with their sparkling beauty the gloomy grandeur of the forests, are only sources of food and drink, places to sleep away their idle, aimless lives. To man, however, he gave something more, that something which we call mind. Urged on by *its* impulses, man cannot lead a mere passive existence; but an impatient curiosity, an eager thirst to *know*, an intuitive conception of a right to a higher destiny and a feeling of obligation to achieve it, pursue him from the cradle to the grave. Let us, then, consider what are our duties, as men, and in view of that supreme endowment which God has bestowed on us alone.

The mind was given to man rich not in possessions, but in possibilities; stored not with the treasures of knowledge, but with energy to grasp and power to retain them. The workings of the forces of nature, and the secret processes of her endless and marvellous changes, were withheld; and man was left to discover these for himself, that, by the effort thus induced, his mind might acquire the breadth and vigor which would be consistent with its origin and dignity. Every incentive was placed within to impel him to reach this end: desire for wealth; love of fame; and a certain indefinable longing to know the things that are hidden from him, to trace out the laws of nature and unravel the mystery of his own being.

All this clearly points out, as our imperative duty, the cultivation of our intellectual faculties, the development of their powers and the expansion of the sphere of their action ; and whosoever fails to do this fails to fulfill one of the highest and plainest obligations of human life. Culture is, then, one of the chief ends of our being. Now let us consider how culture may be obtained.

For the attainment of any great and worthy end two things are indispensably requisite, *determination* and *labor*. And so, culture is not fruit by the wayside, to be had for the plucking ; but, like the golden apples of the Hesperides, to be obtained only by persistent and courageous effort. Do we not find illustrations and proofs of this in the careers of Demosthenes, of Sheridan, of Disraeli ? and in the case of all these, success did not reward their first attempt nor their second. Bitter failure soon forced upon them the unwelcome conviction, that the rare prizes they sought could not be won in a moment. They accepted the terms. They freely, ay, gladly, gave themselves, for weary years, to ardent and incessant toil ; and at last the sun of their triumph rose, dispelling in a moment all remembrance of their struggles and disappointments, dimming the glory of all contemporaries, and illuming their names with perennial splendor. Webster, too, the greatest orator and statesman that America has yet seen, — he to whom, on that eventful day when his words like winged thunderbolts smote down his own and his country's fierce assailants, Milton's majestic lines so fitly apply, —

> "With grave
> Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
> A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat, and public care ;
> Sage he stood
> With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
> The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
> Drew audience and attention still as night
> Or summer's noontide air, —

even he could not, until after repreated failures, summon moral courage enough to face an audience. Nor did he arrive at the pinnacle of his resplendent fame by any other road than the road of unwearied exertion.

The best approved methods for obtaining culture are through books and travel. One grows to be like those with whom he associates. He whose companionships are among the low must necessarily descend to their level, and the deadly miasams that pollute their moral atmosphere will steep him in lethargy, quench all high ambitions, and stifle every pure desire. 'Tis a law of nature. Marshes are always places of stagnation and decay; and human marshes are no exception. On the other hand, he who sets his face to the uplands of life, at every step lifts himself higher into regions of sweeter air and softer sunshine; and feels his soul expanding with generous zeal for lofty aims and his thoughts flowing in purer channels.

This same principle should guide our choice of books. We should permit only those volumes to engross our attention whose merit has endured the test of time. By reading Homer, Plato, Shakespeare, Addison, Goethe and Milton, we become their companions; we partake of their thoughts, the ripest that have been given to the world; they lift us out of our littleness up to their own grand heights; they teach us wisdom and manners; they show us the enchanting force of truth; they inspire us by their glorious utterances of philosophy and song.

However, we not only want our minds thus stored with knowledge and brought to a high level of thought, but we also want a practical knowledge of men. Knowledge of books merely is not culture. A book-worm is not a cultured man. Contact with society, study of men's actions and motives, are necessary both to sharpen the wits and give one ease and self-possession. The men who have spent their lives amid the busy marts of commerce, in a continual warfare of brains, acquire habits of prompt and vigorous action that give them a vast superiority over the mere student in all practical affairs. Travel, too, is the goal of the student's hopes; especially because there is always a desire to visit those lands whence sprang the fountains of his lore; to gaze on those remains of art, whose equal in grace and beauty the world has never seen; to walk amid the groves where Plato discoursed to his disciples; and to stand upon that immortal spot where, centuries ago, Demosthenes thundered forth his matchless eloquence; to visit in person, as he often has in thought, the mighty city that from her seven-hilled throne ruled the world; to behold the land so often torn by civil conflicts and drenched with blood of friend and foe, — the land made famous in the annals of time, by the harp of Virgil, the eloquence of Cicero, and the deeds of Cæsar, — "Cæsar, the world's great master and his own."

But travel, as a means of culture, is valuable in proportion as one has by previous habits prepared himself for it. To those who lack preparation the culture of Europe can give no polish; the magnificent ruins of the Coliseum and the Parthenon are only a heab of rubbish. The canvas of Raphael and the marble of Angelo wake no trains of deep reflection, nor throng the imagination with splendid dreams.

As a place for the building up of culture the palm must be yielded to the country. Here, under the clear, open sky, breathing the pure air undefiled by the fetid breath of the city, undisturbed by the jostle and hurrying of a busy multitude, bent on their own selfish ends, we hold close communion with nature and listen to the teachings of our soul. The influence of country life opens our hearts and widens our views. In the city we may gaze upon the works of art elaborated by the best masters; in the country huge cliffs with rocks piled in fantastic forms and decked with shrub and vine, giant trees, shading the borders of some lake or limpid stream, whose beauty defies the utmost skill of man to depict, greet our every view.

The city makes us withdraw within ourselves, forgetful of all else; the country, by its very quiet and seclusion, compels us to think — to come out of ourselves; and broadens our whole character.

Yet, an occasional mingling with the crowd is not only benefiting but necessary. For, as the rock, upon the wave-beaten shore, becomes rounded and smooth by constant attrition, so, by the conflicts of opinion and the unconscious influence of other views, and other ideas, our characters are moulded into a more symmetric and graceful development.

We have thus far endeavored to show, first, that it was our duty to seek culture; then, to indicate how this could be attained. Let us now notice some of the effects of culture, and why it is desirable for its own sake.

Some one has said that man is a "bundle of inconsistencies." So he is by nature harassed by the conflicts of his varied appetites and desires. But culture removes the strife and leaves the man master of himself.

Every person feels a certain confidence in his own powers. This, when allowed to have sway unrestrained, degenerates into egotism. And this personalism, unless trained by culture, fetters our powers and greatly injures our usefulness both to ourselves and others. It is, also, a great bar to personal influence. There is nothing that quicker arouses our dislike and contempt than the appearance of conceit. How the character of Cicero is sunk in our estimation, despite his splendid talents, by the glaring display of his egotism! How different are the feelings awakened towards him under whose leadership that masterly retreat of The Ten Thousand was made; who refrains from all mention even of his name until, just before the commencement of that eventful battle that was to decide the fortune of Asia, — in that dread calm that was soon to be broken by the clash of arms, — he modestly speaks of himself as "a certain Athenian." Well has the poet sung of him, —

"Thine was the praise bright models to afford
To Cæsar's rival pen and rival sword;
Blest, had ambition not destroyed his claim
To the mild lustre of thy purer fame"

It is not my purpose to decry self-reliance. It is the very foundation of all true success. But when this grows into egotism, when the individual is lost in himself and exalts himself above his fellows, then indeed are his days of progress ended.

What in literature is grand, what in art is beautiful, culture reveals to us and makes our own. Who would have those avenues of pleasure, pure and intellectual as they are, shut up to him? He whom Milton's immortal epic does not thrill, he who does not feel that Shakespeare stands alone, is like a blind man wandering through some spacious gallery filled with statues, paintings, and costly vases, unconscious that on his right hand and on his left are the triumphs of genius and the miracles of skill to which the world bows in willing and admiring homage.

With what efforts, then, ought we to strive for culture, — to perfect "those thoughts that wander through eternity"! since from it we derive happiness, pleasure, through it we are made more useful, and by obtaining it we but render to the mind its own birthright.

Gentlemen of Philo: The end of the term is now close at hand, and with it comes the end of the school year, and the severing of the connection of many of us with this society. While we go forth, bearing away the many lessons old Philo has taught us, may you, who remain, bring her up to a condition of even greater prosperity than has been her previous good fortune. And now, thanking you for the kindness you have shown toward me, I will bid you — farewell.

THE PHANTOM TRAIN.

A TALE OF THE GREAT RAILROAD.

In western Pennsylvania
There came a dreadful day,
And, in spite of Probabilities,
The rain dashed into spray
Against the Alleghany peaks,
Where oft the storm had torn;
But never yet, on mountain-side,
Had such a blast been born.

It rent the woods upon the heights,
Anon the pine-trees wailed ;
And branches, broke from even oak,
Far down the valleys sailed.
I watched it on till afternoon :
The storm increased in size ;
And now the thunder boomed aloft
And seemed to split the skies.

The watchman in the guard-house stood ;
His weather-beaten brow
Told of the tempests he had seen,
But not like this I trow.
He looked along the railroad track,
And I heard him, fretting, say, —
" The devil a bit a train to-night
Will pass by this here way."

But, in the railroad office nigh,
There was a different talk,
And nervous through the ante-room
The foreman, Haines, did walk.
" Now haste, Macleedan, man the train
With sixty men of brawn ;
Dispatch I have from Conemaugh
Says, ' Track is well-nigh gone.'

" The Fast Express which comes to-night,
Like lightning o'er the main,
Has regiments for Harisburg ;
T'is an important train.
The troops aboard are for the mines,
To keep the Mollies down ;
I hear they've given trouble there,
And have destroyed a town.

"Of soldiers, they have not enough
To have the riot stayed,
And all depends on this one train:
It must not be delayed!"
So saying, he went out, and saw
The truck-cars joined; and then
They all moved on for Conemaugh, —
Macleedan and his men.

"Oh! speed, construction-train, and mend
The track e'er now washed out;
And do not linger, e'en if rain
Should down in rivers spout.
Th' Express is due there just at twelve,
But, my! how black the night.
Think they will make it?
Gracious God! protect them by thy might."

They rumbled on, o'er ridges shook
With the Tornado's blast;
And on they fled through forests grim,
And ghost-like gulches past.
But though the forests ghastly looked,
Macleedan's heart was bold,
And his men were not of those who brooked
The tales that oft were told
Of those weird haunts of witches,
And the spectral sights of old.

The engine put on double steam,
And, wondrous to relate,
The force of men reached Conemaugh
Soon as the clock said eight.
They all jumped off, and went to work
With tools and timbers strong,
The Locomotive's head-light
Lighting the track along.

They toiled hard, and not a man,
Did any duty shirk ;
And afterwhile the gulf they span
With arch of trestlework.
But suddenly there came a sound,
And, looking up the curve,
They saw a sight, ah ! well it might
The stoutest hearts unnerve.

For, swinging round at breathless pace,
An engine came in sight,
And lights from car-windows dispelled
The heavy gloom of night.
T'was coming on at such a speed,
The workmen leap'd aside ;
Some scrambling up the rugged bank,
Some rolling to the tide
Of the angry, boiling river,
With its torrent deep and wide.

The gleaming train came on, at rate
Of sixty miles an hour,
And nothing else could 'rest its fate
Save the Almighty power.
All looked aghast : each held his breath
To hear the awful crash,
To see the cars, tearing toward death,
All into splinters dash !

But when it reached the chasm,
Within a foot or two,
The phantom vanished from the scene
And into vapor flew.
T'was all done in an instant ;
But such a fear they met,
That every one was stupefied,
And wrapped in chilly sweat.

Macleedan was the first to speak ;
He noble courage lent :
Said he, " That was a message
From the Creator sent.
It means we must be quicker,
Or we will not get through
In time to let the real express
Its special errand do."

Then it was beautiful to see
Them run with eager feet,
To labor like brave heroes, till
The structure was complete.
Then, when they set the green lights
Beside the track repaired,
Hearty congratulations
They mutually shared.

Now point the hands at twelve o'clock,
And whistle loud and clear,
From behind yonder railroad curve,
They, all expectant, hear.
Then, as the proud train nearer rolls,
They hear distinctly swell,
In music tones of caution,
The ringing of the bell.

And now the Fast line safely rides
Over those timbers strong,
While laborers send a loyal shout
Which echoes loud and long.
Now thanks be unto God again,
From whom all blessings rise,
And to Macleedan and his men,
Fame does immortalize.

T. W. B, Jr.

THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY IN ENGLAND.

Perhaps no one element in the history of nations stands more prominent than that of chivalry. During the middle or dark ages that held the progress of all Europe in the bondage of prejudice and superstition, we find the origin of this great influence which for so many years wrought its powerful effects on the manners and customs of the people. Though the germs of this spirit existed among the barbarous tribes in the forests of Germany long before the Christian era, it was not until after the decline of the Roman Empire that chivalry came to be recognized. Its birth may therefore be placed during the reign of Charlemagne, near the beginning of the tenth century, and from that time until the Norman conquest it was confined almost entirely to what is now modern France and Germany. Soon after the introduction of Feudalism into England, the spirit of chivalry spread over that country with overwhelming power.

During the reign of William I. it made little progress; the order of knighthood was given to the villains and serfs who were then the slaves of the tyrannical Norman baron. It was simply a military service instituted for the preservation of the feudal estate.

The ideal feudal lord first existed in England in the reign of William Rufus, and it was in this period that the term Knight came to be applied to those who from free will devoted themselves to its cause. Perhaps the most brilliant epoch of chivalry existed during the reign of Richard I. The tendencies at that time were such as to excite this spirit. All Europe was involved in the Eastern wars which cost it so many thousand lives. Under the leadership of Richard England took an active part, and by his superior military powers won many a bloody field in aid of the holy cause. During the Crusades chivalry gained its greatest influence. England became the home of religious fanaticism. The wealth and prosperity of the nation were staked in the support of the ambitious knight. So it continued a devoted servant to its aim, although gradually declining, until learning revived and the country came under the protection of law. Without going further into the history of English chivalry, let us consider a few of the ceremonies by which it was promoted, and briefly trace those influences it has made upon the national character.

Three powerful spirits have from time to time given a predominant impulse to mankind: history, religion, and honor. The spirit which animated chivalry and which was cherished in the breasts of her followers was honor; not the glory which must be shared by a nation, but individual praise. The valor of a knight was displayed from a love of renown rather than any abstract sense of justice. At the age of twenty-one a man could receive the order of knighthood. The ceremony was generally performed on festive occasions, at which great pomp was usually displayed. The oath of knighthood made it the duty of every cavalier to forsake all else and pay unceasing attention to his profession. He was to devote himself to truth, to maintain the right, to protect the distressed, and, finally, to display on every opportunity his gallantness of character. In this way its training grew to be an elaborate system of education, comprising horsemanship and skill in the use of arms. The crowning diversions were the tournaments, at which trials and feats of strength were contested between knights of different orders for the ammusement of the people. The grandeur of these displays was all that could be imagined. Wealth and art were taxed to the highest degree in order to give brilliancy to the scene. The combatants were mounted and armed with headless lances and blunted swords. The victor was the one who, by superior power, could unhorse his opponent, while the honor won at these displays was valued little less than that gained on the field of battle.

But what was the spirit which became the governing principle of the English people upon the decline of this most wonderful epoch. Heretofore, they had been ruled by despotic laws, but the evils of this course soon became evident, and Albion's rulers found it more expedient to administer their power in a lawful and upright manner. The serf was raised from his lowly position to one of more equal rights, chivalry gave place to true manliness, and England took a vast stride toward becoming a civilized nation.

W. S. G.

" WHATEVER YOU DO, DO WELL."

In whatever we would attain any degree of thoroughness, an interest must be first secured. Then the undertaking will become a part of ourselves. But how shall this be done? By the end in view. We may find pleasure in the performance of the task, but it is only secondary to the anticipation of the result. How necessary it is, then, that we have a noble purpose!

To do a thing well, we must let that be the *one thing* of our existence and the focus of all our powers. All great deeds which compel our admiration will be found, on examination, to be the results of concentrated effort.

In whatever we attempt, we shall find many allurements which urge us to leave our task and which promise greater results, but they are hostile to success and must be avoided. No man can excel in everything. If he attempts to grasp all, he will fail. A specialty in one thing is necessary. All his energies must be applied at this one point, and he will achieve the greatest possible success.

Thoroughness requires faithful as well as concentrated effort. Whoever thinks that the time gained by slighting his task is time saved, will soon find his mistake. Haste is not to be shunned altogether, but when it overcomes our patience it is always disastrous to every undertaking. Germany produces greater scholars than our own land because the German students are, from their nature and the influence of their surroundings, of a more even temperament than the impulsive

American, and with their slow and ceaseless plodding they can more successfully cope with tasks requiring accuracy or research.

We must not let our enthusiasm slacken, lest we never reach completion. How many enterprises, promising at the outset unparalleled results, have failed from want of perseverance to complete them. Thoroughness requires also that we be particular in the smallest things, that we be accurate. Nowhere do we find greater accuracy than in Nature, and nowhere is it a greater necessity than in revealing her laws. The whole plan, working in perfect harmony, would be entirely subverted by one slight defect.

Accuracy will soon become a habit by careful cultivation; and even if it were far more difficult to attain we should let no obstacle prevent us from acquiring it. In this enlightened age, when knowledge is so widely diffused, nothing but absolute accuracy is wanted. We find a multitude of persons who call themselves educated, yet who are not reliable on a single point. About right will not do. The man who has accomplished what he has undertaken is the man for whom there is the greatest demand. The world trusts him and he trusts himself.

G. H. T.

HOW PEOPLE LISTEN TO MUSIC.

Many listen to music with their thoughts on something else; just as some people smoke a cigar, while writing, to give their body something to do while the mind is employed. While many persons are thus thinking of something that has no connection with the music, others are busy with thoughts actually suggested by it. Probably in many minds a parallel course of thought is thus carried on.

Another class of listeners is composed of such as have acute musical sensibilities, who float off upon musical strains as upon balmy breezes which waft them to some upper and happier realm. The pleasure of such persons is a kind of refined, nervous pleasure, music sweeping over their nervous organization like electricity, and producing a species of musical inebriation.

Another class embraces those who are more self-collected and distinguish the music much more easily. These persons are chiefly pleased, however, only with pretty melodies when they occur in a composition; that which intervenes being meaningless, and listened to only because something enjoyable is soon expected.

A fifth class embraces those who listen to music by looking at bonnets, dresses, and faces, looking at beaux and belles; who talk, and smile, and coquet and flirt, just such as one may see by scores at any philharmonic rehearsal or concert, — those sweet pets of fashion and society, who are assassinated fifty times an evening with daggers fiercely looked at them by indignant musical men right and left.

A sixth class embraces those who listen to music with critical ears only. Such are chiefly reporters and critics of the public press. They listen to be displeased, rather than pleased. A false tone is instantly made a note of. If commendation be expressed, it must be followed by a "but," — and the place where the "but" comes in is a very important place to them.

An eighth class consists of those liberal minds who take music into their breasts like a gentle dove, who willingly suffer it to nestle and coo there, who warm it into still fresher vitality by a kindly reception, and who are warmed in turn by it; who never question its right to come or to stop; who keep it as long as they can, and only reluctantly allow it to depart; who live long on its recollection afterward, and think of it as sweet, departed fragrance.

A ninth class of listeners comprises those who are fond only of such music as is familiar to them. Their pleasure is chiefly one of association. They are reminded thereby of old sights and scenes; of friends departed; of old dreams and old aspirations; of old loves and old flirtations; of those vague, indefinite feelings of youth, which are a kind of charming atmosphere enveloping early life, and which so sadly and so soon fade into a darkened hue as the years roll on and life advances into the shady side, — something which, at the time, was very fine, but which, now that it is gone, is inexpressibly missed and regretted.

A tenth class comprises the few who enjoy music to the very fullest possible extent, and to the very bottom of their hearts, because they know most about it. They have not only the delicate musical organization which secures to them all the merely sensuous delight of music, but they combine with this the rare intellectual pleasure of a perfect understanding and appreciation of great musical workmanship. They listen not only with the ear, but with the intellect. In fact, they can listen with either, or with both combined; they can shut their eyes and float off upon delicious waves of music until they attain a great degree of delight.

The educated and intelligent musician is always more charitable and considerate than any one else, knowing the reason of things and the difficulties of musical attainments; wherefore he gives more credit for what really is accomplished, and knows how to value a good thing well attempted.

The upshot of the whole matter would seem to be, then, that enjoyment of music to the very utmost implies *musical knowledge.*

Wherefore, let us study and understand music if we would enjoy music's pleasures.

F. F. F.

THE UTILITY OF LITERARY SOCIETIES.

There are times in the life of every man when he is called upon to fill positions which he does not consider himself capable of doing well. There are times also, when men, engrossed with the cares of active life, look back to the days of their youth and regret that they did not better employ their opportunities. There are others who regret that they were unable to obtain certain advantages while young which would have been of great service to them in after-life ; and it is when one has been called upon to perform some duty for which he feels his inability, that such regrets enter the mind. We know of nothing that an active citizen feels the loss of so much as his inability to express his mind, either by word or letter, clearly and influentially to his fellow-citizens ; yet he may have good judgment and be a practical thinker. These very wants are the ones which are supplied by the benefits derived from literary societies. There is one class, if we may distinguish them, in our large schools and colleges, whose members are made up of students who are studying with a view to enter some profession. To these, the advantages derived from careful culture in writing and speaking are indespensable. The student who spends his whole time in steady work on one or two studies alone loses many advantages for which he is devoting his time. There are a number of benefits in societies which a student cannot afford to lose. An hour or two spent once a week in a pleasant assemby of the students, gathered for the purpose of intellectual culture, is one of the most agreeable and profitable ways to enliven the monotony of school life. It rests the mind of the student, and should give him fresh vigor to pursue his daily studies. But these are trivial things compared to other advantages which are offered. It is there they can measure their abilities in the debate with their companions, and, for the first time, it may be, lose a little self-conceit. There it is, too, they take delight in exchanging ideas on different subjects, and learn by degrees how to reason and plan a debate. They can also accustom themselves to public speaking and attain the secret of speaking fluently and effectually to an audience. All these and many other advantages are obtained from literary societies in connection with school life, and form a very essential part of the refinement and culture students should seek to attain. The very proof of the advantages are the illustrious names of statesmen and scholars which so many societies take pride in claiming as their own ; and Prof. Blackie says that the debating societies have long been a stronghold of the Scottish universities. There is, also, another class of literary societies in all our large cities and towns. The members of these comprise young men who have not completed any course of education, but are engaged in various occupations of the trade and are about to become good and useful citizens. In all our large communities there is a marked want of interest among the business men and citizens in public affairs. They do not come forward and exert their influence as citizens in politics, and in common municipal duties. The work is left for a few greedy office-seekers, and this may be one of the weak points in our republic. Naturally we seek the cause of this: among other causes, we think can be traced very prominently the want of those qualities which are so very essential to active, influential citizens. That is, confidence in one's self to address an audience, and ability to speak logically and effectually upon all matters of common interest. The benefits attained from literary exercises of all kinds carried on by young men of this class are invaluable, and supply the most necessary qualities of a citizen. They increase culture and refinement, and encourage young men to lofty and high aims. Thus we see the more influence these societies are exerting they are doing a national good. In many of our large cities there are smart, enterprising men taking the lead in government affairs. They call themselves self-made men, and owe their success to the culture and refinement they attained in literary societies in youth. It is with pleasure they call to mind the winter evenings spent with a few friends for the purpose of literary culture; sacrificing, it may be, the companionship of some gayer friends, seeking only pleasure, while they patiently strove for self-culture, and kept in mind their duty to themselves and their country as citizens. When we look around us and vividly realize how great benefit from literary societies has been felt far and wide throughout the country, we think how much more ought to be exerted as we increase in population and civilization. Does it not seem strange that young men, about to assume the responsibility of citizenship, are so unmindful of this fact! Let them gird up their loins then, and, looking beyond the horizon of to-day, peer into the future and prepare themselves for whatever duties time and opportunity may call upon them to fulfill.

W. H. G.

" QUERIES.

" Who meets me now and then ' by chance ' ?
Who at me flings a ' crushing ' glance ?
Who asks for ' payment in advance ' ?
My Landlady.

" Who's always 'round on Saturday night,
When times are either fair or ' tight ' ?
Who would not trust me for a bite ?
My Landlady.

" Who gives for dessert baker's pie ?
Just order twice, who heaves a sigh —
Declares that ' every thing's so high ' ?
My Landlady.

" Who dishes prunes in thirteen ways ?
Who, snorting, ofttimes breaks her stays ?
Who ought to mend her crabbed ways ?
My Landlady.

" Who goes the rounds for toughest steak —
Selects the kind that's sure to break
A fellow's jaws if he partake ?
My Landlady.

" Who gives me coffee thinly made,
As weak as ' circus lemonade ' ?
Who seeks her virtues to parade ?
My Landlady.

" Who's ever looking for a ' catch ' ?
(O would some fiend her eye-balls scratch,
Or into dark perdition snatch)
My Landlady."

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

THE events of another school year are about to pass into the annals of Phillips Academy. The class of '77 will soon take its departure for other fields of study, but the associations of its members can never be disbanded; they will exist ever fresh in their minds; the memories of "Old Phillips" will grow greener every day, never fading from their sight; the influences which have been brought to bear upon us we trust have not been lost, and the truths impressed on our minds we hope have fallen into good ground.

The time of parting is near at hand. We, who are about to leave these dearly cherished surroundings, do so with a feeling of regret; our schoolmates we leave behind, our teachers and friends will no longer guide us, and our brother classmates will be separated, we know not when to meet again; but, in saying our last Good-bye to each other, let our motto continue to be, "Forward," "Nobly Conquering" the difficulties of life.

A word to our schoolmates: You, who are to take our places, we wish every success; may progress be the reward of your efforts. You are the Centennial Class of the institution, an institution which has been the birthplace of many great men. In your anniversary exercises may you do credit to Phillips; may your voices ring through her halls, showing to the world that on her hundredth birthday she is still a power in our country. As you take up life's work, as you pursue "One Aim, One Purpose," may your end be accomplished by "Proceeding in Virtue."

Our younger brethren intend, as they renew their studies, to adopt as their motto, "In Harmony;" with this to guide them in the paths of learning, they will find, by living up to it, that success is theirs, for by a harmonious spirit great ends are accomplished. But as youth is succeeded by manhood, college life by business life, may we show that progress in our activity which is the outgrowth of mental training and culture. As old age draws near, let us so conduct ourselves that we may look back with a feeling of contentment of having done our duty. Our school-days will once more be presented to our views, their joys flit before our minds, but their memories will ever be "pleasant though mournful to the soul."

The part of a reviewer is one which affords pleasure, although requiring patience; in order to be successful, he should have a keen insight of the matter he is to examine; he is not to pick flaws only, but should also render praise where it is deserved. It is an exhaustive work as well as an impartial one. It now devolves upon me to briefly run over the events which have transpired during our school year. In so doing I will attempt to follow out my idea of such a task, but must do so in a brief manner. My predecessors in this position have reviewed already the events of the preceding terms, so I will only recall them to mind by a cursory glance.

Let me begin with the school: it opened under quite auspicious circumstances; a good number entered its ranks and have continued to hold their positions; interest was at once taken in sports on the campus, base-ball at first ruling the day, but was soon supplanted by foot-ball. The eleven were chosen and provided with suits. They met with one defeat, but rendered so much satisfaction that the association has got a good foothold in the school.

About the middle of the term our attention was called to the dedication of our new chapel. The event interested us in no small degree; we received goodly advice from our Principal in regard to marring the furniture; although well-directed, whether it was needed we will not say; suffice it to remark, that no case of desecration has come to our notice. We also wish to vindicate ourselves against the hearsay of outsiders; they seem to think that Phillipians are incapable of conducting themselves in an upright and lawful manner, that the new chapel would soon lie in ruins — the result of jackknives — but it still stands unharmed. We can appreciate a good thing; but when our bodies are twisted into such positions as to produce all the " thousand shocks and aches that flesh is heir to," we don't blame any one for cutting his way out, even if he has to resort to the aid of a jackknife.

The manner in which Phillipians attended the political meetings during the fall campaign demonstrated the fact that " the spirit of patriotism is not declining ; " their enthusiasm culminated in a torchlight procession, and one young gentleman was so rash as to attempt to light a bonfire on the campus ; his good intentions, alas ! came to a Dyer (dire) conclusion.

The Means Prizes were contended for, December 15, 1876 ; the result is generally known. To future competitors we wish each and all success.

But before we close the review of the fall term, we wish to reply to some articles appearing in the contemporary magazine and the fall number of The Mirror. The editors of the former pamphlet stated, " they were pleased to notice the gentlemanly behavior of the Phillipians at the political meetings." Allow us to return the compliment by saying we observed the ladylike manner in which the young ladies conducted themselves at the recitals. They also state that " high chairs are used in Phillips Academy." We should like to know their authority for making such a statement. We would suggest the idea to the trustees of Abbott Academy that they furnish a number of invalid-chairs for the young ladies, in order that they may be wheeled about the grounds, as the delicacy of their constitutions will not allow them to take more violent exercise. The editor of the fall Mirror in his Review asked the question, " Who is the most eloquent man in school ? " We hardly see the force of his inquiry, as he is acknowledged the honored Holder of the palm of eloquence. He also wishes to be informed about the littlest man in school : we would reply, he is the one who is obliged to reach the highest in order to touch the shoulder of the tallest person.

January 3d, we find the Academy again in working order.

The principal event of the term was the course of lectures given by Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston; it consisted of four discourses on the subjects, "Alfred Tennyson," "Christopher North," "Modern Fiction," and "Rufus Choate." We considered it quite a treat, and it seemed as if we had the subjects themselves in our presence.

Lovers of art had an opportunity to satisfy their wants, by making selections from the catalogue of Mr. Niccoletti. On visiting Andover he brought several medallions and pieces of larger size; they consisted of casts in plaster of the old masterpieces, together with the poets, painters,.and leading men of the past. He was patronized quite well. Those who wish to make further purchases can do so by applying at his office in Providence, R.I. The Senior Classical Class on this occasion presented the Milton Shield to the Academy; it is the largest piece of work in Mr. Niccoletti's catalogue. It now hangs on the walls of Number Nine.

The Senior Class Concert came off Friday evening, February 23. We hope all were pleased with the entertainment, as the committee made a strenuous effort to make it an enjoyable occasion. We forgive the dastardly attempt to make it a failure, by the issuing of mock programmes, but cannot pass over this act without reproving the perpetrators.

The Senior Scientific Class take the opportunity to thank the Principal of Abbott Academy for the use of the telescope.

The closing events of the term, viz., the recitals of Mr. Sherwood and Madame Schiller, were attended by a goodly number of the students; in our estimation the entertainment by Madame Schiller was far the more enjoyable.

But we must hurry on, and take up the issues which have arisen during the spring term. On the very day of our arrival we were entertained at the female academy by the third and concluding recital of the course; it was given by Mr. Ernst Perabo, assisted by Mrs. J. W. Weston. The programme was quite varied, containing, we suppose, perfect gems of musical art; as the pianist's name contained the sentiment of earnestness, so in the rendering of the pieces we perceived it was done in a most earnest manner. We will make no comments on the singing of Mrs. Weston, only adding the point that it displayed fine culture and musical sensibilities. We admit the recitals have given us an opportunity to study the æsthetic sublimity displayed in the masterpieces of musical talent.

Under the auspices of the French students at Davis Hall, we were invited to attend the comedy which took place April 17th, in the hall of their academy. Before the curtains parted the audience listened to a very fine execution of a piece of instrumental music. The impersonations of the characters in the drama showed study and thought. La Barronne de Saint Léger carried herself with that dignfied mien which belongs to the nobility, while the sprightly manner of her daughters reflected no Mac-(k)-ulation on their mother. Marcelle, the old cook, exhibited her crabbed ways in a form which was faithful to the character. Germaine, we noticed, had a certain *Parson's* air about her face, betraying a sadness and gloom at the thought of losing her brother, while Jeannette was the character of the piece. The part was so finely *Carri*-(y)-ed out and Well (s) poken, that we defer from further comment; in conclusion, we remark that the remaining parts were in *Fellows*-hip with those of which we have spoken. The only thing we have been unable to fathom is the motto which overhung the stage; we suppose it represented some mysterious bond of sisterhood, and after ransacking all the French dictionaries at our command, we had given up in despair, but at last came to the conclusion that the letters signified a L-iterary P-oker C-lub, P-hillips A-cademy.

The following afternoon we witnessed a very creditable display of gymnastic and athletic exercises at the gymnasium. The costumes of the performers were quite fantastic, one gentleman appearing in *Greene tights*, another in a dress of a Ston-(e)-y hue. One of the most interesting features of the competition was, that the Newtonian law of falling bodies was proved without a doubt, as his namesake, in trying to hurl himself into the air, always came down on the other side. The successful competitors were Messrs. Bradford, Higgins, Greene, and Swazey.

The first half of the term was enlivened by an evening lecture, given by Messrs. Wilder and Burnell, both gentlemen being students of Williams College. The first named presented the actions, customs, and habits of the natives of South Africa, as they occurred to the speaker during his visit to that, country. The religious beliefs of the Hindoo formed the main point in the second getleman's discourse. The lecture was given in a sprightly, colloquial style, affording profit as well as amusement.

The occupants of Smith Hall were somewhat surprised one morning by finding a skeleton suspended to the lamp-post in front of the building; indignation ran high, and the manner in which one young lady expressed it is as follows: "How far, O Logs, (Logues) will you trifle with our good nature? How long shall your wild frivolities contend against reason? To what extent will thy unbridled audacity hurl itself in thy insane career? Are you not unnerved by the bombastic array of nocturnal watchers perambulating the by-ways of Zion's Hill? Are you not dumbfounded by the guards of this *great city?* Awe-stricken by the pompous mien of the Fem. Sem. police? Have you no reverence for this most sacred place? All your plots are known to us. O Tempora! O Mores! The Faculty understands all this; the Principal sees it; yet this silver-tongued numskull lives! lives? ay, and confronts us on the street by raising his hat, with the most unblushing effrontery. Oh, guilty Theologue! arise: betake thyself to thy Paternal Abode, and having approximated thither, tell thy Maternal Ancestor that she wants thee."

/ Base-Ball came into fashion as soon as the weather would permit; a lively interest has been taken in the sport this spring. The school nine was soon made up, consisting of six old members. The new men, Messrs. Day, Phipps, and Parrott, received positions which they have creditably filled. We have had the pleasure of witnessing the games which have been played during the term with the Theologues; we must say they were rare, rich ones, there being *Mill*-ion-s staked on their issue. The first two of the series terminated in victory for the

Cads, the Logues returning to their dens, "weeping and gnashing their teeth." They finally made a desperate effort and secured a victory in the third game. We attribute our defeat to the loss of the regular pitcher. The game with the Adams Academy nine was a one-sided affair, the score being 23 to 7 in favor of Phillips. We have anticipated the pleasure of meeting Brown and Harvard this year, but circumstances will not allow the nines to participate in a contest. In closing this article we wish to add, that the committee have acquitted themselves well of their duties.

A word about Foot-Ball. We believe it is based on a sure foundation, and the association is in a healthy condition; the past record is good, but we can do better in the future. We would advise the committee, who will have it under their control during the fall, that the men be put in training at once; let all the interest be centered in this sport, and postpone base-ball until spring. Our wish is, that Phillips may see the day when she will compel Harvard to lick the dust, bearing home the victorious eagles. It would give us great pleasure to see the Athletic Association reorganized. The remark has come to us, if there is a school in this country that resembles Rugby, it is Phillips Academy. But how can this statement be made, unless our sports are similar? '78, don't let Hare and Hounds *run into the ground*, or your three-mile run dwindle down to a short ramble.

The school picture was taken in May, by Mr. Folsom, a photographer of Boston; we must say, it is the finest ever seen of the academy.

The competition for the Draper Prizes took place May 11th, in the hall. The successful speakers were Messrs. Holder, Rogers, and Gregory. Mr. Holder was the recipient of the second prize in 1876.

Our chapel organ — surely "thou art fearfully and wonderfully made," the musical "What is it" of the nineteenth century. As we are held enraptured by thy harmonious acoustic properties, we say to ourselves, Truly, there is no end to the works of man.

Our chapel choir seems to have a propensity towards cutting the afternoon services; the habit has become so attached to its members that they are fully under its influence. It is a lucky thing that they have no demerit list to run up, as we fear a number of these fair-haired youths would have the pleasure of visiting their rural homes more than once a year.

Phillips now boasts of a Glee Club. The music furnished at the Gymnasium exhibtion gave evidence, by the number of encores, that it was fully appreciated. It has since been out on several serenading expeditions during the small hours of the morning; the nymph-like forms of its charmers flitted to their windows, appearing like so many "Ghosts of Hamlet."

But not a sigh was uttered,
Not a 'kerchief fluttered,
And the only words there muttered
Were the parting words, "Go Home."

We have not had the good fortune to hear our old friend, Mr. Daniel Pratt, this year, but suppose his time has been so much occupied on the stump in behalf of Tilden that he was unable to make a call at Andover; the only reason why he has not come this spring is, that the "Great American" and Samuel J. are concocting their plans for engaging in the campaign of '80.

Prof. Bell, the inventor of the telephonic machine, gave a lecture in the City Hall of Lawrence on Wednesday eve, May 28th. Quite a large number of the students attended. The success of the experiments was somewhat detracted by the phenomena of northern lights, although communication was held between Boston and Lawrence.

Decoration Day was observed by appropriate services in the Town Hall; the Andover Brass Band furnished the music, and Gen. Blakeslee, of Boston, the oration.

The Temperance Reform Club have given, from time to time, pleasing concerts and readings; they were for the benefit of the Club, which is in a flourishing condition. Messrs. Lindsay and Norcross, members of the Academy, have both taken part in these entertainments.

As usual, class pictures were in order towards the last part of the term, and well has Mr. Davis succeeded in his work; we can safely say we have never seen such good results before in this style of photographs.

But how can we conclude without saying a parting word to old Philo? In this, her fifty-second year, she is still in her prime. Her life is a vigorous as well as a useful one, the cares of age have rested lightly upon her brow, and she still rears her head with that earnestness which she has ever held in the past. As she looks over the career she has left behind, she may do so with no little degree of satisfaction. May the vision of her future be one of prosperity. Her Aiken, her Day, her Knowlton, have lead her onward during the past year with a faithfulness to their charge that will not be forgotten. They will stand out prominent to our view in the annals of her history. Our farewell wish is, that she may continue to be the bulwark of Culture, Learning, and Refinement.

Hon. Edmund Quincy died in Dedham, Mass., May 17, 1877. He entered Phillips Academy in 1817, when he was nine years old, and remained six years. His father, Josiah Quincy, entered during the first year of the school, 1778, and remained eight years. Mr. Edmund Quincy graduated at Harvard with honor in 1827. He was a man of uncommon social and intellectual gifts. Public life had no attractions for him, and he had little ambition for what are commonly regarded as the prizes of life. He was an overseer of Harvard College, an officer of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Secretary of the Mass. Historical Society, and connected with many similar organizations. His literary work was varied and brilliant. His best known book is his Memoir of his father, Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard College from 1829 to 1845. His political writings were numerous, and his novel, "Wensley," was much read in its day. He took a deep interest in the Academy, and had recently written several letters abounding in reminiscences of his school life in Andover.

Rev. Henry E. Cooley, of North Leominster, Mass., died Feb. 17, 1877, aged 39. Mr. Cooley was editor of The Mirror, Vol. V, No. 3, Summer Term of 1859.

ITEMS.

Class colors of '77 : Red, White, Blue.

Biblical exercises resumed.

'78 Scientific sports a class pin.

Thanks for the books presented to the Associate Library.

Information is wanted in regard to the salary of the ex-member of P. A. '77 who has been engaged in oratorical work for members of the aforesaid class.

A Senior (Classical) gent was discussing the relative merits of Dickens and Thackeray. He liked the former much better, though he said he had never read any of Thackeray's writings. His views were not based on facts.

One of our colored friends inquired at the drug-store for some *flesh-colored court-plaster*. The druggist avoided making an invidious mistake by giving him an envelope containing the article in three different colors.

We wish to agitate the subject of a college songster, to be compiled with special reference to simplicity, for the use of Abbott Academy, — largeness of type would add to the attractiveness of the book. We think there is a need of such a work, as "The Pope" has nearly been murdered, although he may "lead a very jolly life."

The following are occurrences which took place in the Junior Class room : The Professor, having related a story about a holiday given to some students, met with the query, Ah, Professor, did they have to make it up on Saturday afternoon? The Professor flunked. Another : A student in history asked for information in regard to a spittoon bridge. The Professor, rather confused, answered that there was such a thing as a pontoon bridge, but would not take his oath as to the existence of the first-mentioned structure.

Our attention was called to a little episode occurring in April : it was rather amusing. Two young gentlemen, taking an afternoon stroll, happened to meet, much to their surprise, two young ladies perched on a stone wall. They were diligently eating peanuts. In personal appearance one of them had a perfectly Swan-like neck. On passing, the gentlemen received such a Keen-e glance that they felt none the less Molli(y)fied for their intrusion. We will add, it was Fast Day.

A Cad on calling at French Hall was somewhat surprised on hearing his *dear one* suddenly exclaim, "Tommy, my teacher said you must not kiss me, as the percussion thereof resounds through the whole building." We infer that "Wax Dolls" should be looked at, but not touched.

Why should Abbott Academy stand particularly high in the scale of eloquence? Because she possesses an Adams, a Webster, a Douglass.

Who is the philosopher of Abbott Academy? Emerson, of course.

Macaulay, when a child, had a little plot of ground at the back of his father's house. It was marked out as his own, we are told, by a row of oyster shells. These the maid threw away as rubbish. On discovering the act, the little fellow went straight to the drawing-room where his mother was entertaining some visitors, walked into the circle and said very solemnly, "Cursed be Sally, for it is written, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark.'"

PERSONALS.

'77 Classical numbers 27 members.

'77 Scientific numbers 13 members.

"Alumnibuses" will flourish on and after June 19.

French, '77 Scientific, will enter Cornell.

Messrs. Kennedy, Gavitt, and Rogers will go to scientific schools.

Messrs. Chase, Clark, Collins, Field, French, Hains, Odlin, 2d, Thayer, Tilton, Tyzzer, Webster, and Wylie intend to go to Harvard; Aiken, Bliven, Day, Hasbrouck, McMillan, Preston, and Sholes, to Yale; Ladd, Knowlton, and Thurston, to Amherst; while Cartwright will attempt Brown; Torry, Middlebury; and Swazey, Bowdoin.

Wands will continue to be janitor.

Hatch is to be mail-carrier for 1878.

Commencement, June 19.

Howard, '76, now at Amherst, is a competitor for the Kellogg prize of fifty dollars; the competition takes place June 25.

Alden and Howard are both members of the *Α Δ Φ* fraternity; the latter plays on his class nine.

Donaldson, '75, entered for the single sculls in the regatta at Yale in May.

Thompson, '75, pulls stroke on the 'versity eight at Yale.

Jacobs, '75, pulls on the Harvard 'versity eight.

Hines is seen (*occasionally*).

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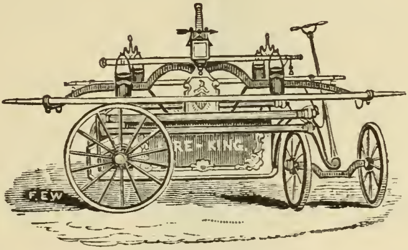

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THE

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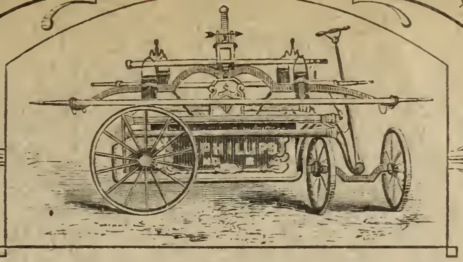
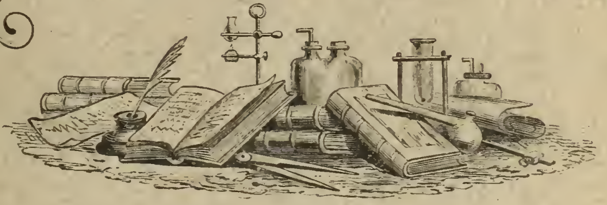


PHILO MIRROR



FALL TERM, 1877.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

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THE
PHILO MIRROR.

DECEMBER 1877.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

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F. M. Eaton, '78.

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THE STUDENT'S WARFARE.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

In every age, in every clime, progress meets with opposition. One man's ascendency is an incentive to another's jealousy; and that, not a jealousy which incites to emulation, but to bare opposition and open hostility.

In the physical world, no sooner does a seed shoot up its tiny leaflet, than the sun is ready to wither, the storm to destroy it; but its rootlets are striking deep, and soon the sun and rain strengthen it into a hardy tree, which no storm can prostrate or no sun's heat wither.

Yet more clearly is this opposition noticed in man's intercourse with man. Every discovery, every invention, is a source of envious desires and bitter hatred. But in the scholastic world the student must, of necessity, consult the theories and doctrines of those who have preceded him, however distasteful they may be, if he would have a firm foundation for his future work. By using the word "student," I would not exclude the farmer, the mechanic, or the merchant; we are all students, whatever our occupation, or however humble. But I desire to confine myself more particularly to that class of persons who, by a fixed course of study, are preparing to fill the places of those who are at present disseminating the truths of the gospel, who are revealing things hidden from the foundation of the world, and who are striving to assist their fellow-laborers in the race of life.

The cry for educated men comes to us from all parts of the land, — to fill the offices of state, to preserve the standard of our literature, to aid the nation in its resistless march of progress, and, lastly, to lead its people to those fountains of purity which shall elevate the people to a high standard of morality.

The great need of this warfare is obvious, — to counteract the teachings of those who, in seeking after the truth, have been misled by false theories, and, in their fanatic zeal, have been and still are working directly contrary to all laws of justice and equity. The old proverb, "Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult vitare Charybdim," is too often verified.

To be successful, in the fullest sense of the word, a student must lay his foundation deep. His constitution, if naturally robust and healthy, must not be abused; if weak and frail, protected by the observance of every law of health. How many students, disregarding all nature's laws, have found their lives utter wrecks from mere neglect. But more especially, in his preparatory school-life must he maintain an unsullied reputation, keeping his eye fixed steadfastly upon his great exemplar, and striving with all his powers to reach a high moral stand-point, for without morality his writings and teachings will be tainted with grossness.

To the student, desirous of successfully withstanding the many vices which he will meet, we would point out Charles Sumner, the student and statesman, who, although constantly mingling with men wholly corrupt, was neither poisoned by the infection, nor did he notice corruption in others, so enwrapped was he in his own morality.

There are many vocations in life where the desired end is quickly attained; for instance, the soldier may, by one well-directed onset, win praise and honor for himself and country:

but it is not the praise of one who successfully resists the countless foes of truth and justice; and, furthermore, he has the assurance that his life has been well spent, and that he has come off more than conqueror over all the hosts of error.

DO CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE GREAT MEN?

BY SECOND EDITOR.

In the long list of great men that have lived during the last two hundred years, how many of them would never have been heard of had it not been for the peculiar adaptability of the time in which they lived and the circumstances by which they were surrounded?

Man, endowed with that celestial gift, genius, struggling to be free and to make himself felt in the great drama of life, weary and discontented with the continual warfare in which his soul is lifted with indescribable longing towards something higher and nobler, and of which he deems himself fitted, is truly a sad picture; and had Fortune but bestowed a beam of light, and had tipped her cornucopia ever so slight as she moved haughtily along upon his darkened soul, and kindled into a flame the spark that glowed almost indiscernibly, with this encouragement he might have been aroused from his stupor and wrestled himself free from the adamantine chains of poverty and ignorance, and taken his true place on the golden ladder of fame, and the world would have been enriched, pleased, and enlightened with how many a Shakespeare, Milton, and Johnson? And there *then* would have been no need of —

> "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
> Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Had Sir Walter Scott, Isaac Newton, Descartes, Charles Sumner, and Washington Irving, and many other noted men that might be mentioned, been born in the early days of Sparta, they never had been heard of, for the gloomy cliffs of Mt. Taygetus had claimed them ere they scarce saw the light of day, owing to infirmities which rendered them unfit for war. *War*, *war*, was the Spartan cry, and everything was subservient to this vocation. Hence, owing to this, Sparta produced not a single man of note. The circumstances which placed Pericles at the head of the Athenian Democracy rendered Athens the most beautiful and magnificent city of that age, and thus the beholding of and the constant contact with the beauties for which Athens has justly been celebrated since that time called into play and gave scope to the genius of such names as Socrates, Plato, Aristophanes, and Demosthenes, — names as familiar in this the nineteenth century as in the age in which they flourished.

Genius does not make a man, but one, in order to be the architect of his own fortune, must have an opportunity to show his colors. Many of the greatest lawyers at the age of thirty are *nobodies;* at the age of forty-five every one is resounding their praises; and why? Simply because some case of unusual importance has been trusted to them, and they won it, and from that time are made men. There is no reason why at thirty they should have starved, and at forty-five been in affluence. And there are many men of just as high an order of intellect and talents alive to-day to whom this case of unusual importance has not come and may not come, *ever*. Does any one assert that because a man is high in position that he is the higher in intellect according to the height of his office than men below him in station?

As students we are sent to school and college in order to provide ourselves with the means of warfare in society, and after being thus equipped we should not fold our arms and dream of an Utopia in the future, and thus allow our weapons to become rusty, but should ever exercise them in working out a practical application of More's idea, and thus take advantage of our opportunities, which as the mother of circumstances provides us with the means of becoming true and noble men.

Let us then labor in a true, consistent manner, so that when our time comes we may be able to take our true position in life, be it whatsoever it may. The gates of the palace of Fame and Fortune are open to all those who are of a brave, determined spirit, and being equipped and ready for the fight we cannot but enter.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

The most potent results of Nature do not arise from the most violent outbursts.

It is not the fierce gale, overthrowing the massive pine, with roots imbedded far beneath the sod and rocks, making the tops of sturdy oaks bow in submission to the strong wind as it passes, but the *solemn stillness* of the woods, with scanty breeze to rock to sleep a nest of infant birds, that impresses the forester. The former makes him think of personal safety, and how he can shun the falling limbs and tottering trees. The latter leads him to reflect on the *quiet* workings of Nature,—the process that conveys the vital sap from root to branch, the coloring of the leaves, which is so uniformly distributed throughout the entire foliage, and to the one who made and still directs the laws of Nature,—thoughts which in his zeal to find shelter would never have arisen.

Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, was once asked by a friend, what, in all his travels over land or sea, produced the greatest effect upon his mind. He replied, "The stillness of the Arctic night." The rocking of the sea, the howling of the wintry blast through the frosty rigging, the rumbling and crashing of the immense masses of ice which threatened immediate destruction, were insufficient to produce an effect equal to the "stillness of the Arctic night."

Nature in herself is silent; silently the kernel sends out roots and leaves, silently the shoot becomes a stalk, in silence the stalk puts forth a bud, a blossom, next the grain, but not yet has man heard even a breath caused by the increase. Silently the fruit sustains life. With only a gentle patter does the rain-drop fall. One after another they come; little by little they swell the brooks, the brooks the rivers; the mighty torrents sweep on, and often bring destruction to man and to beast.

An insect of microscopic structure inhabits the seas. They are the architects of the ocean. At a depth below the surface, they begin their work in silence. There is neither "sound of hammer or edged tool." But time rolls on, and continuously they have worked, when, some dark night, a vessel, borne at the mercy of a gale, strikes. She *trembles*, *shakes*, and the noble model of human skill is strewn along the reef, and the bones of the fated crew are left to bleach as trophies of victory on the roof of the insect's home.

The same is true in the civil and political world about us. Silence acts its part. Where booming of cannon and blades of steel strive in vain to sway the hearts and shape the thoughts of men, the silent pen appeals to the sympathies of the people, accomplishes the desired end, and leads parties to the same opinion of a subject over which human blood has flowed in torrents.

I feel that one of the greatest boons of Nature, and one which is the rarest among the precious gifts, is the power to control a member which, when let loose, is more lacerating in its cuts than a saw-toothed blade. It needs the tempered, polished, and keen tongue, which remains in its scabbard until the proper moment, and when used, like the Damascus blade, with clear cut does its work and leaves no doubt as to the result.

There are men, rarely heard to speak by their friends or neighbors, who have sent forth, far and near, an influence equaling in human nature by its effects the results derived from the expansive power of gasses in Nature. Their very *face* is an index of their character, and glows as if they harbored an eternal Sabbath in their soul.

Who can measure the influence of such persons? Who can estimate the power of a conscience untarnished by sin? The best influences of our hearts are silent. The conscience deadened by constant neglect to obey its admonitions may not be as loud in its warnings as before we refused to follow it; but yet we may hear the whispers of direction, which, if we follow, we cannot widely err.

VACATIONS.

We anticipate that many of our schoolmates may not agree with us in the light we consider our subject, as it is directly contrary to the general feeling among students at the present time; however, we hope to show some good reasons for so thinking. We refer particularly to the vacations of preparatory schools and colleges, which are, as a general thing, filled with scholars about the age of manhood. Vacations are advantageous to indigent students, the long one especially, because they have an opportunity to earn money for the coming term, or make up back lessons which they have been obliged to lose. They are also put to a good use by students who, not being obliged to earn their own living, are mindful of the importance of their time and are anxious to acquire scholarship and learning. Such men keep industrious in various branches of study; by wisely regulating their work they keep in good health, and are ready for school when it commences again. These are about all the good results we think are worth mentioning.

There is a class of students whose idea of rest consists of a grand loaf, — that they must do nothing, but be perfectly listless; and, what is worse, there are many fond parents who, forgetting the saying, " Empty hands and an empty mind are

Satan's tools," encourage their sons in rest — as they call it. Instead, they cultivate habits of sluggishness and laziness. To a class of students called "bummers," oftentimes vacations are a source of injury, for they spend their time in evil habits, and contract others, whereas if they were at school they would be under some restraint perhaps.

Now we can see that as a general result long vacations are seasons in which students promote habits of idleness, sow the seeds of laziness, often creating an unhealthy love of pleasure and thoughtlessness; while in a physical point of view they go to such excesses, many times, that at the end of summer they are in general disorder, and are not themselves again until settled down to steady work. We think to hear you say with horror, "Would you have school in session all summer?" Yes: why not? with the exception of a week or two. You say it is too great a mental and physical strain; but do not all business men and clerks work the year round? also law, medical and indigent students, in fact, all industrial persons with a true appreciation of their welfare? Do these break down in health? Do they find it tos great a mental strain? We venture to say they do not in general. All young men in our colleges are or ought to be studying to become as useful in the world as possible, and their usefulness depends upon their habits and acquirements while in a state of preparation. Therefore we think there would be an advantage in not having so much time wasted by students, — because it helps so much more to form habits of industry, regularity, and faithfulness; it also helps to keep the true aim of life vivid before one's mind. At the same time it is a barrier against slothfulness and also the inroads of immorality.

STUDENT.

RELEASED.

On the outskirts of the village,
In ye days of olden time,
In the shade of flaming maple,
In the mellow balm of pine,

Stood a peaked-roof, low-walled cottage,
Brown and seared by wind and rain,
With moss and splintered shingle,
Where the hand of time had lain.

A wealth of golden woodbine
The rustic porch lay o'er;
And rifted beams of sunshine
Streamed in the open door.

By a diamond-panèd window
Sat a woman old and gray,
Few and scant the the threads of silver
That o'er her forehead lay.

Her face was pale and careworn,
And wrinkled, thick and deep;
But sweet, and true, and noble,
Her eyes were closed in sleep.

Her hands were clasped on an open book,
That in her lap did lay;
The silver bows of her spectacles
Gleamed in the sun's bright ray.

While conning the precious Scriptures,
Her weary life had fled;
Just reached the threescore years and ten,
And numbered with the dead.

No. I.

In a far eastern country ten brothers were born long ages ago, one of whom has always been a great favorite and whose company has been sought by many in all these years. He has in himself no more intrinsic value than the rest, in fact, stands next to the least, yet his superiority is acknowledged by all. He has had more power in fixing the destinies of nations, as well as individuals, than any other or all other powers combined; yet he is invisible to the human eye, no mortal having ever seen him.

Who is this wonderful personage? No. 1. There is implanted in every rightly organized being a desire for pre-eminence in everything that is good and right, and this same ambition may be and is perverted to base ends, — as there are those who apparently strive for the highest point in wickedness.

This brings us face to face with two kinds of ambition, — the one noble, honorable, commendable; the other, mean, disgraceful, despicable.

No. 1 has had his followers in every occupation of life, for by long trial he has been found to be a paying friend. The humblest walks of life find themselves ennobled by having such a goal placed before them, and that which otherwise would be perfect drudgery is found to have bright features in it, having been made bright by continual conquests.

The manufacturer, the merchant, the artisan, all find that it pays, in a pecuniary point of view, to have the best materials, to have them employed in the most tasty manner, to strive by every lawful endeavor to impress upon all that their goods are the best the market affords. Nor are their efforts vain. Trade increases, orders come from every quarter, merited success follows, and they are all able to reap the fruit of their well-directed efforts.

However it may be in other occupations, there is no success to the professional man save by ambition. One may be the wealthiest man from circumstances over which he has had no control: brains can never be obtained without "hard work," and the most cultured brain can be obtained only by the most persistent, persevering effort.

Patient toiler, with the highest point in view, remember the truthful words of Webster, "There is plenty of room at the top." Great men have always been ambitious; their ambition has made them great. The truthfulness of these words will never grow old: "All greatness is born of ambition; let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it?"

With no fixed purpose in view, man is like a vessel upon the seas sailing for no particular port, from which it is evident why the path which many make is so crooked. Let us have our mind firmly set upon accomplishing some worthy object in life, and, having once started upon our course, let no obstacle hinder us from its accomplishment.

That many have sacrificed health to gain their end ought not to deter any from being No. 1, for the very idea of complete superiority consists in the development of every faculty, and he who gains but one point at the sacrifice of many others has met failure and not success, however much he may have coveted it.

Many, from natural endowments and the force of circumstances, may never be able to attain any great renown; but should such ever have in view the highest excellence possible for them to attain, certainly there would be far more accomplished than by any low standard set before them. As encouragement for us all we may call to mind the great multitude of those who have gained the highest positions from the most untoward beginnings. We need not ask why they are where they are, — it is evident upon its very face.

The world needs men, — men who are ambitious to see the right prosper; to help on every good reform; to build up a nation of honesty and uprightness; to lift others by the very force of their own conduct to a higher plane of living. Let us be among this number. It is a worthy ambition, one which we ourselves can approve, and which will be approved by all who have the best interests of society at heart.

E. P. F.

TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

"Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee." The grain of sand on the seashore, as well as the lofty mountain; the stone thrown by the hand of childhood, as well as the stupendous crags which adorn the face of nature; the ocean, now calm, now lashed into fury, — all point us to their Maker, to his goodness and love. By the blades of grass spread out before us in countless thousands, as well as by the majestic forest-tree, we are told to look around, above and beneath us, and to try to realize the beauty and sublimity of nature. Every flower, every stone, and every living creature, when examined, display a structure beautiful and amazing. Pick up a piece of common quartz and observe the beautiful crystals which make up the mass. Though the microscope has revealed to us symmetry in every grain of dust, and startled us with the discovery that there are myriads of creatures in our food and drink; though by it we have been taught that our life is dependent on theirs, and that nature is sustained at the expense of our existence; though the telescope has revealed to us worlds vastly greater than our own, — yet, in spite of all this, we are just beginning to explore nature's secrets, and there is a vast field still before us.

In every hill and mountain we read the past history of our earth. The sea-shells found far inland in different parts of the world, and the marks observed on water-worn rocks, evince the existence of a pre-Adamic ocean.

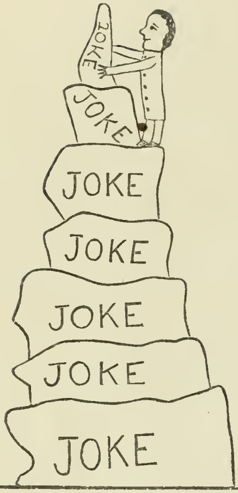
From sun to sun, from planet to planet, man has passed in his attempts to decipher the hieroglyphics of the universe. The powerful telescope has penetrated space outside the confines of this system, and has given us a glimpse of other systems more awful than our own. We succumb in the vain attempt to get an idea of these new wonders that are constantly opening to our gaze. But whence is this work, composed of so many parts, each fulfilling its separate mission, and yet working together as one harmonious whole, unchangeable in its changeableness? By what power are these mighty systems regulated?

> "'God!' let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
> Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, 'God!'
> 'God!' sing ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
> Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
> And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
> And, in their perilous fall, shall thunder, 'God!'"

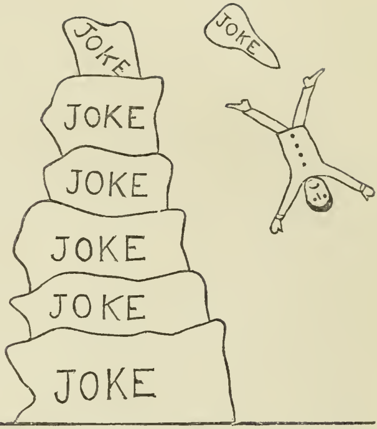
In nature, everything is done at the right time. Were it not so, the universe would be thrown into confusion, and probably all would soon be an indistinguishable heap of ruins. Whatever duty devolves upon us, we should, like nature, do it promptly and in order.

In observing the growth of a plant, we notice that the leaf appears first, then the blossom, then the seed. The flower has accomplished its purpose, and now it dies. But before the seed comes, the blossom must die. So it is with all nature; one thing gives place to another, which, in turn, decays. Thus natural law sweeps on, taking back what it gave, ever retrograding, yet always advancing in never-ending circle. So it is with man. He comes, fulfills his mission, and departs. "Even as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth." How true, then, is the saying: "Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee." Yes, it shall teach us to be active, to be orderly, to be prompt, and, lastly, it shall teach us the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

D. K.



XENOPHON'S ANABASIS.



XENOPHON'S KATABASIS.

A JOKE.

There lived, once on a time,
In the classic town of A——,
Not many hundred miles
From — Boston, shall we say?
A youth whose time was spent
So that whene'er he spoke,
At least to all intent,
He might get off a joke.

He rummaged through the papers
To get the jokes, they say;
He raised the price of almanacs
Immensely in a day.
He raked the North and South,
He scoured the East and West,
To gather up the joke-books
Which were considered best.

His jokes were never killed
By the scorching heat of summer,
No more than those old chaps
In the good old days of Homer.
The chilling blasts of winter
Could not suppress this sinner,
Who joked and joked and joked
At every club-house dinner.

At length this constant joker
Got off some jokes so bad,
That every one who heard them
Was most extremely mad.
And they sent him a committee,
Who told him he must die;
Who told him that his time had come
To go right up on high.

The stern committee did its work
Without a single tear;
They nailed him in a coffin tight
And placed him on the bier;
And then the sad procession
Moved slowly to the grave,
To pay the last sad rites to one
Whom joking could not save.

But when at last the spot was reached
And all stood round the grave,
Without the slightest warning,
Or so much as "by your lave,"
The ghost burst off the upper board
And raised a jolly head,
And beckoned with a joke-book,
And this is what he said: —

"Ye needn't look so mighty scart," —
The ghost thus up and spoke, —
"An' ye needn't get so thunderin' mad
When a man gets off a joke.

Best joke I ever heard,
You trying to kill *me*.
Whoever heard of killing ghosts!
And I'm one, don't you see?"

He pulled from out his pocket
A Grecian history,
To prove to that committee
His date and pedigree.
But the sad committee turned
And slowly walked away,
Reflecting on the awful truth
Which they had heard that day.

C. M. S.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY."

Probably some may not concur with the ideas here advanced; still it is our opinion that the proverb which stands as the title to this short article is far from being always true. Indeed, Charles Lamb might have included it among his list of "Popular Fallacies." For instance, if a man starts out in business or any enterprise, people say, if he is energetic and anxious to make money, that he will succeed, for "where there's a will, there's a way." If another desires to climb, step by step, the steep hill of fame, it is said again, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

Nor is it difficult to determine how this proverb has come to be so generally believed. History records the lives of so many who, by their indomitable will, have risen from obscurity to positions of wealth and honor, that it has come to be believed that almost any man can do likewise if he have only the will. Now the fact is, that for each who succeeds another may fail; and while he who does succeed is lifted into prominence, those who fail are passed over in silence.

There is an unwritten history of the thousands who, with heart and mind and will bent upon gaining some desired object, have struggled for years with the dubious waves of fortune, and, overwhelmed at last, have sunk in despair. As the poet has it, —

> "Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
> Has felt the influence of malignant star,
> And waged with fortune an eternal war;
> Checked by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
> And poverty's unconquerable bar,
> In life's low vale has pined alone,
> Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown."

Because one man has risen amid serious obstructions from poverty to wealth, that is no reason why every man will, even though he be just as willing and toil just as hard. Because one young man has arrived poor and penniless in a city, and at length become a merchant prince, that is no reason why every one who desires the same success will obtain it, even though he have equal ability and strive just as hard. To this it may be objected, in the words of the great poet, —

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Those who do not succeed, it may be said, missed the tide. But without attempting to deny the statement of Shakepeare, we would simply reply, that very frequently we see men to whom the tide comes, and, instead of their taking it, it takes them and bears them along on its towering crest without one effort on their part. The fact would seem to be that often the will may exist without the way, and that, while some are born as it were to good luck, others bear the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" all their lives.

We trust nothing has been said to damp the ardor or lessen the perseverance of any one, as though our life were controlled by some fate. Such is not our purpose. On the contrary, we believe that in general it holds good that, —

> "Man's fortunes are according to his pains;
> If little labor, little are our gains."

It has been our purpose to show that in business, or on the road to wealth or fame, willingness, even when united to energy, is not inevitably the passport to success.

But we cannot quit this subject without mentioning one pursuit to which this proverb almost invariably applies, viz., education. If a young man is bound to be a scholar, "where there's a will, there's a way," in this country at any rate. Unless prevented by sickness or loss of sight, no blow of fortune can crush him. All depends on his unremitting zeal, and, to use a common expression, his continuous *digging*. No time expended in business, nor money invested in stocks and bonds, will bring such large profits and quick returns as the time and money spent in books. Then, ye trembling students, take courage, press on, —

> "Struggle day and night,
> And in the envious world's despite
> Still keep thy cynosure in sight."

In your pursuit pre-eminently "where there's a will, there's a way."

> "The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night."

G. R. H.

STUDY TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

At a time when there is so much diversity of thought on great and impending questions, an article on this subject is called forth as one expression in regard to some of these ideas. It is not the desire of the writer to follow out at length any particular line of thought, but to suggest several, all of which he believes to be worthy of meditation.

Scarcely a day passes but what we hear, in varied tones and with manifold significations, the advice, "Mind your own business." And whether it be in the gruff tones of angry man, or the petulant manner of fretful woman, it means undoubtedly to convey the idea that our affairs are with ourselves, and we should neither trouble another with them nor endeavor to be so free with his duties. But from a reasonable person would such an exclamation ever come, unless he were greatly disturbed? The expression, like the bark of a cross and cowardly dog, is at best only an overflow from a surly disposition, and, with such a feeling at heart as must produce it, is as bad as any profane oath; therefore it should not deter us from the execution of any ideas of duty.

But what is our "business"? With what are we to occupy our powers? What must we do to "mind our own business"? The gossip would say that it is to know all we can of other people's concerns; the enthusiast would affirm that it is his own particular occupation; the philanthropist believes in studying human nature, in learning to benefit our fellow-mortals; the man of science holds that it is to experiment, to explore, to investigate, and thus to know more of the Creator himself. Each of these opinions may have truth in it, but the combination of them all gives a more correct definition.

Let us, with the tattler, notice our neighbor's actions, but to commend the right, and kindly and quietly reprove the wrong; let us, like the enthusiast, make our business one especial occupation, — to do whatsoever our hands may find to do, and to do it with our might; with the philanthropist, to help those who are needy and deserve assistance, and through things created to seek the Maker and know his purpose with regard to not only ourselves, but to our brother-man.

Let us turn our attention to one or two items that demand consideration from us as inhabitants of the world, as citizens of America, as members of God's great moral government. The times are heralding a revolution of sentiment respecting the so-called laboring class. And it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when human flesh and blood will cease to be regarded as one of the cheapest things on earth; when a man will be known most widely neither as scholar, business man, nor laborer, but will be respected if he is an honest man, will be honored if he is a faithful citizen, and will be loved if he is a sincere Christian. Aristocracy should have no place in republican America, except where true worth withdraws itself from ignorance and depravity. And true worth will always labor earnestly for the promotion of knowledge and pure religion. Again: with corruption in both the great political parties, with North and South still unreconciled, with so many of his own party publicly condemning the President, with the great numbers of her hard-working citizens thrown out of employment, and, worse still, with the ever-increasing gang of foreign exiles and desperadoes constantly poisoning the public mind, perverting the noblest influences, fanning the flames of angry prejudice and strife, our country needs all the support and sympathy which an honest people can give. It is only necessary to mention the wars against intemperance, dishonesty, bigotry, superstition, and ignorance, to arouse the powers and hopes of all true minds in their favor.

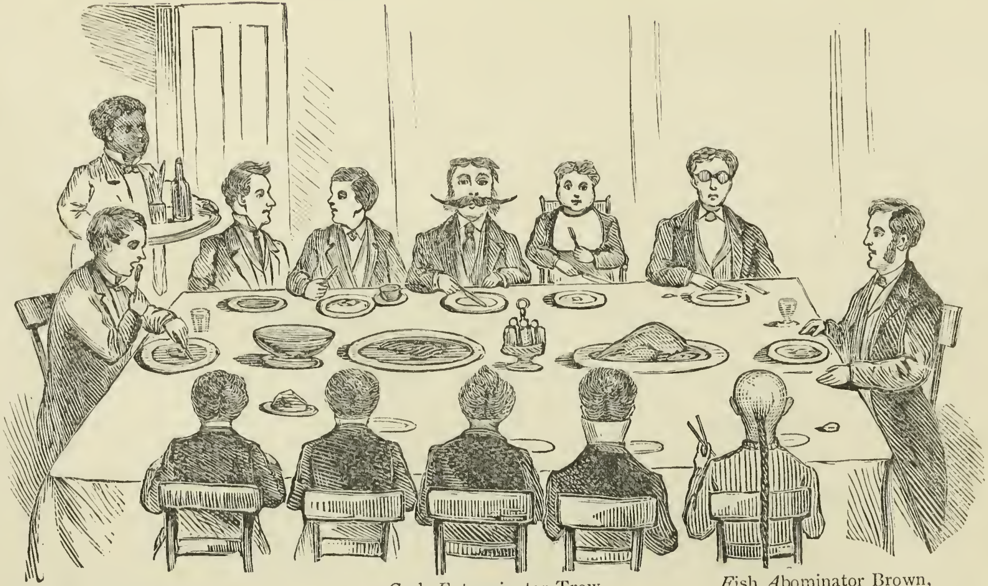
Let him who seeks to mind his own business carefully settle with his own conscience every question of right and wrong, strive to fulfill his duty to his country as faithful study will reveal it, irrespective of party or section, and extend his thoughts to other nations, not in harsh criticism of their policies, nor in learned discussions of their erring acts, but to profit by their failures in his aspirations for his own country, and to hope for their future success.

He who spake as never man spake, combined the ten commandments thus: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." And the true inquirer after wisdom questions, Who and what is God? He seeks with his mental faculties to know the Lord; he endeavors with reason and imagination to soar aloft to the Eternal, but human wisdom can never comprehend the Almighty, nor can human reason and worldly thought climb to grasp the Infinite. "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." The human heart, with its attributes of eternity, devotion, and love, can know, can appreciate, can find out God, and will also declare to us who our neighbor is. And he who knows his God, his neighbor, and himself, he is the one who is studying, yea, has already learned to mind his own business, and has found how he can fully perform his duty to his Maker, his country, his fellow-men, and himself.

When every one learns what his business is, and fully performs what he strictly believes, then will that indefinite future Millennium rapidly approach; then will wars cease and rumors of wars be no more; and the world will be better, on account both of increasing intelligence and purer religion.

W. G. P.

B. H. H. G.



*H*am *S*andwich Frazer,
Can't *R*efuse (Washington Pie) Corwith,
*S*ausage *W*restler Hopkins,
*E*arly *C*omer Southworth,

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*T*enderloin *S*teak Southworth,
*A*sparagus Scranton.

Motto.—Our banquet is to close our stomachs up after our great good cheer.—SHAKESPEARE.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

In issuing a Mirror, we desire to present to our readers a true representation of the school in all its various functions. The Term opened with a larger number of students than for several years. While, outside of the class-room, we have been principally interested in base-ball and foot-ball, yet the societies have received a liberal patronage, and are in a highly prosperous condition. As we draw near the close of another term of our school-life, we trust that our progress has been satisfactory to our Instructors, and we hope that at the close of this year, the one-hundredth anniversary of the school, its high reputation may be sustained.

We were glad to get back again, yet we sadly missed the graduating classes of last year, for so long a time our schoolmates; but, as new acquaintances step in to fill their places, we cease our mourning for them, and apply ourselves to cultivating new friendships, which shall be as lasting as theirs.

About the first of the term we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Gough, the "king" of platform-orators, on his favorite subject, "Temperance." Mr. Gough, though quite advanced in years, still holds his audience spell-bound, as he pictures to their minds all the evils of intemperance.

The Seniors, instead of giving a concert as heretofore, secured the services of Mr. Wendell Phillips, who delivered his new and popular lecture on Charles Sumner. Mr. Phillips' style of speaking, and his intimate connections with Mr. Sumner, made the lecture very entertaining, and we think it was fully appreciated by all present, and in a pecuniary point of view was a success.

One "campus-fire" has illumined the darkness of midnight, a truly pleasant sight to every Phillipian.

The Middle English sport class canes.

At the commencement of the term, a lively interest was taken in base-ball, and a club was soon organized. In each of the three games played with the "Theologs," our boys were the champions. There are some fine players on the nine, and it is hoped that, when spring comes, they will keep up their practice and preserve their clean score.

As the weather grew cooler, base-ball gave way to foot-ball, and, after considerable delay on the part of the committee, a strong team was chosen, anticipating the coming contests with Harvard and Quincy. After a few weeks' practice, the first challenge came from the School of Technology, but from some misunderstanding the Resolutes, a professional club of Boston, came in their stead. Neither side got a "goal," but the "touch-downs" in favor of the Resolutes gave them the game. Nevertheless the game was a spirited one, considering the limited practice of our club. The next game was played with the Harvard "Fresh." Playing with this club, more nearly their equals than the former, nothing was obtained on either side. Next in order was the match with the Quincy boys, who defeated our club by two "goals." Their playing, compared with that of last year, was a marked improvement. The last game of the season was with the Tufts "Fresh," and they returned, evidently regretting that they had been so rash as to accept a challenge from Phillips.

The Musical Recitals at the Sister Academy are yet to come.

The smashing of street lamps, by some of the "Cads," may be a pleasant amusement for the moment; but the consequences are disagreeable and expensive.

The Means Prize Speaking is postponed until the first of next term.

We understand there are to be several entertaining lectures this winter.

SCRAPS.

Why is '78 a precious Class? Because it has an abundance of "Silver" and agates [a Gates].

Professor. — "What does the word 'Hades' signify?" Student. — "Heat."

We see that Smith Hall has "Eclipsed" French and Davis Halls in aquatic mechanism.

Why is a jumper like a leaf? Because he shoots forth in the spring, and drops in the fall.

The "Metric System" is very useful to Phillipians; for they always use it when they go to meet her [metre].

We miss our newly-wedded teacher in the Commons; but, even now, he is *occasionally* called forth from his peaceful slumbers by nightly howls, or the flashing of campus-fires.

Veni, Vidi, Flunki.

During a recent biblical exercise, the proverb, "Better ride an ass that holds you than a horse that throws you," was frequently repeated. The Class have an idea that the Prof. meant that he would prefer to have them get his help than use "ponies."

The other day a member of a certain "hash" club remarked, that in order to chew "such steak" one must twist his legs around his chair in order to keep his seat.

Why are skunks in Andover like the Soldiers' Monument in Boston? They are both common scenters. (Common centre.)

The following show the various renderings of which a passage is capable: "Inde lupae fulvo nutricis tegemine laetus Romulus excipiet gentem." "Then Romulus, joyful, shall lead forth a race from the yellow skin of a wolf."

Professor. — "Rather a queer place from which to lead a race, was it not? [You may sit.]"

The next called up translated it as follows: "After this, joyful Romulus, nourished by the yellow skin of a wolf, his nurse, shall head a race."

Prof.—"Pretty dry nourishment for an infant. [That will do.]"

Only a mistake in gender,— "Maculisque trementis interfusa genas." "Her trembling knees suffused with spots."

Hurried preparation, — "Excutior somno, et summi fastigia tecti ascensu supero." "I am aroused from sleep, and with one bound I clear the roofs of the highest houses."

We clip the following from the "Courant:" —

"Time works wonders. It is strange to think, as we press the dainty hand that flutters like an imprisoned bird between our own these moonlight nights, that it will take only a dozen years or so to teach that tender palm to adapt itself to the rotundity of our eldest boy's sensitive end, with vigor and precision."

PERSONALS.

Winslow, '77, is in town. Why?

Morse, '78, is away for a few weeks.

H. W. Chase, '77, is president of K.N. at Harvard.

Aiken, Hasbrouck, and McMillan, '77, are in the first division at Yale, and Jelly, Thayer and Haines in second division at Harvard.

For programmes of Boston theatres call on Hines.

Prof. Churchill's readings before the Senior Class have been entertaining and instructive.

T. F. M.!! Oh my!!!

Rogers, '77, pulls on the 'versity eight at Yale.

O. D. Thompson, '75, is capt. of the 'versity eight at Yale.

The competitors for the Means Prize are as follows: Bierwirth, Firman, Foster, Hewitt, Love, Phelps, Quimby, Sheldon, Stewart, Welles.

Mr. D. MacGregor Means and wife are in town.

R. P. Walker, '77, is to be married April 1st, 1878, to Miss Nellie Temple of Boston, Mass. The wedding ceremony will take place at the residence of the bride's friends in Indianapolis. No cards.

Married. — D. Y. Comstock to Miss Augusta S. Tenney of Andover. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's brother, near Newark, N.J.

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"Vires nobis desuper."

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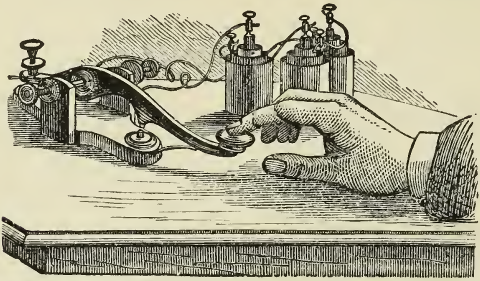

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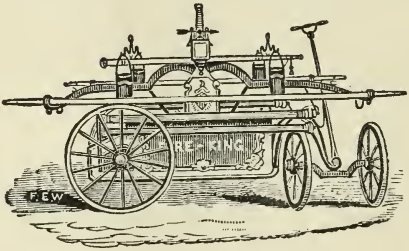

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XXIV II

SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE

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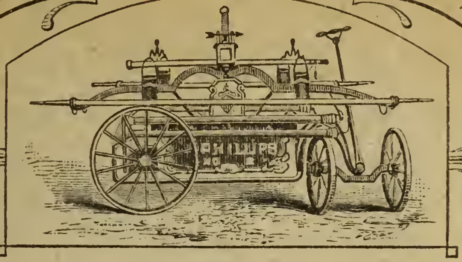

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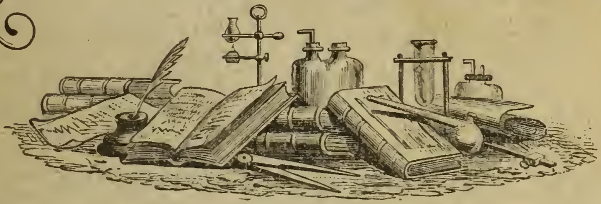

WINTER TERM, 1878.

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SCIRE EST REGERE.

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PHILO MIRROR.

MARCH, 1878.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

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THE MIRROR.

H. H. GILMAN, '78,
F. J. PHELPS, '79, *Editors.*
J. L. WELLS, '78.

VOL. XXIV. MARCH, 1878. No. 2.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

A GREAT deal is said nowadays about radical defects in our American educational system. Envious comparisons are drawn between it and foreign systems, especially the German, which, while injurious to the former generally, tend to place the latter in the most favorable light. Fears are expressed lest our schools and colleges are attempting too much, and are attaining but a small degree of success. Complaints are made that the young men who graduate from our colleges have merely a superficial knowledge of the studies they have pursued, and have acquired nothing commensurate with the time, labor, and expense involved in giving them a liberal education.

Our method of instruction has many defects, upon the removal of which our improvement in education will, to a great extent, depend; but we impulsive Americans while, as at present, on the *qui vive* for defects are apt to overlook the obvious advantages of our system of education.

It would, perhaps, be worth our while to glance at a few of these.

The first and greatest of them is the liberty (in a broad sense) which the pupils in our schools enjoy. The educational system of any country is, to a great extent, the outgrowth of its system of government. In order to insure good government, education is necessary, and naturally, government is the exponent of education. Thus the love of freedom and liberty with which all Americans are filled is imbibed in the common schools.

This will be strikingly illustrated by a brief comparison of German and American schools. In the German *Gymnasia*, a strict watch is kept upon the actions of every student. In fact, here as elsewhere, the system of education is dependent upon the system of government, and is, consequently, one of subjection. This watching of the students is kept up until the young men are ready to enter the University. Such a student who has been carefully shielded from outside influences, while he has, at the age of perhaps twenty years, a classical training almost unsurpassed, is yet as ignorant of the world as the average fourteen-year-old American boys.

Now, on the contrary, the most glorious prerogative of us Americans and the one on which we pride ourselves the most, is liberty. Thus our education is emphatically liberal. In short, while the Germans educate scholars, we aim to educate such men as we need, true, honorable men and patriotic citizens. As anything like our system of education in Germany would be fatal to the well-being, nay, to the very existence of the empire, so before anything resembling the German system can be implanted in this country, we must uproot the almost instinctive principle of liberty which exists in some form in us all.

Again, our system of education is perfectly general. The relative excellences of the general and special education have been so often and ably discussed that we shall merely attempt to present some of the merits of the former.

A perfect education would be one which should bring the greatest number of mental faculties under the control of the student and which should, at the same time, give him the most perfect possible control of them ; and herein lies the great value of a general education. Our minds are open to such a variety of impressions daily that it is necessary that they do not reach us through misapplied faculties; and a general education not only brings us a knowledge of what we can do, — not only places our powers within our grasp, as it were, — but teaches us to apply them aright.

The science of government is, perhaps, the highest of all sciences in its relations to man. It certainly calls into play a greater variety of our mental energies than any other, as is clearly shown in our own history. Now we profess to be a self-governing people; therefore we should educate our sons to be in the highest degree fit for self-government, which can only be attained by a free and general education. In short, our government demands a system of education similar to the one we now possess; so that not only is education dependent upon government, but good government is dependent upon and co-existent with good education.

Therefore, while our system, like every other, has many defects, let us not fall into the habit of criticising it merely because it is American, and blind ourselves to its obvious advantages. It certainly would be better for us, while recognizing the progress already made, to strive to satisfy more fully, in our education, the demands of our people and government.

TWO NOVELISTS.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

We have before us two men, two gems of the imaginative world; of nearly the same age, of nearly the same innate kindliness. The one taking for his sphere of work the selfishness and meanness in human nature, the other the deceit and foppishness. Both writing, not to please popular sentiment, but to give to the world the true picture of life as it is. Both men of genius: Thackeray and Dickens. Alike, and yet as unlike as it is possible for men to be. Alike in their purposes, unlike in their methods. Dickens, a man whose sympathy with suffering humanity, especially with the poor, overcame every other sentiment; whose mind was prompted by this impulse to such masterpieces of art as "The Death-bed of Little Joe," and "The Character of Sydney Carton;" a keen observer of human nature, and an acute analyst of it. Thackeray, on the contrary, was a man less descriptive of his leading characters; in the complete summing up and synopsis of them, under different circumstances, he is hardly the equal of his contemporary.

As regards exaggeration of characters, of which both, especially Dickens, have been harshly accused, it might be well to ask what a novel is. Is it not at least supposed to be that which shall transmit to the reader a vivid idea of life, a description of it which shall cause him thoroughly to understand it? If so, it follows that caricature must be one of the principal corner-stones; and successful caricature can be reached usually only by the extreme portraiture of those foibles and peculiarities in human nature which the writer wishes to bring out. Both writers used excessive caricature to represent their monstrosities, but far from being a fault it was even a stroke of genius; from criticising we should bring ourselves to admire it. In comparing Thackeray with Dickens, we must not regard his apparent want of sympathy; due allowance should be made for the unusual preponderance of this gift in the one and a moderate allowance of it in the other. Thackeray was a keen, observing satirist. In modern English fiction he may be said to be without a rival; he did not write to show sympathy, but to create it; and he did. Thorough master of its art, his two-edged pen penetrated all classes of society; his victims once marked out, he pursues them with a relentless fury. Nothing seems to have for its foundation a real, honest resolution; nothing seems to be actuated by other than a sordid motive. His last paragraph in "Vanity Fair" is very suggestive: —

> "Ah, *vanitas vanitatum!* which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire, or, having it, is satisfied. Come, children, let us shut up the box and puppets, for our play is played out."

No one could write like Thackeray and not make enemies, bitter enemies, for man is proverbially opposed to being told of his failings. Perhaps he was a cynic, perhaps his descriptions of life are overdrawn. Allow it, and even more, if you wish; but you are still compelled to acknowledge that he has left behind him one of the grandest monuments which man ever reared for himself, and society to-day is compelled to bear witness to the justice of his accusations against it.

A singular trait in Dickens, directly the opposite of Thackeray, is seen in his almost superhuman imagination, which, however, never carried him into the impossible. Jules Verne has an imagination which whirls him from pole to pole. Now he is at the centre of the earth, now in the moon; he has no power of curbing it. Not so with Dickens; his imaginative powers were directed against things trivial in themselves; as Taine says in his review, "An imagination so lucid could not but animate inanimate objects without an effort."

Again, in Thackeray's best characters we are often disappointed; that quiet, concealed sarcasm, that deadly irony, when most unexpected and undesired, steals in, overshading his ideals, otherwise to be admired, with a robe of selfish desires and motives which repel us from them. We cannot look to Dickens for perfect characters, but we are favored here and there with characters which show us what men and women can be when they want to, — John Jarndyce, Little Dorrit, &c.

The one essential part among many others in the foundation of a novel is its plot. In this we see another remarkable attribute of Dickens; he is wonderful in them; that one evidence of his genius would have given him a position in literature, even had he had no other claim to it. How skillfully and beautifully he traces the relationships of Smike and John Harmon! It is, indeed, the mark of an artist. The character of Thackeray's works rendered an intricate plot impossible; but so far as he forms them they are far from commonplace, as may be seen in "Vanity Fair."

Lastly, as a well-known English critic suggests, we may compare the two writers to Swift and Fielding, — satirist and reformer; and as the two latter have become a part of English literature, so will the two former be reverenced by coming generations.

WHAT ARE WE STUDYING?

BY THIRD EDITOR.

This is a question which every young man in Phillips Academy should answer to his own satisfaction, as far as is possible, now.

The ideas and plans and prospects may all be changed even before we reach college; yet it is better for one to make up his mind to something, and keep that before him. In the first place, every man wants as good an education as possible. He who does not now think an acquaintance with the classics desirable will surely live to see the day when he does.

There is not an intelligent man in the United States, excepting those who are already educated as much as possible, who does not regret that his education was not more extended. It is almost a moral impossibility for an uneducated man to become a great power in the State. On the other hand, a well-educated man must possess power over the minds of men. This suggests the fact that every one in school ought to put forth every endeavor to become good, thorough scholars. We do not, of course, advocate digging night and day, striving for the first position; that is sheer folly. But if a man is capable of becoming a first-rate scholar, with only moderate application, he commits a crime against his teachers, against his country, and against his God, if he is content with only a second or third-rate scholarship, and spends his time in idling and loafing.

Pleasure is right and proper in its place, or else we should not have been given the power of enjoying it; but school life is *not* the time for entering society. But to return to the subject. Having decided that we will have a good, solid education, we next must determine what we will do with our wisdom when acquired. If a man, starting to walk across a broad field, does not keep his eye on the other side to which he is going, he will wander aside; and if he reaches his destination at all, it will only be through a circuitous and difficult path. So, in the broad field of science and learning, the student will be led aside and away from his purpose if he does not keep it steadily in view. Some men hold that a student should study with a view to his profession and looking towards that alone. They say that if a man studies for the Law he ought to devote all his attention to the Law, in order that he may be as perfect a lawyer as possible. Yet, though the course of study pursued should not lead away from the chosen profession, it should not be too narrow.

A broad and general education is certainly very desirable, if it can be gained without weaning a man from his chosen profession.

Thus far we have considered only the course of study to be pursued; but this is only a small part of a liberal education. No one can be called educated who has not read and carefully studied the writings of English authors, which cannot be taken up in college. A thorough acquaintance with Shakespeare, Thackeray, Johnson and Longfellow, and all the other great writers, is essential to a thorough culture. And of as much importance as the studying of others' thoughts and expressions is the formation of independent ideas and principles for one's self.

Every one who rises to eminence is compelled to think independently of others; and unless he does so think and write, a man can never attain to honor and fame. It then behooves us, first and foremost, to attain, by every means, a thorough education, and not to be content with any second-class scholarship. Meanwhile, let us keep our aim in life before us, yet not to the exclusion of a liberal education. And if we would attain rank as writers, let us follow out independent lines of thought and paths of life.

PARSON JONES AND PARSON GREY.

'Twas on a pleasant Sabbath day
That Parson Jones and Parson Grey
Exchanged their pulpits, so they say;
But why they did it no one knows;
Only 'tis thus the story goes.

Parson Jones was a lank, lean man,
Clad in a suit of antique plan, —
Think of a sand-hill crane if you can;
He carried a rusty green umbrella,
And blew his nose with a handkerchief "yella."

He walked up Parson Grey's church aisle,
This Sabbath morning, without a smile;
Solemn and dignified was his style, —
His face was as long as the cut of his coat,
Which buttoned quite close around his throat.

But when he reached the end of the aisle
The congregation uttered a smile;
It certainly was an awkward trial, —
A railing about the desk he spied,
And the steps were round on t'other side.

But nothing daunted by this affair,
Good Parson Jones with exceeding care
Shied his hat over into the chair,
And throwing his umbrella after,
Climbed over the railing amid some laughter.

When the congregation was somewhat calm,
The parson arose and read a psalm;
Then the good old tune of Rockingham
Was sung, and the parson, a trifle vexed,
Arose once more and gave out the text.

The good old man could never tell
Why the bliss of heaven and pains of hell,
Portrayed that morn in his sermon so well,
Should make the congregation smile,
As most of them did every once in a while.

The point of the sermon was clear as day:
If a man wants to enter heaven he may,
But he musn't climb up some other way, —
If he does he'll be classed as a robber and thief;
And thus the good parson clenched his belief.

But he thought to himself 'twas an awful sin
That every minute a wide-spread grin
Should take the congregation in;
And he vowed he never would see the day
When he'd preach again for Parson Grey.

Now it chanced to little Parson Grey,
On this particular Sabbath day,
To suffer a little in this same way
From the smiles of *his* new congregation,
Without, as the parson thought, provocation.

He, the parson, was short and stout,
Holy within, but fleshy without;
His little old body rolled about
As he climbed up the steps of Parson Jones,
With no little trouble and several groans.

Now, the pulpit of Parson Jones, you see,
To use the figure hyperbole,
Was a little bigger than it might be
To suit the stature of Parson Grey,
Who was only five feet two, they say.

For when he got up to make his prayer
Naught could be seen but a tuft of hair,
Which seemed suspended in the air;

While the tones of his voice all seemed to come
From the pulpit's depths like a muffled drum.

The words of his text were, "Here am I," —
The youthful Samuel's midnight cry, —
Which the parson, unseen by physical eye,
Repeated quite often with anxious care,
That the congregation might know he was there.

But the parson's audience, sad to say,
On this delightful Sabbath day,
Seemed to him, whenever he saw them, gay;
And he vowed, with many heart-felt groans,
Not to preach again for Parson Jones.

The moral to this is plainly clear:
That when two ministers, neighboring near,
Agree to exchange their pulpits dear,
The wisest thing for them to do
Would be to exchange the structures too.

DO CLASSICAL STUDIES PROMOTE MORALITY?

First Means Prize Oration.

BY F. J. PHELPS.

In maintaining the purity of classical literature we do not defend individual men: we claim that the classics in the aggregate tend to pure morals. Look over the long list of those whom centuries have studied, — Cicero, Sallust, Virgil, among the Romans; Plato, Homer, Socrates, among the Greeks. Many of these approach in their moral instincts very near to Christianity. No one statesman represents the politics of a nation; neither can one author represent the literature of a nation. By striking an average we reach the truth. We admit that some of the ancient writers were immoral; we admit that some were infamous. But in the study of a language must we choose the most repulsive elements? Must we limit ourselves to Ovid's "Art of Love" and the "Clouds" of Aristophanes?

Moreover, that an author has written one bad book is no evidence that he has never written a good book. Who would say that "Childe Harold" should not be read because "Don Juan" is not what it should be? But, supposing even that the most offensive of the classics are read, we feel safe in affirming that they are more than counterbalanced by such writers as Cicero and Plato. The very vileness of the one will only elevate the student's admiration for the purity and refinement of the other. This is emphasized by the fact that the vices of antiquity were not generally such as to win imitation from even the worst of modern scoundrels. Vice in its extreme repels even its own devotees.

Further, the apparent immorality of a classical author is often only satire upon popular vice. One of the most effective modes of suppressing vice is to reveal it, show what it is, where it comes from, what it leads to. Thus classic writers have used language not delicate and refined to modern ears, but with the sole idea of crushing vice by exposure. Juvenal's satires, for instance, were to Rome what Hogarth's caricatures are to us. None would claim that Hogarth in depicting vice depraved and debased English tastes. So Juvenal allowed his desire for clear Latin to carry him beyond the limits of clean Latin. But his aim was so to word his satires that they should demolish the corruption against which he hurled them. So long as he accomplished that end, he cared not what words he resorted to.

But our strongest argument is the fact that classic study creates, as nothing else can, the taste for culture and refinement. What more efficient method of obtaining these has been discovered than the study of language? And what other languages are so perfect as the Greek and Latin? All this study tends to widen and deepen mind. As intellectual power grows, as the student's conceptions broaden, by so much is he the better able to grasp and hold a firm, resolute moral purpose. Once possessed of such culture, a man is less liable to fall a victim to degrading vice. Such education by such teachers forms in a man new ideas. These disclose to him the beauty and grandeur of a virtuous life. The intuition of refinement, of beauty, of truth, is developed by classical study. Our best ideas of beauty are due to Greece. Where would art be to-day but for Athens? For centuries all the culture of the world radiated from that centre. Let great painters and sculptors bear witness, let the lovers of the beautiful speak, and they will give a glowing and unanimous tribute to that glorious state. Music, eloquence, poetry,—how fondly they all trace their history back to that little city on the Ægean Sea!

If virtue increases with civilization, then it increases side by side with art and culture. If art and culture have advanced in the last two thousand years, then by natural affinity this same virtue has grown in like ratio. But such advance has come only from education; and the education of the world for centuries has found its basis and its stimulus in the literature of Greece and Rome. To the great minds of those two great nations we owe an immense debt of gratitude: we owe it for what we are; we owe it for what we may be.

RELATIONS OF EDUCATED MEN TO POLITICS.

Second Means Prize Oration.

BY G. R. HEWITT.

It has come to pass among us that cultivated citizens too often shrink from assuming positions of responsibility in our government, and seek instead their own personal ease and happiness. Yet they certainly are the men who should take a deep interest in the public welfare. For to conduct the affairs of state so as to ensure the highest degree of glory, and accomplish all the ends for which civil government exists, is sufficiently exalted as to require the greatest intellectual and moral attainments. And so educated men, by their knowledge of history, of philosophy, of international law, and especially of the science of government, are pre-eminently fitted for this important service. To them alone can the interests of a mighty nation with safety be confided. But as there are many men of culture who cannot devote themselves entirely to public affairs, let us inquire what their relations are to politics.

In a free country, every citizen has a personal interest in the welfare and preservation of the State, and is bound to do all in his power for the general weal. More is required of educated men than of others. Knowledge is power, and the greater the power the greater the responsibility. Now whatever else educated men may do, they certainly can do much to control that almost supreme power of modern life, — public opinion. How to control *it* is the question. The means to be employed are the press, the platform, and the pulpit. Education controls these, these control public opinion, and public opinion controls the nation.

Of the first of these, perhaps we may say that in no other country have newspapers and periodicals become such a power as in America. Society is falling more and more under their sway. Here we see a duty of our educated men. If they cannot devote themselves to a life of labor in the active duties of the government, still they can speak through the press. The pen of Edmund Burke is said to have rivalled the sceptre of his sovereign. So also may our cultured American citizens exert a mighty influence, condemning what is wrong, and defending both men and principles worthy of the nation's support.

The second means by which public opinion is in a measure governed is the platform. Chiefest among the rights of our citizens is the right of free speech. In the hands of ignorant men this may be a dangerous power; but let our educated men (who are more likely to be actuated by patriotism than by partisanship), let them exercise this right, esteeming it not a reproach but a high privilege to take part in the details of civil government. Let them attend all primary political meetings, and seek to enlighten the people on the questions of the day. This the people expect, and our safety requires.

In regard to the pulpit, much is said as to whether the clergy (who are among our most highly educated men) should interfere with politics. But surely it is the part of a minister, when the fitting opportunity comes, to exhort all to assume their responsibilities as citizens, and to take their Christianity with them in the exercise of their civil rights.

Such briefly are some of the relations of educated men to politics. At present grave questions agitate the nation. Shall we have free trade or protection? Shall we return to gold or rest on a currency basis? How shall the strife between capital and labor be brought to an end? How shall the conflicting interests of North, South, East and West be brought into harmonious relations? On these and kindred themes our educated men must be heard. Love of ease must not prevail over love of country.

It is worthy of consideration that the leaders of the Revolution were, most of them, highly reputed for their culture. They chose religion and education, not fleets and armies, for the safeguards of the nation. Defended by these, America has attained a high place in the scale of civilization; and with these for her bulwarks will fulfill her glorious destiny when kingdoms and empires have passed away.

Men of culture, men of talents, to you is committed the ship of state, freighted with its mighty interests. It is yours to guide and defend her as she pursues her glorious course. Unless wisdom, intelligence and prudence be at the helm, to guide her through the storms of faction and the perils which surround her, our country is doomed, our union dissolved, our liberty lost, our glory gone.

TRAMPS — WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

Third Means Prize Oration.

BY H. C. BIERWIRTH.

When we ask ourselves, "What shall we do with the tramps?" it becomes us first to realize with whom we have to deal.

That notorious class of people to whom we give a name, now so disreputable, is composed of individuals who, be they never so lost and abandoned, are still our neighbors, our brethren, entitled to our sympathy and assistance.

Keeping this constantly before our minds, and, what is more important, storing it in our hearts, we find that the question is not so much, "What shall we do *with* them?" as, "What shall we do *for* them?"

Owing to Christian influences, everything which concerns man's moral welfare is now discussed in a manner essentially different from that in which matters of merely temporal interest are treated.

Men have learned that in such problems as the Chinese immigration, the evil of intemperance, the relations of capital to labor, there has to be taken into account a certain factor which conforms neither to the principles of arithmetic nor to the theories of political economy. This factor is the soul of man, which, by reason of its divine birth, demands something more congenial than mathematical rules and a code of human laws.

The problem of slavery — though brute force required to be repelled by brute force — was actually solved by employing figures of a higher order than those which recorded the profit and loss of southern slave-holders. The evil of intemperance cannot be removed by computing the quantities of liquor consumed, and by merely punishing the sale of such. The contest between employer and workman cannot be settled by attacking and defending the rights of either party in warlike tumult; nor can we expect a satisfactory solution of the question now before us without making provision for that one factor.

Far from disparaging the usefulness of prohibitions, which form a necessary safeguard, and, therefore, are all indirectly conducive of good, we would, on the contrary, urge the strictest enforcement of all law in the cases of defying tramps. Yet we would also mark that, in our time, the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is answered affirmatively, and that we are thereby enjoined not to devise plans by which to imprison him, but to use means by which to keep him out of prison.

All we ask of the government is an unsparing administration of justice whenever the tramp is convicted of crime, whether of stealing and plundering, or of depositing illegal votes and causing riots.

Different are the duties of individuals towards tramps. Put yourself into the place of that poor, wretched rover who goes about begging from door to door; bear in mind that in most vagabonds, however degraded, there is still hid a spark of honor, which, by your kind or unkind treatment, may be fanned into a flame or — extinguished forever. True, he who never struggled with hardship and adversity, who never was a slave to passion, and never craved a word of cheer, cannot sympathize with his erring brother as he ought; but why should he question the testimony of such as have been tried?

Believing in such testimony, then, we shall act accordingly, giving to the tramp in proportion to our ability: food when he is hungry, for none is so bad that we were justified in starving him; clothing when he is naked, for none is so base that he should be made to suffer through us, who, perchance, climbed a trifle higher on that slippery hill of morality. Then shall we, instead of giving him money, which — even if not always spent for liquor — at best only encourages his indolence, oblige him to work, and to value his hard-earned wages; and, what is of greater moment, we shall endeavor to lift him, to reform him, and to benefit him in a thousand other ways. For kind words, — even mere words, — although wasted in many cases, will often ring in a famishing soul till they ring in a better future.

Let us not stand amazed at the amount of evil in this world, lest we increase it; nor let us look for help where it cannot be obtained, lest we wait in vain; but let us realize that, as we can individually augment the woe of mankind, so we can also diminish it, and that, in this glorious Republic of ours, offering such singular possibilities to every one, we cannot afford to scorn a man who is a tramp to-day, and yet may be the means of saving others to-morrow. Above all, however, let us learn that the class of problems to which the tramp question belongs cannot be solved without good-will toward men, faith in humanity, and faith in Him who left with us the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

A TALE OF WOE.

I.

I pressed her tiny hand in mine,
  I clasped her beauteous form,
I vowed to shield her from the wind
  And from the world's cold storm.

II.

She turned those lustrous eyes on me,
  The tears did wildly flow,
And with those ruby lips she said,
  "Confound you! let me go!"

GENIUS AND LABOR.

Of all the wrong impressions prevalent among the young, perhaps the most injurious is the idea that genius and labor are incompatible. Many persons, if they happen to obtain a little distinction in any way, think that there remains nothing for them to do except to enjoy the fruits of their *genius*. As this consists in being indolent, in making no attempt to learn, but pretending to know everything, when they really know very little, they always sink into obscurity.

Little does the outside world know of the long, weary hours of painstaking toil which have made all great men. We see only the brilliant results, while they endured hardship and disappointment in preparing for usefulness.

An account of the preparation made for life by earth's noblest sons would tend to abolish the injurious union of genius and idleness. We would then see that the greatest men have worked the hardest; that they have studied and thought while others slept; that they persevered in trying to overcome the difficulties which, in many cases, poverty and misfortune had thrown around them; that, though despised by inferior men even, their patience, and the deep conviction of their superiority, still kept them cheered with the hope of something better that was to come; and finally, we should see that genius is not altogether a gift from heaven, but is attained, in a great measure, by hard work. Who was it that, peering into the depths of space, and unlocking the door which hid Nature's secrets there, unfolded before the astonished gaze of mankind the mysteries of the heavens? Was it a person known only for some flashing, deceptive spark, wrongly called genius? Or was it the hard-working astronomer, with his unconquerable perseverance? The theologian, preparing to proclaim the goodness of God; the statesman, governing nations with his political wisdom; the general, driving back the enemies of his country; the geologist, telling the past history of our earth, and all those others striving for the elevation of their fellow-men, and who are real geniuses, have been able to do good to the world only by a laborious course of preparation.

Every morning found Gibbon in his study at six o'clock ; he was always working. So was Burke. The great Pascal is said to have killed himself by study. Cicero nearly did the same. Milton, one of the two brightest stars in English literature, had acquired all the knowledge of his time. Raphael, in his short life of only thirty-seven years, left to the world paintings which have never been equaled. John Stuart Mill, according to his own statement, never had a holiday. Charles Sumner was always studying. So the lives of almost all great men have been characterized by continual labor. No gift of intellect which Nature has bestowed upon man is so munificent or so dull that it cannot be improved by toil ; but to improve talent, ceaseless work is required. We must, like Macaulay, read twenty books to write a sentence ; and search deep among the thoughts and opinions of men before we can be competent to decide one way or another on any subject. Were this mode of composition more widely spread to-day, there would be fewer of the worthless books now in the market.

But some may doubt the usefulness of such patient, persistent effort in training the intellect, and may think it a waste of time to be so particular about what seem to be trifles. Well did Michael Angelo meet such objections by saying that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle. The celebrated painter Zeuxis, too, when chided for his slowness, replied, "It is true I take a long time to paint, but then I paint works to last a long time." If, then, any one would do something that will last a long time, he must work slowly and patiently, till he is ready to advance opinions matured by long and laborious study. And let him not be discouraged by the difficulties of the road which leads to knowledge ; but let him go on, trusting to her as his guardian angel, and he will at last reap the full and sweet rewards of his exertions.

And let us all go on, remembering that it is knowledge that is the food of true life, and that it is not all life to live, nor yet all death to die; that in this world character is in its formation state, and that everything we do vibrates in eternity, and our every word is reported at the throne of God.

> "What is man,
> If his chief good and market of his time
> Be but to sleep and feed? — a beast, no more!
> Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and God-like reason
> To rust in us, unused!"

D. K.

FRIENDSHIP.

UNCHEERED by social relations, life would truly be one desert expanse; and yet the common intercourse with common people is far more barren and unsatisfactory, and to this an intellectual person may well prefer a solitary existence.

Now what is friendship? Here is a person whom you esteem; to be sure, he is uncultivated in mind and in soul, but he is honest, faithful to his convictions, modest and manly; you admire the nobility of his soul, you delight in his sincerity, and you like him; but is he your friend? You may spend many a pleasant hour in his company, and even feel yourself raised to loftier views by his example. This kind of intercourse has its place, and not an unimportant one; but it is not friendship.

Your *friend!* What words can picture all he is to you! What language can express the internal joy of the heart, the aspirations for purity and nobility of character, the kindliness of disposition, the determined purpose of following right, the energetic efforts for real success, which his presence inspires in you! Your whole nature is thrilled, magnetized to its centre, and unknown heights of lasting happiness beckon you. Nothing good and great seems any longer impossible. The atmosphere of your life is changed; it has become intense, divine, and life is really worth living. That life in which has bloomed one "perfect friendship" is blessed beyond the common lot of mortals.

Man is not so placed in life as to enjoy friendship to its full extent. Hard necessity compels him to seek his own advancement, his own means of existence; and weary hours of toil weigh heavily on his soul, which is thus prevented from rising to highest enjoyment of all that communion with kindred spirits offers. For friendship has of necessity only a mental or spiritual existence, and therefore is seldom a growth, but a conviction. An instant may perfect it as readily and as certainly as a lifetime.

Imagination must assist friendship, pouring upon it her rosy tints, giving to all its attributes a fair and glorified expression. It matters not to you what your friend is to the world, what the world thinks of him; it is what he *is* in *himself*. The conditions of his life trouble you not; if he fail of worldly success it but makes you draw the nearer to him. If he does not obtain life's sweetest gifts, or if there is laid upon him the weight of a great sorrow, you but love him the more tenderly.

Faith is the life of friendship; not even tenderness will take the place of trust. A renowned writer has said, "Trust your friend as you trust God;" to which he added, "If I have an exalted idea of anything, it is of entire confidence in my intimate associations; and nothing can destroy that confidence but absolute proof of unworthiness."

Disloyalty to a friend is a far greater injury to ourselves than to him, for it is a violation of the laws of our own moral nature. To be sure, it injures him, but we are the ones who suffer the most, not only from self-condemnation, but also from apprehension lest the friendship be lost to us.

"There are springs in the human heart that yield to but one touch; and when this shall be felt the records of the past lie unsealed, and unroll themselves to him whose magic clasp has met the secret spring. Withdraw not from his gaze; forbid not his perusal. Be sure he will read all aright, will read truly, reverently, silently. Were it otherwise, the invisible spring had never responded to his touch. The revelations your friend draws from you are his, by immortal right of some law of being. The spiritual possessions of each man rise to meet him as he draws near. Solicitation cannot evolve, nor denial withhold them. What your friend draws from you is his; and sacredly will he guard the trust, else he had never possessed the magnetism, the sympathetic power to attract it to himself."

Let us, then, seek earnestly for this gift, — friendship, one of the most precious blessings which a bountiful Creator has showered upon us. May we look upon it, not as some mere ideality, which can *possibly* be attained, but as one of those "ministering spirits" which, if a man will honor and love, can make this life more than one of weary toil and heart-rending sorrows, can gild it with the radiance of purity, truth and devotion, lights of which this world knows little. And should we not, before all other associations and acquaintances, seek that real friendship, — and ideal also, — which can be ours by knowing Him who was and is and always shall be nigh unto them that call upon Him?

W. G. P.

We copy from "The Abbott Courant," with the necessary additions, the following: —

Songs from the Forest (of Zion's Hill).

A Theologue.

A mad cascade am I, am I,
I dance, I dance,
I fly, I fly,
Down from the mossy rocks so high,
Down to the stream below.

A Fem. Sem.

A sparkling brook am I, am I,
I laugh, I laugh,
I glide, I glide,
To sit myself by a The'logue's side,
And mingle with his song.

An "Old Maid" of Andover.

An ancient pine am I, am I,
I grieve, I grieve,
I sigh, I sigh,
The The'logues pass my beauties by,
And sad tho'ts dwell with me.

A Fem. Sem.

A flower fair am I, am I,
I give, I give,
I smile, I smile,
And The'logues sweet my hours while,
And steal a kiss from me.

A CRITICISM.

Vol. IV., No. 2, of "The Courant" bears the date of March, 1878, on its cover, but we should never imagine it from anything about the publication itself. It is altogether too much like previous numbers. One is inclined to think that the present corps of editors have striven, both as respects mechanical execution and literary excellence, to produce something as near as possible like their predecessors. It lacks the evidence of a controlling spirit, of a personality, behind it.

We can excuse the flow of adjectives in young ladies, but we *do* ask that these gushes of sentiment be bestowed on natural and proper subjects, — theologues, for instance.

The first article savors too much of the encyclopædia, both in the ideas presented and in the method of treatment. Most persons will skip it at a glance, as recalling a hackneyed subject of the class-room. How the editors ever allowed the next article to creep into their pages we are totally at a loss to understand. The subject is childish, the development poor, and the language execrable, — even for such characters. It is the product of a mind fed on third-class novels, and endeavoring to mingle with the impressions thus received the prattle of a seven-year old. The writer, it is safe to say, has mistaken her sphere. "St. Augustine" is as much better, as it is unlike, the preceding articles. The author has treated an old subject in a natural, easy, and entertaining manner, — a difficult thing to do, as perhaps one member of '78 has already discovered. "In Blockade" is certainly an improvement on the "Peterkin Council," and would have appeared at far better advantage had the latter article been left out entirely, as it deserved to be. A little of this class of matter serves to relieve the more prosaic pages of "The Courant," but to crowd it in, to any such extent as the present editors have done, is death to any article, however meritorious. The Editors' Drawer resembles their bureaux, most likely, in the confusion and worthlessness of its contents. The only wonder is that in the midst of it all there should be so little that is sharp and cutting, — the general effect of which is, as we happen to know, decidedly unpleasant.

"The Courant" is to be praised for what it *is not*, rather than for what it *is*. In conclusion, we suggest to our sisters the propriety of changing the wrapper, when they cannot conveniently change the matter, of "The Courant."

WANTED.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT EXHIBITION, PHILLIPS ACADEMY, for 1856 and all years earlier, except 1827, 1846, 1850.

CATALOGUES OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY, for 1815 and earlier, 1817, '18, '21, '25, '26, '29, '31, '32. ENGLISH DEPARTMENT AND TEACHERS SEMINARY for 1831, '37.

Persons having any of the above will confer a great favor by adddressing

C. F. P. BANCROFT, Principal.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

As we look back on the closing days of last term, we remember with pleasure the lecture of Daniel Pratt to the students, and the thoroughly gentlemanly manner in which he was treated by us. The substance of his remarks seemed to be an effort to enlighten us in regard to his newly-discovered "principle," which he declares to be worth countless millions to the civilized world. Owing to previous engagements, he was compelled to decline numerous invitations to share our hospitality, and left town at early evening.

In accordance with the advertisement, the Citizens' Course was opened on January 14th, by the Whitney Concert Company. The Town Hall was well filled by an appreciative audience, and Mr. Fessenden's compliment fully showed how the artists felt about their reception.

On January 19th a matinee was in order at the Abbott Academy. Contrary to the usual custom, we were not packed in that spacious hall of theirs, like so many cattle, but were allowed ample room to take our hearing. At an early period in the programme, the soiled robe which previously had covered the statue was removed. Miss Bowers then proceeded to give some information in regard to the statue; she was followed by Mrs. Downs, who gave a brief lecture on Mendelssohn; Mrs. Weston then sang, Mr. Downs played, and Mrs. Downs went on with her lecture on Mendelssohn. Finally the programme was concluded by a funeral march, which did not tend to raise the already dejected spirits of the audience; but, on leaving the building, they were cheered at seeing two young ladies from Bradford, who smiled on all assembled with such effect as to draw after them a large and admiring crowd of Phillipians, — a sure proof that classical literature builds up in a man a keen conception for the beautiful.

The Middle Classical men have been favored by spicy harangues on vice by their class officer. Anecdotes were dispersed in a manner sure to make these occasions very interesting. We hope that the class will profit by the grand opportunity which they now have offered to them to turn their steps away from all the dissipations which surround such a school as this.

The second entertainment of the lecture course was an excellent lecture on the Incas of Peru, given by Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island. His allusions to a former Phillips graduate were well received, as indeed they should be. The young ladies of the Fem. Sem. did not turn out so well as at the opening concert; some enterprising specimens, however, ventured to swim down through the streets.

We think the effort to raise the money requisite to purchase the picture of Mr. Haggett very creditable, and congratulate Philo on having in the financial department a gentleman of such well-known money-raising power. We trust that he will exert to the utmost his powers of persuasive eloquence, to obtain the desired funds.

We would here return thanks to the gentlemen who plead so earnestly with the Principal of Bradford Academy that she would honor Phillips and please her fair pupils by allowing to them the privilege of attending the Means Prize competition; but she was inflexible, and confined her gratitude to inviting the committee to a *musicale* at the hall of the Academy. We believe that the committee felt that they were more than sufficiently repaid for their tedious labors.

January 25th Mr. Norton gave a lecture on Venice. The speaker failed to hold his audience, and his remarks were somewhat tiresome, though the illustrations were rather pleasing; but he should have had a respectful hearing, and not have been disturbed with the snapping of watches.

A new and decidedly popular game has found its way into our midst. Its name, if we are not mistaken, is "Bull-doze." The unwonted stillness of the Faculty may have been traced to this source.

On Tuesday night, January 29th, the Means Prize Competition took place. The hall was well filled, and the floral presentations numerous. The successful contestants were Messrs. Phelps, Hewitt, and Bierwirth, who received the three prizes in the order they are named.

Abbott Academy has in view a series of piano recitals, three in number, two of which have taken place, and the other is promised for next term.

Prayers for colleges were made on the last Thursday in January, and the services were satisfactorily short.

The second lecture of Mr. Norton was postponed till February 12th, on account of the storm, thereby relieving that gentleman from the necessity of feeling that his talents were not appreciated by an Andover audience.

A prayer and praise meeting took place in the Old South, on which occasion the inhabitants of the town, and the students from the various institutions of learning, turned out in a manner which, no doubt, cheered the hearts of the Evangelists. Nineteen Fem. Sems. and two Phillipians arose for prayers.

Friday, the 8th of February, Prof. Peabody gave a lecture on "Pauperism and Christianity," which was very well received. At the close of the lecture a magnificent opportunity was given to the students to assert their gallantry by offering their umbrellas to the Fem. Sems., which we were glad to see many a man do.

An alarm of fire, which was caused by the burning of the Town Hall, called out the "Phillips." A few energetic individuals apparently enjoyed great pleasure in running to the scene of the conflagration, and witnessing the activity with which the several engines present subdued the devouring element. '79's prowess on the occasion was amply set forth by the breaking of a cane, for the final possession of which quite a struggle took place.

The action of P. S., '79, in relieving the Foot-Ball Association of its debts, is one which every class in school would do well to ponder over. We think we shall be fully sustained in saying that the school entirely appreciates the generosity of the class. If she continues to keep up the record already begun, she bids fair to leave behind her a record unsurpassed by any class that ever graduated from the Scientific Department.

We are informed that the audience which attended Mr. Norton's second lecture. though small, was very select.

A Knickerbocker Club has been formed in the school, which, we hope, will be well patronized. The need for such a club has been felt for a long time.

We are pleased to note the improvement in the Chapel Choir. 'Tis quite a change from the soul-harrowing discords to which we were compelled to listen last term.

Among our exchanges we would notice "The Greylock Monthly," a neat eight-paged sheet, published at South Williamstown, Mass., and "The Williams Athenæum," from Williams College. We make mention of "The Abbott Courant" elsewhere.

'79 Scientific had a class "flunk," but immediately atoned for it by an apology to their mathematical instructor. The same class also "sports" a class pin.

The first of the Piano Recitals at Abbott Academy was given February 16th. It was well received by an audience which, though not large, doubtless enjoyed the fine music.

Owing to ill health, Gen. Chamberlain was unable to lecture at the appointed time. By reason of bad weather the lecture by William Everett was also postponed until next term.

A singing school has been started, taught by one of the theologues. It has been, however, held at an hour when most of the students are at the Gymnasium. It is probably on this account that the attendance has fallen off so during the term. As long as the attendance was great enough to make the singing interesting, good progress was made.

The Senior Class are to have their photographs taken at Warren's, Boston.

Phillips boasts a quartette of accomplished singers, who, on the evening of the 21st of February, went to Ballard Vale to furnish the vocal music at a festival held for the benefit of the Union Church. Their music was very well received, though

The Centennial Concert occurred at the
cademy hall on Tuesday evening, March 5th. 1878 The
rtists were the "A.H." Glee Club, assisted by
iss Esther Goodridge, pianist; Mr. E. Wallner,
iolinist; Mr. F. Allen, trombonist; Miss L. F.
imball, vocalist; and Mr. Sumner Salter, accom-
anist. The songs presented by the Glee Club were
eceived with great favor, and they were encored
epeatedly, the song "Tree in the Ground", and
he "College Medley," receiving unusual applause.
he musicians took their parts very finely, es-
ecially Miss Goodridge, who is deemed the best
ianist of Abbott Academy, and who is destined to
ecome an extremely brilliant performer. Miss
imball evidently has a voice capable of much ex-
ression and good compass, but attempted on this
ccasion songs somewhat too difficult. The pro-
ramme, as a whole, was excellent, and seemed to
e fully appreciated by the large and select aud-
ence.

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SCIRE EST REGERE

THE

PHILO MIRROR

March 1878

H.H. Gilman: 78
F.J. Phelps: 79 Editors
J.L. Wells : 78

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they were not vociferously applauded. After the singing of that good old tune sung so often by Phillipians, "The Bull-dog and the Bull-frog," they were greeted with boquets. After the entertainment the audience gave them a most hearty vote of thanks, and they were then furnished with an excellent supper. During the remainder of the evening they were several times congratulated individually on their success and thanked for their services. The quartette left the Vale about 10.30 o'clock, P.M., and we have no doubt that the most enjoyable part of the evening was the half hour which they spent in front of Smith Hall singing to its fair inmates. We refrain from giving advice, but we think that experience has taught some Phillipians to serenade Fem. Sems. *not* on a rainy evening.

The Base Ball men have gone into training at the Gymnasium. We hope they will be faithful in practice, in order that Phillips may have a better nine this season than ever before.

The contestants for the Draper Prizes this year are to be as follows: Class of '78, Firman, Dyer, Kinlay, Whitridge, Webster; class of '79, Phelps, Bierwirth, Kendall; class of '80, Fitts and Noyes.

The Centennial Concert occurred at the academy hall on Tuesday evening, March 5th. The artists were the "A. H." Glee Club, assisted by Miss Esther Goodridge, pianist; Mr. E. Wallner, violinist; Mr. F. Allen, trombonist; Miss L. F. Kimball, vocalist; and Mr. Sumner Salter, accompanist. The songs presented by the Glee Club were received with great favor, and they were encored repeatedly, the song "Tree in the Ground," and the "College Medley," receiving unusual applause. The musicians took their parts very finely, especially Miss Goodridge, who is deemed the best pianist of Abbott Academy, and who is destined to become an extremely brilliant performer. Miss Kimball evidently has a voice capable of much expression and of good compass, but attempted on this occasion songs somewhat too difficult. The programme, as a whole, was excellent, and seemed to be fully appreciated by the large and select audience.

SCRAPS.

WHY IS A HEN? 'CAUSE.

How do you know that the Roman sailors were bad? Because they are so often spoken of as *nautae.*

As one of the Seniors was galloping madly across the Campus, the other day, with his coat tails floating to the breeze, and his charger all flecked with foam, the aforesaid charger collided with a cow, and the Senior got off. Let this be a solemn warning to students, "Equo ne credite."

When a student bows to a young lady at a window, he should be sure he knows to whom he is bowing, or he may smile on some unknown servant girl.

Artifex Rotarum, at breakfast at the Shawshin Club, called out, "Please pass the weekly review." He wanted some hash.

Professor: "Rusticus," then, means a countryman; what is it derived from? *Student:* It is from *rus*, the country, and "cuss;" that is, a country cuss, a farmer.

A suggestion (to whom?): "To be the wife of a minister ought to be the height of every woman's ambition."

The correct translation of a certain passage is as follows: "Xerxes commanded them to cut off the heads of those who had directed the bridging of the Hellespont." It was rendered, "Xerxes directed them, standing on the bridge, to cut off the head of the Hellespont."

We have received information that leads us to believe that the procession on the 5th of June will be formed in Abbott Village, with the right resting on the "boulevards," as follows: —

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Aids. Aids.

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Representation of the Trades.

PERSONALS.

Sargent, '79 P. S., was in town at the beginning of the term.

Foreman, '79 P. A., has returned home, on account of symptoms of typhoid fever, and will return to Andover next term.

Weed, '80, has gone to Sandwich, N. H., to recuperate his health.

Otis, '79 P. S., has sailed for Europe.

Cline, '80 P. A., has left town.

Murfey, '78 P. S., has decided to study for the ministry.

F. A. Brown, '78 P. S., has matrimonial prospects in view.

Avery, '79, is now serving as "end-man" at the Boylston Museum.

Nickerson is passing round a subscription in order to obtain a horse with *four* legs for Mr. Hinton.

Craig, '79, is at present supplying the pulpit in Brownesville, Pa.

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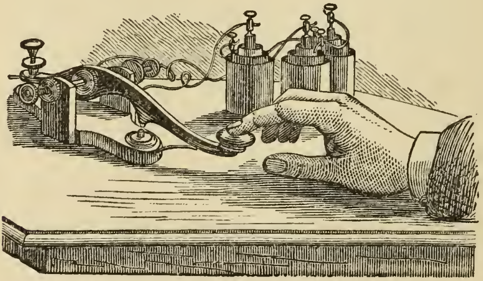

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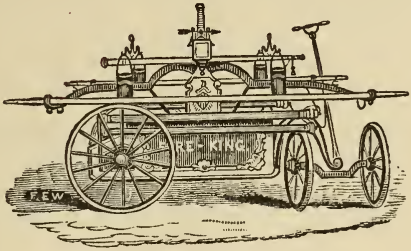

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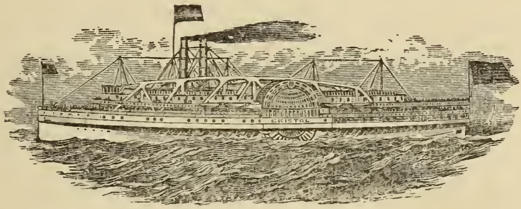

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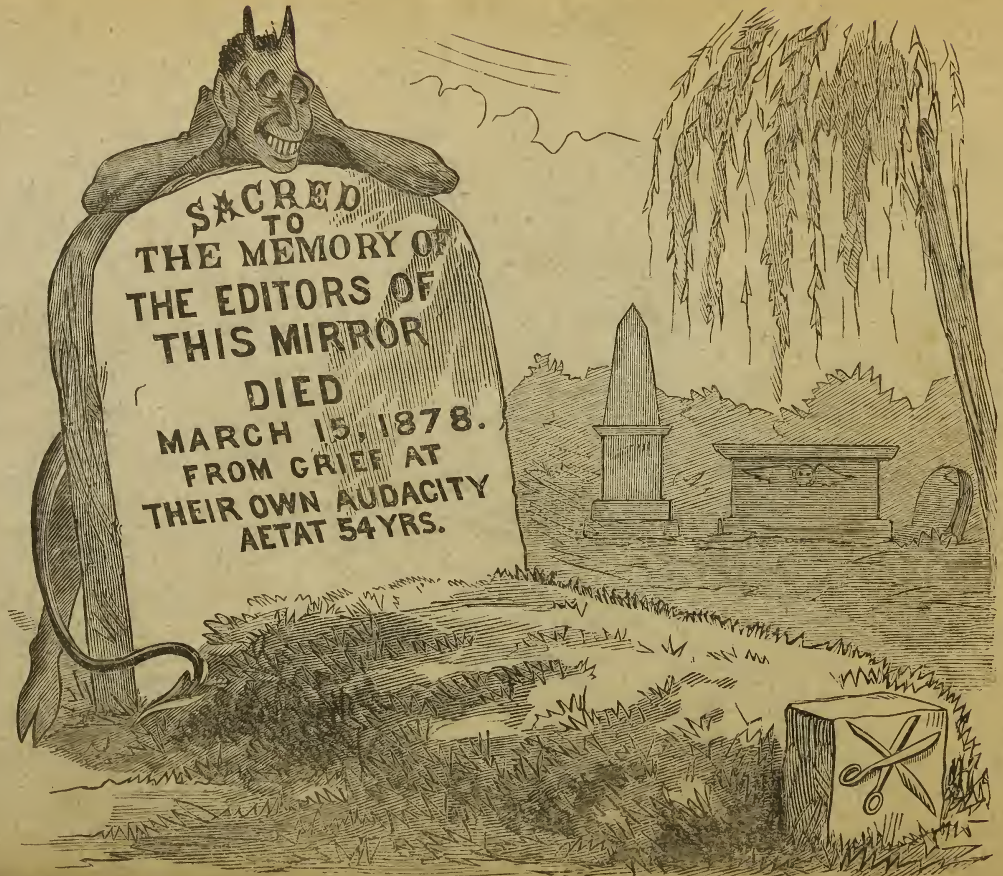
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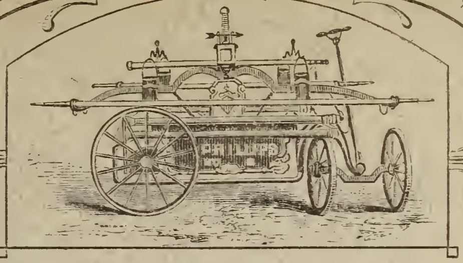

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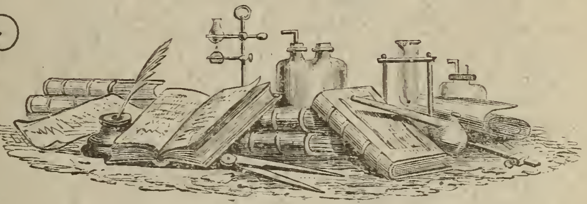

SPRING TERM, 1878.

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VOL. XXIV. JUNE, 1878. No. 3.

"PATRES AEMULEMUR."

BY FIRST EDITOR.

The mind of man, wearied with the frivolity and apparent worthlessness of its time, loves to wander back into the days of its ancestors, and to compare the manners and customs of those days with those of its own.

It is quite a fashionable custom, at this particular period of the present century, to decry the popular ideas and institutions of to-day. There are many opinions afloat, having as their objective point, "If we could only be wholly like our forefathers." This is an unhealthy and almost pernicious wish. Mankind is destined to continual and unceasing advancement. There seems to have pervaded through man from the earliest times a general spirit of progress, with the one above as the motive power.

Who of those of the present age would choose to have lived during the days of the Salem witchcraft, or of Bloody Queen Mary, or even during that spring-time of England, called the "golden age," the reign of Queen Elizabeth, dulled as its lustre was by political duplicity and deceit? It behoves every one of the present age to be especially grateful for the privileges and advantages which they enjoy. At no period of the world's history has civilization reached such a high degree of excellence and finish as in this the nineteenth century.

It is just and proper that we should resemble our ancestors *in part.* For there were certain characteristics of their nature, namely, their simplicity of life, lofty and noble ideas of justice and equity, their strict observance of right and wrong, and reverence for recognized customs, which it is of paramount importance that the people of the present day should more nearly imitate.

There seems to have crept into the minds of the men of the present generation a general spirit of Vandalism. In London, several of the ancient churches, the work of that marvellous genius, Sir Christopher Wren, representing the grace and beauty of the architecture of the Middle Ages, have recently been destroyed; and the recent danger in which the Old South Church was placed, that first cousin of the "cradle of liberty," Faneuil Hall, is still fresh in the minds of all. There lingers about old institutions a peculiar charm and attractiveness, and the spirits of eminent men who once frequented them seem to hover around these venerable buildings, and impress the present occupants with emulous desires of excellence. These institutions are extremely valuable, as calling to mind the integrity, the stern and moral grandeur, of the lives of those who have preceded us, and as affording a healthy stimulus to a rising generation. Neglect them, obliterate from the face of the earth these *vestigia* of our forefathers, and from that moment we are in extreme danger of anarchy and ruin.

Let the principles of our ancestors be instilled into the minds of our youth, and they will afford many a lighthouse to the modern statesman, tossed about on the sea of bitter experience and adversity, and will furnish a sure and lasting safeguard against all serious and society-disturbing elements, which at the present time loom up with unpleasant vividness. Let their simplicity of life be imitated, and as a people we shall be free from that extravagance in our manner of living which is such a pregnant source of present evil, and we shall become a grander and nobler nation, and as worthy to exercise that weight and influence among the powers of the world for which we are eminently fitted, and for which we were created.

WORK AS AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

It is difficult to define a successful life. A grand success in the opinion of one person may not meet the ideal of another. On the one hand a successful life is where one attains eminence in commerce, science, literature or art, while on the other it is where one is doing his best work in any honorable position. But the most important qualities of character necessary to secure a true success, worthy of one's life work, we consider to be persistent labor and genius.

Opportunity might also be included as an element of success; but if we investigate the improved opportunities, and so called "lucky hits," we shall find that most of them are the results of careful study and ~~i~~unc~~r~~easing labor.

This fact is especially noticeable in the history of inventions. In many instances the principles upon which depended great inventions was discovered by accident, but it required years of hard work to complete the discovery and make it of practical value. Galileo was fifty years completing his invention accidently discovered in the cathedral at Pisa.

Bernard Palissy has most strikingly illustrated the close relation of work to success. After seeing some pottery from Italy he determined to rediscover the art of enamelling. For sixteen years he worked with this object in view. Neither poverty, disappointment nor hardship could keep him from his one purpose. But the result of those years of untiring exertion was the production of exquisite works of art, which made Palissy famous.

Samuel Smiles says, "This art of seizing opportunities and turning even accidents to account, bending them to some purpose, is a great secret of success."

Thus we see while opportunity and genius are important elements of success, they are worthless unless combined with industrious habits. It is only by close application for days and even years, that an important principle is developed so that it benefits the world.

The greatest men, those who have been characterized as geniuses, had little faith in the power of genius. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in giving advice to young and aspiring artists, said they could only gain distinction by years of incessant toil. This advice, which was repeatedly exemplified in the life of the distinguished artist, is applicable to all who would succeed in their undertakings.

It is indeed remarkable what a large number of artists of undoubted genius owe their success more to their habit of industrious work than to a natural talent for art. Reynolds, as already stated, was a firm believer that perseverance and common sense could overcome all difficulties in a profession. He at one time said, "Excellence in art, however expressed by genius, taste, or the gift of heaven, may be acquired." It is well known that Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, and other of the old masters, were hard workers. Titian worked nearly every day for seven years upon his "Last Supper." But did he consider it time misspent? He was rewarded for his indefatigable labors upon this masterpiece by its being the admiration of all lovers of art. The life of John Flaxman affords us a most happy combination of labor and genius. These are but a few illustrations of my subject among the many that will at once rise in the mind of very student of history. An authority on art says, "It is not by luck nor accident that artists rise, but by sheer industry and hard work."

Peristent work is, then, the key to success. Let us use this key in adapting the opportunities all about us to our own peculiar wants. As a duty to ourselves and our fellow-men we should strive to make our lives succcessful.

The road to success under favorable circumstances is a long one, yet our lives to a great extent are what we make them, and one determined to overcome the difficulties in the way to eminence reaches the goal of his ambition.

IDEALS.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

HUMAN nature, — what a profitable study it is! Containing always an appreciable amount of good, often to be perverted by an overpowering force of evil. Without education, what a pitiable race human nature alone would make of us! For unaided nature prefers to gravitate rather than to toil upwards, and it must be restrained by reason, be made an intimate associate with intellect, cheered by hope, guided by faith, and beloved by charity.

Notwithstanding all the inherent evil in man, he universally worships some supreme Idea or Existence. Be he atheist or what not, the cravings of his soul compel him to adore something, however far from the truth subsequent discovery may show him to be. Kindred to this feature of the mind is that which each individual possesses of forming for himself a standard, whose level he is constantly striving to reach. And be to others what it may, to him it is the all-important end. Every person's model, however, does not ennoble him, and cannot, therefore, be an ideal, inasmuch as the latter must necessarily lead him toward the true, the pure, the beautiful, — in short, always toward perfection. It is unnecessary to debate whether there is such a condition as perfection; suffice it to say that of all the mental characteristics that lead to excellence the foremost is ideality.

To the earnest mind, to the heart seeking for truth, to him who, living, really lives and acts, ideals are a necessity. For they exist only in the mind, which is the controlling member of man's frame, and from which come all the physical efforts that are made. If through his meditations are constantly surging thoughts of higher attainments, hopes of purer realities, his deeds will testify of it, and his whole life will show it.

Seeming always to stand afar off, with graceful figure, beaming eye, radiant countenance, and outstretched hands, the true heart's ideal beckons on. He follows bravely up the toilsome, dangerous way, and, when faint and weary, a glance at his fair guide revives his languishing purpose. But, after years of weary toil, he cannot see that he is any nearer his object, and the lovely image still wooes his faltering footsteps. The oft-returning thought of wasted strength weighs heavily upon him. He sits down by the wayside in powerless despair. In bitter anguish, O pilgrim, do you curse the bright vision? do you declare that it was but a mocking phantom, a creation of your own eager imagination? do you remorsefully reproach your foolishness in leaving the assurances of reality, and fruitlessly obeying for so long the beckonings of a delusive phantasm? Nay, brother pilgrim, your time has not been wasted. Throw off your bitter feelings; rise and look about you; gaze upon those fertile valleys — how far below you! see the laboring sons of toil down in the dim distance; expand your spirit with the pure air which bears life and might in its breath. The path below seems not so terrible as once it did; the way up not so insurmountable as you just now thought. Not far above bloom the beautiful Alpine flowers, but far beyond them, with loving compassion, that glorious appearance still urges your advance. Never before so heavenly she seemed, never yet so real. Repent of your hasty words, mistrust not your gentle friend. She has appeared to you as the morning star, the harbinger of the dawn of a glorious day; as an angel of hope, to assure your longing soul that there *is* a world of perfection, of truth, of purity.

> "In the world each ideal,
> That shines like a star on life's wave,
> Is toned on the shores of the real."

Our ideals lead us up the steep mountain-side, not merely that we may reach the cold, cheerless summit, but because from this is obtained a wide-reaching view of the happy valley beyond, that wondrous valley which all *might* reach, but which, alas! few ever see. They who have lived in this glen would tell of the unspeakable peace, of the joy which words fail to express.

> "Far on the deep there are billows,
> That never shall break on the beach;
> And I have heard songs in the silence,
> That never shall float into speech;
> And I have had dreams in the valley,
> Too lofty for language to reach."

Do you ask where is this wonderful spot, beyond which not even ideals will travel? whether, if all is there perfect, it is not heaven itself? Reader, seek not an answer to satisfy idle curiosity; search for the vale yourself. The way is rough, the path steep and dangerous, you must enter this glen by crossing the mountains, there are no other means of entrance: the labor is severe, but the final reward is well worth it all. Follow purity, seek truth, pursue virtue, — either will guide the traveller surely to the mountain-top.

Ah, who will say that poet, artist, friend, patriot, Christian, — every soul that worships purely his true ideal, — shall not in the far future find it visibly real? of the now imperfect part the completed whole — beyond — some day?

CENTENNIAL ODE.

A hundred years! A cycle gone!
The name of Phillips stands alone!
Triumphant through the lapse of time,
'Tis known afar through many a clime.
Its grateful sons unite to praise
The glories of its ancient days.

Dear mother of our youthful years!
We think of thee with smiles and tears:
With smiles, for joys we here have won;
With tears, for friends forever gone;
But smiles and tears together flow,
Devoid of bitterness or woe.

Where'er our lot on earth is cast,
Whether the sunbeam or the blast
Shall be our life-appointed lot,
Thy name shall never be forgot.
The thought of it shall cheer us on;
A tuneful chime, a living song.

Then let us raise the shout on high,
Until its echoes reach the sky;
As, loyal sons, we call to mind
The ripened years now left behind.
And let our joy increase the more,
At thought of glories yet before.

C. M. S.

THE IMPORTANCE OF AN AIM IN LIFE.

The President's Address, delivered at the Annual Exhibition, June 13, 1878.

BY F. M. EATON.

BEFORE every life there hangs the cloud of obscurity. We cannot foretell, either for ourselves or others, what the next day will unfold, but we must journey along our way without knowing whether we shall meet with success and happiness or failure and misery. For some the road is short: suddenly the end is shown to them. Present, past, and future are all one; in a single moment they have been commingled.

Friends speculate what the future might have been, from the deeds of the past. If the past has been one of active reparation for some future use to mankind, when cut short in this preparatory discipline the mouths of the people echo how illustrious and useful his future would have been if he had lived. On the other hand, the future deeds of one who has been separated from earthly duties while waiting for his glorious renown to burst upon him, without making any preparation for it, are not thought of by the populace. To it his life seemed aimless and the result fruitless. To others the way seems long, and for these weary plodders there should be an object beyond the cloud, to which their most noble efforts aim, an object which fringes the future with brightness, as the corona, during the labors of the sun, show that there is a daylight beyond the darkness, and offers every inducement for the jaded to continue on their way.

Without some worthy object towards which all his energies are exerted the life of man is a restless uncertainty; no end to reach except to supply the wants of the present, and the completion of necessary duties. To such the future is dreary and the thought of grey hairs loathsome. His life may fitly be compared to the course of a ship sailing in mid-ocean without the compass to show the pilot which way to direct its prow.

While everything is bright and fair overhead its course can be told from the position of the sun during the day and by the stars at night. Let the sun be obscured by clouds, or the stars by a storm, from that moment the course is uncertain, the ship is driven about from wave to wave liable every moment to strike a reef, and bring destruction to all on board, simply by lacking the magnetic needle. Thus men with nothing planned to complete in the future, no connecting line between the present and future, by which to direct their course of study, or any of the various early occupations of life, in time of loss or affliction are entirely despondent, without hope, nothing to strengthen them in time of trouble, so that life to them is utterly miserable.

For man's moral good an aim in life is extremely important. Created free agents, we are endowed with powers to govern our actions. We are *forced* to obey the laws of nature, or our bodies suffer the penalty. We are able to lead an aimless life, but the results are evident; a reckless, useless, abandon waste of years. By this power of free agency, *man* can debase himself to a degree of animal life lower than the brute, or by the same exercise of will power can raise himself to the highest extent of manhood and nobility of character. Degradation is easy, elevation difficult. For the attainment of the latter some stimulus is necessary, and as such in a moral view can any be more invigorating, more goading, more impelling, than to reach some goal, while, in the strife, mental, moral, and physical endowments are fully developed? The race may be over a long and hard course, but how much dearer and sweeter the reward.

You may ask what is this reward. The completion of some grand work for which end you have been striving, praying and hoping. None more deservedly wear hoary locks as an olive wreath for victory than those who can review their lives, and see on every side the good results arising from their noble aim.

To us who are preparing for active duties, some aim or purpose is *especially* important. The youth continually need to be spurred on; their thoughts are too closely confined to the present: but can any tooth pierce deeper than one which is planted within the person himself?

Some of us hold before us the renowned lawyer as an object for our aim, others the skilled physician, the eloquent preacher, or successful teacher. Whatever position we desire to fill, let our aim be true, that success may be sure.

Gentlemen of Philo, — After eleven weeks of interrupted work our duties end, and I now avail myself of this last opportunity to thank the officers for the willing and efficient aid they have proffered me. Trusting and believing you will prosper in works and numbers the ensuing year, I take refuge in this effusion.

Society, members, and all
Who so kindly have aided me here,
I bid you affectionate farewell,
And commit to the following year.

CONCERNING TRANSLATIONS.

Much is said of the beauties of the Æneid as a literary composition. It is a rather curious fact that not one student in twenty admires the style of the poem after his first reading. To be sure it is written in a foreign tongue; and we cannot appreciate the beauties of any poet, although our own countryman, at first sight. But it is safe to say that not half the elegance of a passage is brought out that might be, and all because a bald and exceedingly literal translation is accepted and preferred to a more poetical rendering.

By the time we reach the Æneid we have read enough Latin to be allowed to translate a little more freely, and poetry requires it more than prose. As long as we are suffered to say, "pierced as to his ribs," "uncovered as to his beautiful head," "Then the pious Æneas, having raised himself upon the point of his sword," &c., so long will the poetry of the poem be unknown to us. All the above quotations are idioms. But after we have once learned them, what is the use of repeating them, in all their literal absurdity. It is not good scholarship to translate foreign idioms literally.

Let us take a passage from the Æneid, and note the difference between two translations, both literal, yet showing the difference between a prose and a poetical rendering.

> "Hoc dicens ferrum adverso sub pectore condit,
> Fervidus ; ast illi solvuntur frigore membra,
> Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras."

"Saying this, he buries the sword under the adverse breast, fervid with anger ; but the limbs *to* that one are loosened in cold, and his life with a groan flees indignant under the shades."

Such a translation would be accepted. And how beautiful! We go into ecstasies at the sublime diction of the Latin poet! No wonder that Augustus listened, wondered, and praised! But let us try the passage again.

"As he says this, he passionately sheathes his sword under the hostile breast; but the other's limbs become relaxed with the chill of death, and his spirit with a groan flees indignant beneath the shades."

These three verses are but an example of every other one throughout the poem. It seems too bad to mutilate the poetry of a book like the Æneid, simply for a literal version ; and a great many students go through the book without knowing or caring whether it is prose or poetry, Our translations are too often like the analysis of a beautiful flower. In our eagerness for details and technical names, we are ignorant of the bloom and beauty of the flower itself.

C. M. S.

A LOCAL TRAGEDY.

Of all the tales that ever have been told
Concerning friendship and the heart's devotion,
Of Damon and of Pythias of old,
Of brave Leander and the cruel ocean,
Each one among them all does surely miss
The pathos and the suffering revealed in this.

There lived in solitude and sad unrest,
Barred by the Fates from friendship's sweet affection,
A certain one whose lot had ne'er been blest
With trusting love or with its warm protection.
Tho' *dear* to all by nature and by name,
An unrequited passion fanned the flame.

'Tis night; and over Academic halls
Sleep with its mantle shrouds the earth with slumber,
When through the darkness and the gloom footfalls
Resound, increasing as to number.
Then silence falls, and care-dispelling rest
Puts to quick flight the mind with care opprest.

'Tis morning; and the sun's all-piercing light
Brings to the view a scene of grief affecting.
Not far from that Ionic temple bright
Whose dome the sun's hot rays were now reflecting,
There stood the one whose passion proved his death, —
The goal was gained, but gone was life and breath.

He sought his love, but oh, alas! too late!
With glassy eyeballs there he stood transformed,
A figure turned to stone by cruel fate,
Before of love his *dear* could be informed,
Yet like brave heroes of a greater fame,
He lived a life, and died a death, as *game*.

Anon.

POWER OF EXPRESSION.

President Eliot, of Harvard College, has recently announced, we are informed, that among the students of that university there is a decline in the power of expression. This statement, coming as it does from the largest and most influential seat of learning in the land, ought to be a source of deep concern. And if the cause of this decline were once discovered we suppose the evil could be remedied. It is not, however, our present purpose to inquire what the cause may be, but the question naturally arises whether the present generation is becoming more deficient in language than previous generations. Or is it only in our halls of learning where this decline is perceived? If the former be the case it certainly would be an interesting study to investigate the cause of a general decay in the use of our noble language. But if the latter be true, and this decline is perceived only in our halls of learning, then the fault must be in the system of education itself; and it would be no less interesting and quite as important to discover just where the fault lies and to have it removed.

We have said that it is not our purpose to inquire into the cause of this decline of the power of expression, but we shall say a few words about the development of this power.

Few men comparatively are naturally gifted with a command of language. Those who have attained eminence as orators or conversationalists have acquired it only after practice, discipline, and oftentimes humiliating failures.

Now every young man who goes through college ought to have ambition enough to desire the power to deliver his thoughts easily and gracefully. But this is acquired only by effort. Nothing will give a man command of language so well as the study of language, and especially the study of Latin and Greek. But to develop one's power of expression something more is required than the mere translation. The mind should be stored with choice passages from Cicero, Demosthenes, Virgil, and

Homer. And if one recitation per week were made to consist of repeating from memory some masterly passage from any of these authors, we do not think there would be a very visible decline in power of expression among students. Such a recitation would be exercise for the memory and discipline for the mind, and would, we believe, add wonderfully to one's own fluency. We know that in Ancient Rome and Athens a boy's education consisted largely in learning passages from the poets by heart. And we know that almost every writer or speaker who has risen to distinction has crammed his mind with fine passages from orators and poets. Demosthenes copied with his own hand the history of Thucydides eight times, so that he might remember the words and become familiar with the style. And coming down to modern times, Lord Macaulay committed to memory all of Paradise Lost and nearly all Demosthenes. Robert Hall, besides other writings, knew by heart much of Dante's Inferno. And John Bright owes much of his fluency and power, perhaps, to the fact that he reads from the English poets some time every evening before retiring. What man of modern times has had a more wonderful and diversified vocabulary than Rufus Choate? And we find that his mind was a perfect storehouse of choice passages from orators, writers and poets of every age and clime.

Therefore, in view of these facts, we would advise every young man who is desirous of acquiring power of expression, to memorize every fine passage which he meets with in his translations.

G. R. H.

ADVANTAGES OF AN ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

SINCE in these days the cultivation of the physical powers is acknowledged to be the duty of every one who hopes for a happy, successful, and useful life, it is proper that we should look about us and see the best way in which this can be effected. Every school has its athletic games, more or less extensively developed, and it is a fact worthy of notice that the perfection of these varies with the ups and downs which the school itself sustains. When an institution is well-disciplined, well-officered, and well-equipped, the very completeness and power of it instils itself unconsciously into the minds of its students, and awakens there a spirit of ambition which manifests itself as well in the physical as in the mental powers, the perfection of athletic sports being actuated by a desire to still further extend the influence of the several academies in which they are cultivated. The stand which Phillips has taken in this direction has been good, and compares very favorably with Quincy and Exeter, but we are in some respects behind these two institutions: the interest in the success of our base-ball and foot-ball is very well so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough, and hence a corresponding lack of interest in members of the school's athletic organizations. In fine, there is school feeling and interest just so long as no demand is made upon the pocket; and then — we leave the answer to the treasurer of the B.B.A. Our present system of collecting funds is laborious, and frequently useless. The Foot-Ball Association came out badly, and was only saved from bankruptcy by an appeal to the honor of the school. The Base-Ball Association hardly squeezed out money enough to pay the expenses of the necessary working apparatus, while the exhibition of the gymnastic students had to be given up entirely for want of funds. Now, there is no necessity for this: our Foot-Ball and especially our Base-Ball have done that which entitles them to the confidence and gratitude of the school; and the best expression of that feeling may be given through the pocket-book. But again, no one wishes to give money and not know where it is going to. Whoever gives has the right of knowing how it is spent; and in the present separate and distinct Base-Ball and Foot-Ball Associations such a report is far from satisfactory, as it does not give a connected account of the expenditures. Now, in so large a school as this, there ought to be sufficient enthusiasm and participation over affairs which so directly concern it as to warrant the formation of an Athletic Association, under the auspices of which all the games of the school shall be conducted. An attempt to found such an organization was made in May, 1876, but it proved a failure — why? Simply on account of lack of interest. Let us glance briefly at some of the peculiar benefits which such an association might confer upon us. Suppose that we have president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, and seventy-five members; that each person on entering pays an admission fee of $2.00, and that a tax of $1.00 per term be collected from him. Admitting this, we have $375.00 for the expenses of the association. This year the F.B.A. spent $140.00, the B.B.A. $80.00; total, $220.00. The F.B.A. should have had $150.00; the B.B.A. $125.00. Estimating our expenses on that basis, we should have $275.00 for our Foot-Ball and Base-Ball, and $100.00 for other expenses. Of this surplus $100.00, $25.00 should be laid aside to be given by the association for superior excellence in gymnasium, $25.00 for prizes in running, jumping, etc., and the remaining fifty should be laid aside, in case of an emergency. That is, in the actual distribution of funds the following should be the average for the several claimants: F.B.A. two-fifths, B.B.A. one-third, gymnasium one-fifteenth, running, etc., one-fifteenth, reserve two-fifteenths. Such an arrangement as this would, we think, command the respect of all: there would be no further necessity for the passing around of subscription papers; while we think it perfectly fair to estimate the expenses as above.

In case that the number of those joining the second year does not warrant the necessary funds, the regulation in regard to the payment of $2.00 on entering may be altered to the payment of $2.00 by all members, both new and old, at the beginning of each school year, which would in all probability prove amply sufficient to defray the several expenses. And what better time could be selected for founding such an organization than the present, when we are beginning the second century of our school's existence?

Pat.

BASE–BALL.

The ball season opened in the fall term with three games with the Theologues, in all of which the Academy nine was successful. Base-ball was now laid aside, foot-ball taking its place.

The latter part of the winter term the committee, consisting of Messrs. Gardner, Rogers, and Belknap, picked out fourteen men, and, under the kind and excellent supervision of Mr. Skeele, did faithful work for the rest of the term at the gymnasium.

This is the first year the ball men have gone into regular training, and the results show the benefits of the system.

Early in the spring term the nine was selected, which consists of the following men: Manning, P.; Rogers, C.; Warren, S.S.; Skeele, 1 B.; Newton, 2 B.; Gardner, 3 B., and captain; Parrott, L.F.; Thompson, C.F.; Parsons, R.F.

The first match game was with the Theologues, and the Academy nine took them into camp with a score of 17 to 0. The Theologues looked with longing eyes on the home plate, but *frustra*. The next game resulted in a score of 14 to 5 in our favor, also with the Theologues. The next game was with the Websters of Lowell, Barnard of last year's Manchesters pitching for them. The home club soon got hold of his pitching, and batting it very freely won the game by a score of 7 to 3.

On the 22nd of May the nine went to Exeter; and it now devolves upon us to record the only defeat our nine sustained during the ball season, winning nine games out of ten. The game was lost owing to the gross ignorance of the umpire, and the unevenness of the ground, on which there were many trees; our nine played without any dinner, and the Exeters allowed them to return home without any supper.

Garman was now substituted as pitcher, Manning going to short-stop. This was a decided change for the better. May 25th the boys went to Quincy, to play the Adams Academy nine, and defeated them by a score of 8 to 4. The treatment received here was in strong contrast with that at Exeter. After the game the nine were invited to an elegant repast, furnished by Weber of Boston. On Decoration Day for the first time in many years the Academy defeated the town nine, by a score of 15 to 8. The large score was owing to the rain, which fell during the entire game.

The return game with Exeter was played June 1, on our grounds, the Exeter nine, with a crowd of eighty backers, confident of success. This game showed the real superiority of the Phillips Andover nine. The score was 10 to 8 in our favor. Mr. Ogden of the Theological Seminary umpired, and gave general satisfaction. The visitors did not go home hungry.

A game with Harvard Freshmen was arranged early in the season, but owing to pecuniary embarrassment they were unable to come. On account of repeated demands upon the purses of the students, their answer to the call of the Base Ball Association was not as hearty as was deserved. We trust that the system of training will be continued, and hope that another season the Academy will produce a nine showing as much improvement over this as this year has over the past.

1878.

The year is now drawing to a close, and as we look upon its record, many events appear which distinguish greatly the past three terms from all that have gone before. Our venerable Alma Mater smiles upon us, proud of her age and more than youthful might. One hundred years! and her sons are made to feel that now more than ever is breathed into her life and every act the spirit of her grand old motto, "Non Sibi." We too have felt the influence of her watchword, and look over the deeds of the closing year with satisfaction.

Our academical instruction has not been neglected, notwithstanding the unusual occurrences of the year; there has been the usual interest in base-ball and foot-ball, and the societies have received the customary support.

Among other things that characterize the year is the formation of the Knickerbocker and the Apollo Clubs, and the interest which has been taken in vocal music. The A. H. Glee Club gave a concert, March 5, in aid of the Centennial fund. To be sure they were assisted by other musical talent, but the audience were very evidently most pleased with the music of the A. H.

The Phillips Quartette has acquired some proficiency, and has assisted at entertainments in aid of neighboring churches, on February 21 at Ballard Vale, and on April 17 at Boxford. At both places they were well received and heartily thanked.

Another musical society is the Salem Street Quintette, which has introduced itself to the public by means of its serenades.

After speaking at so much length upon our musical clubs, what *can* we say for the Phillips Choir?

The foot-ball team was a strong one, but not so efficient as the one of the year previous. Quincy wiped out her defeat of the previous year. The game with the Harvard Fresh was a draw, but the Tufts Fresh were vanquished by a score of 16 touch-downs to 0.

The Means prize speaking came off on January 29th. The successful competitors were Phelps, Hewitt and Bierwirth, taking the prizes in the order they are named.

The lecture season was opened by John B. Gough, and Wendell Phillips followed. In the early part of the Citizens' Course the most pleasing entertainments were the Whitney Company's concert, and the lecture by Bishop Clark on "The Incas of Peru."

Phillips Engine Company has had two "runs" this year; the first one through rain and mud down to Donald's ink works, the second to a small fire in the Town Hall. They were not able to render any assistance at either conflagration.

When we came back to school this term we were greeted by the announcement that the Dartmouth Glee Club were to give a concert on the 5th of April. The weather was quite unpropitious and there was not a crowd in attendance, although a good number were present. The concert was excellent, and the music varied and finely rendered.

On April 8 Wm. Everett delivered a lecture on "Socrates and Christ." The lecture was very good, but the Seniors seemed fidgety on account of being required to digest it for the next Biblical. Mr. Everett was announced previously to lecture Feb. 22, upon the question, "Are we fulfilling the spirit of Washington's Farewell Address?" but the weather did not permit.

Then Gen. Chamberlain, President of Bowdoin, followed with a fine sketch of "The Army of the Potomac." The general spoke for over two hours, but held his audience with ease. The final half of his address was a graphic sketch of the battle of Appomatox Court House.

The Phillips Quartette sang at Boxford on April 17. Their selections were all heartily applauded and several encores were given. After the concert an excellent supper was served for them at the house of the pastor, Mr. Gammell. After that an enjoyable half hour was spent among the promenaders in the vestry. As usual, on reaching Andover, they stopped on their way up School Street.

We copy from a Boston weekly the following: —

> A remarkable gift to Phillips Academy was that of a son in the principal's family, born April 21, *just one hundred years* from the day—April 21, 1778—when Judge Phillips signed and sealed the famous "constitution" which founded the school. The students promptly assembled, on hearing of the event, voted that his name should be Phillips Bancroft, and the Senior Class sent him a centennial bouquet.

On April 22, Senator Patterson gave the eighth lecture of the Citizens' Course. The subject was "Manhood," and the lecture was long drawn out, but contained many eloquent passages. It was preceded and followed by "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals" — principally the former — by the Andover Brass Band, and by some plantation melodies rendered by the "Virginia Colored Quartette."

On the 30th of April, 1778, the school was first opened, in a joiner's shop standing very near the spot now occupied by Mrs. Abbott's house. The students numbered thirteen.

Prof. Churchill's miscellaneous readings came on the 10th of May. The hall was crowded, and the band, being assigned a more advantageous position, did not cause so much discomfort as formerly; in fact, they played pretty well. As to the readings, criticism cannot be made, and we cannot sufficiently praise them.

Mrs. S. H. Taylor, widow of the late principal, died very suddenly on Sunday morning, May 12, at 8.30 o'clock, aged about sixty-six years. She was apparently as well as usual until breakfast time, but upon rising from the table complained of being unwell, and ten minutes later was dead. A strange coincidence is the fact that her husband died in a similar manner on a Sunday morning about seven years ago. Mrs. Taylor was a very estimable lady and a model Christian, and many old graduates of the Academy will remember her almost motherly interest in the students. The funeral, which took place the following Wednesday afternoon in the chapel, was largely attended, and the floral offerings were very beautiful.

The Society of Inquiry held their annual exhibition on the 28th of May in Academy Hall. The exercises were very good, and we have heard the President's address characterized as the ablest effort of the evening. The music was by the Phillips Quartette, assisted by Mr. James R. Murray as organist. The "Waltz Song" was well sung and the audience well pleased with it.

Decoration Day was observed in town as usual. Our mid-day recitations were remitted, which of course was better than nothing. Gen. Hazard Stevens gave the oration in Town Hall. The feature of the day for ball-players was the defeat of the town nine by Phillips.

The members of P. A. '79 have given our Greek Professor a handsome gold chain.

P. A. '78 has founded a class-scholarship for the aid of deserving students in the Senior Class. The sum now amounts to $250, and the members of the class will probably swell this fund in the future.

The eleventh annual reading at Abbott Academy occurred on May 31st. The reading was unusually fine, and the Abbott jewels merited the loud applause. Although the *capacious* hall was filled to its utmost capacity, the audience gave the closest attention to the various readings.

On the 22d of April four negro minstrels gave us some music as we were coming out from the afternoon recitation, and considerable money was collected for them. We have since learned that the Virginia Colored Quartette is a fraud, but the "warble" they sang was not, and so extensive has been the rage, and so many "Cads" have caught the fever, that it was finally necessary to advertise for a remedy for the epidemic.

At a fire on the morning of June 5th a former pupil of the Academy was arrested by officer Clark, and instead of gaining the usual 100 demerits, he obtained a hard bed for the night, and lost "some" cash.

"Cutting" has been unusually popular this term both at the Academy and at Hatch's. The end of the term will be especially welcome to Phillipians, whose score has nearly reached the limit of the faculty's endurance, and those who have been "stuck" for a large amount at Hatch's hail with gladness the day to remove an unpleasant reminder of their ill-luck.

At the beginning of the term a member of P. A. '79 made a ludicrous mistake. He challenged the Adams Academy base-ball nine to play with our school nine, and after dating his letter April 18th appointed April 11th as the day for the game. There are two opinions as to the cause of the Middler's mistake. The first is that at the time he sent the challenge to Quincy he was thinking of the Hinton horse fund, and the second, which it may be needless to say is generally accepted, he had imbibed too freely of Hinton's sweet (?) cider.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

THE long awaited Centennial has come and gone. We venture to say that Andover has never presented a more festive appearance than on the 5th and 6th of June. We can but mention the many tasty decorations on private houses and public buildings, showing how heartily the citizens of the town joined in the celebration.

Not much attempt was made towards recitations on Wednesday forenoon. In the afternoon long before the hall-doors were opened a large crowd was waiting for admittance. The exercises did not begin until 3.20 o'clock. The stage looked finely, and all was lovely with one exception: the Englishmen of '78 in hanging their peculiar motto succeeded in completely hiding the upper part of a portrait loaned to the institution for this occasion by Harvard College.

The Hatton Quartette furnished vocal music for the afternoon. Our Principal looked happy. The declamations were delivered with good effect, and showed much practice. How uniformly all the speakers made their bow to the chairman, how regularly each one wheeled gracefully and bowed when he reached the first hole in the carpet!

All of the portraits presented were good paintings, and accurate likenesses, so we were told. The remarks accompanying the presentation of the pictures deserve perhaps no discrimination, but we must mention especially the short and earnest address of Mr. Southgate on entrusting to our care and emulation the likeness of that noble young Christian and soldier, Lieut. Thompson.

After music, and announcements by the chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, came one of the most interesting features of the whole celebration. Prof. Churchill presented to Mr. Coy, our Greek Professor, a beautiful silk banner, the gift of Abbott to Phillips. The cheers which were then called for were well given, still better were they deserved, and best of all is the good feeling such an elegant present must create in the hearts of both givers and receivers. "Vive la pretty Fem. Sem.!"

Our principal then announced that he had received a check which would make the Draper prizes a perpetual feature of the Academy.

Bishop Clark's remarks prefatory to the award of the prizes were witty and instructive, and he was frequently interrupted by vigorous applause. At length he announced the award. First prize, Mr. Firman; second, Mr. Whitridge; third, Mr. Phelps.

The exercises of the evening were held in the pavilion, and the attendance was large. The weather, however, was a source of discomfort to many, it being so cool. After music by the Madrigal Club, and prayer by Rev. Ray Palmer, of the class of 1826, came the Principal's address of welcome, given in Mr. Bancroft's usual pleasing style and hearty cordiality.

Dr. William Adams responded in behalf of the Alumni, and at the close of his address took the chair.

Then a hymn was sung, and Rev. William E. Park presented the Annals, but as it was getting quite late he omitted considerable of his address. The reminiscences by Senior Alumni were also omitted. The Madrigal Club sang again, and after the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Enoch Sanford, class of 1816, the assembly dispersed.

Some of the Alumni who had previously applied were well lodged, and some had to be assigned to rooms in the Commons, probably to the inconvenience of both lodger and inmate.

Thursday the day was all that could be desired. While the audience were entering the tent the Boston Cadet Band played several excellent selections.

The oration by Rev. Alexander McKenzie was very interesting and eagerly listened to by all who could hear. When the orator was about half through his address, he was interrupted by the arrival of Gov. Rice and staff.

The oration was long, to be sure, but it contained many a witty allusion to old-time customs and pleasures, many an eloquent passage full of loyal devotion to old Phillips.

An appeal was made to the citizens of Andover to give up their tickets for the Alumni who could not procure tickets owing to the limited number, and quite a number of citizens generously responded.

Of the poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes we feel competent to say but little. Mr. Holmes has already more than a national reputation as a poet, and as fellow Phillipians we join in praising the man and his poetical productions.

Then came the procession, the long-desired opportunity for us Phillipians to show to an admiring public what proficiency we had attained in "marking time," in marching, and in filing right and left. People must have perceived that we had spent several evenings in careful drill under our chief marshal. And with what military precision we opened ranks when we came to the entrance of the dinner tent. And, O Juno! how proud were those two privileged Phillipians who bore our handsome banner.

The dinner — well, Tufts of Boston was the caterer, and what more can we say?

The singing by members of the Apollo Club of Boston was excellent. Prof. Churchill, president of the dinner, after a few well-chosen remarks gave as the first toast, "The Commowealth of Massachusetts," to which Gov. Rice responded. The second toast was "Alma Mater;" Dr. E. K. Alden was called upon to respond. Mr. Alpheus H. Hardy enumerated the gifts that had been made, mentioning as the last one received the present of $250 from the class of P. A. '78. Those called upon to respond to other toasts were Rev. Phillips Brooks, Mayor Oliver of Salem, President Eliot of Harvard, Professor Park, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Presidents Porter of Yale and Bartlett of Dartmouth, Principal Perkins of Phillips Exeter, Hon. G. V. Fox, and several other distinguished guests and Alumni.

On Thursday a lady most strikingly illustrated the the necessity of classical study. She had entered the Academy Hall, and, after taking a general view of the room, stopped in front of the portrait of Lieut. Thompson. After admiring the portrait she looked at the inscription and for some time silently wrestled with the name of the battle-field on which the gallant soldier fell. At last to aid her reflections she slowly spelled A-n-t-i-e-t a-m, but even then she did not recognize the historic name, and not having a Latin lexicon with her she turned, the picture of despair, to a gentleman near by, and said, "What *does* that Latin word mean? I have heard and seen so much Latin yesterday and to-day that I am thoroughly disgusted with the whole language."

Phillip's old boys added not a little to the success of the centennial, but we suggest that they have some military training before they march in the procession at the two-hundredth anniversary of their alma mater.

WHAT IS A FEM. SEM.?

A ROSY lip, a smile, a dimpled chin,
A curly lock, a glance, a velvet skin;
An eye that leads you captive with its look;
A hand that fits the owner like a book.

A hat made from a ribbon and a rose,
Bewildering the beholder with its bows;
A dress, got up regardless of expense,
And sometimes also just as much of sense.

A heart that leads a tender youth astray,
And when he pops the question answers, Nay.
If you are wise, O youths, beware of them!
For cruel is the handsome female Sem.

— *Observatory.*

SCRAPS.

How tempus does fugit, as the Theologue said to the Fem. Sem., one night at 11.30 as he rose to leave.

Surpassingly soft, — the Campus during the first part of this term.

Don't tell the class of P.A. '79 that the Faculty cannot get off a joke.

"Reliquias vino et bibulam lavere favillam" was translated, "They soaked the remains and the succulent ashes in wine." Prof.: "Yes, 'soaked' is very good, since this is washing-day."

The only difference between a boy and a barn is that the shingles are applied to the top of the barn. — *Ex.*

Joan of Arc was *not* cremated this year, was she?

A certain "Cad" asserted the other day that mosquitoes are very troublesome in the immediate vicinity of Abbott Academy, especially during warm nights. Perhaps so; but how does *he* know?

Why will it be necessary for P. S. '79 to give special attention to the Biblical exercises next term? Because they will not have their Parsons, nor even a Deacon, with them.

When Bob Ingersoll sat down on the northwest corner of a curbstone which had just been occupied by a banana skin, he uttered just one word, but with such sincerity that lookers-on were convinced that the "inner man" believed in the existence of another world, if the outward didn't. — *Critic.*

After the last snow-fall we had — and it will be remembered that it was quite heavy — several Phillipians began to practice travelling on snow-shoes, and made good progress. But why is the snow south of Abbott Street so much superior for snow-shoe practice?

Recitation in Botany in No. 6. — Teacher: "Is this flower adnate, or otherwise?" Absent-minded student: "Yes, sir, I think not."

Why would P. S. '78 probably do well in a class rush? Because they have a *bruiser*, and a *rooster* to spurr them on.

Some brilliant Senior recently put on a board in No. 9 the following definition of "periphrasis:" A circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity.

Fearing that our Abbott Academy readers might not have perused *all* the fashion weeklies, we copy the following from "Harper's Bazar:" —

> FRECKLES. — To remove freckles, let young ladies bathe the face with Cologne water after tea, and about 10 o'clock P.M. brush both cheeks, the forehead and chin, with a carefully selected moustache. If this does not remove the freckles, it will, under ordinary circumstances, cause them to be forgotten.

PERSONALS.

C. F. Gardner, the first editor of the "Mirror," left town on the 8th inst., to attend to important business.

W. W. Fay, class of '76, is in Ohio, lecturing on "Monks and "Maniacs."

H. W. Chase, '77, is one of the most popular men of Harvard, '81.

Cartwright, '77, took the third prize in mathematics at Brown University.

C. E. Ladd, '77, is one of the ten contestants for the Kellogg prize at Amherst.

D. T. Torry, '77, leads his class at Vermont University.

The Yale 'Versity crew are making creditable progress under their energetic Captain, O. D. Thompson, class of '75.

Day, '77, is pleasantly whiling away his time among the Catskills.

The members of '78 expect to go to College as follows: — Yale: Bailey, F. M. Eaton, Gardner, Gates, Kinlay, E. V. Silver, L. M. Silver, Garman, Fleming, Foster, Scranton, Wells. Amherst: Dyer, F. A. Eaton, Lovering, Mills, Torie, Wheelwright. Harvard: Firman, Gilman, McKone, Treadwell. Dartmouth: Newton, Parker, Poor. Brigham goes to Brown, Belcher to Bowdoin, and Quimby is undecided,

Hatch, P. A., '79, goes to Middlebury this fall.

Weed, P. A., '81, will leave for home before the close of the term, in order to cram for the Dartmouth examinations.

Craig, '79, P. A., has worked too hard this term, and the Faculty concluded that, as he was so much worn out, it would be but just to grant him a long vacation.

Foreman, P. A. '79 has come to the conclusion that he wasn't cut out for a scholar, and is searching for more lucrative employment.

OBITUARY.

Dwight Tompkins, P.S. '79, died at Hillsborough, N.B.

THE PHILLIPS POT-POURRI.

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"Scire est Regere."

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LOVE, C.F.
HATCH, R.F.

'79 Scientific.

F. PARSONS, Capt.

PARSONS, C.
STEVENS, P.
KNEELAND, S.S.
BELKNAP, 1st B.
SWAN, 2d B.
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THOMPSON, L.F.
REILY, C.F.
CROCKER, R.F.

'80 Classical.

H. C. BROWN, Capt.

WATERMAN, C.
BURNHAM, P.
BLODGETT, S.S.
NICHOLS, 1st B.
WEED, 2d B.
BROWN, 3d B.
TUTTLE, L.F.
KENNEDY, C.F.
HOPKINS, R.F.

'80 Scientific.

N. CORWITH, Jr., Capt.

CORWITH, Jr., C.
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WOODBRIDGE, S.S.
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STRICKLER, 2d B.
NOYES, 3d B.
PAYNE, L.F.
KING, C.F.
DELANO, R.F.

MAIN STREET NINE.

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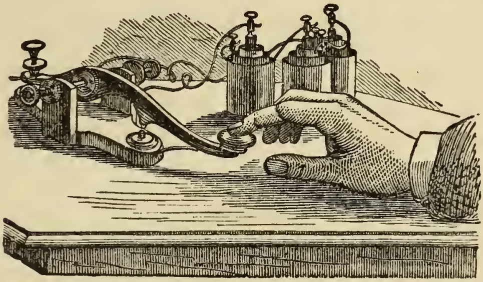

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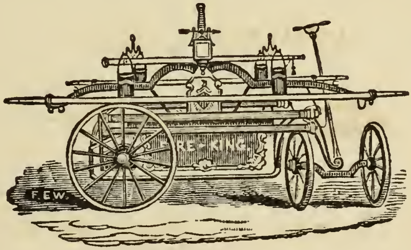

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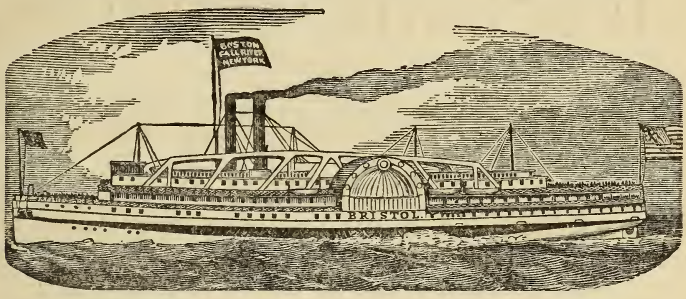

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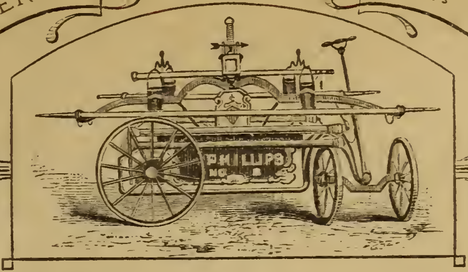

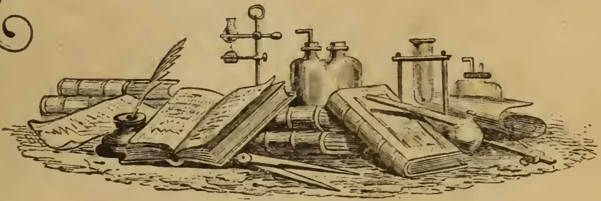

FALL TERM, 1878.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

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Vol. XXV. No. I.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE
PHILO MIRROR.

DECEMBER, 1878.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

Andover:
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THE MIRROR.

Francis J. Phelps, '79 P.A.
C. M. Sheldon, '79 P.A.
Stephen M. Gordon.
Editors.

VOL. XXV. DECEMBER, 1878. No. 1.

CREMATION.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

This subject is a question of facts: our purpose is to assert these facts, and state our opinions. In the first place, we see a system of burial, at once unique and respectful, set aside for one which is, in most of its bearings, loathsome and repelling; which makes the dead an instrument for taking life from the living. It is admitted that it is comparatively immaterial what disposition is made of the body: why, then, should not that form of disposing of the dead be adopted which is proven to be of real value as a sanitary measure. To be positive on this, call to mind the mortality among those living near places of interment. Go read the report of the commission appointed to investigate the state of the churches and graveyards of London (1842); or, to bring it nearer home, talk with those who attended Trinity Church, Boston, during the summer months of the years previous to 1840. One fact which came to light during those investigations upon intramural burial in London is full of information: it was proved by men of science that, for every fifty-two thousand bodies buried, two million five hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred and eighty cubic feet of gas, beyond what is absorbed in the ground, force their way through the clay into the open air above. This confirms the theory of several cremationists, — that a few feet of earth thrown over a body will not prevent the arising of impurities.

Again, the tendency of the human race is to congregate in large cities, which necessitates cemeteries near the city limits; the population of the world is constantly increasing, and the number of burials is being augmented in precisely the same ratio. Here, in one city of our country, are two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; the nature of the soil prevents interment, consequently immense vaults are built in the city itself, the dead are placed in them, and nature is left alone with the body. Thus in this great city we have a mass of corruption and putrefaction which is called *civilized* burial. Do these facts arouse no desire for something which shall give us an easier way of disposing of our dead, to say nothing of the sanitary view of the case?

During the prevalence of the late pestilence in the South, it is reported that many bodies lay unburied long after they should have been reduced to their original state, polluting the air, and furnishing additional fuel for the plague, on account of the want of space to bury them; while others were barely covered with earth, and left to decompose under a melting southern sun. Must this be repeated every time the yellow fever attacks the continent, when cremation would afford a solution of the difficulty?

Now we come to the question, "Is the act of burning a dead body a thing which recommends itself to a sensitive temperament?" Christianity abolished it when the reaction against heathenism was in its height; that reaction has now spent itself, so that the present objections to it lie in the sacredness with which the people regard burial, and in the fact that custom has so rooted their minds to it that they regard any change as desecration. A great argument of the conservatives is that the idea of fire is offensive. But let us look into this: we find that the ancient Persians worshiped fire as their god. Why? Because it was the emblem of perfect purity. Filth and uncleanliness vanished before it. It was clean and wholesome. Contrast, if you please, the common grave — a noisome cavity in the earth, a place reeking with all that offends and destroys — with the perfect grace and beauty of fire. It is no common element which resolves our friends back into dust, but one of the grandest and most fearful forces of nature. And this fact is a strong point in favor of cremation, in that it shows that, were the system once introduced, it could not fail to recommend itself to all as regards its sacredness. There has got to be no change in Christian belief, no revolution in the church, by the substitution of cremation. Still, it will take time for such a deviation from custom to make its way: it must begin with the upper classes, and work down.

Moreover, we shall find the system an advantage, by its enabling us to preserve the remains of departed friends. Urns may long be preserved in families, as heirlooms, filled with the ashes of distinguished ancestors. If all could fully understand exactly what they do when they commit a body to interment, the cause of cremation would be secured against all attacks. It is this very ignorance of the subject, on the part of the masses, which gives to us the form of burial which we now employ. A cemetery is to outward appearance beautiful; it is hallowed ground; the dead are apparently well cared for, and the living seem to have rendered to them all the respect which custom demands. And yet, were it possible for five or six feet of earth to be suddenly brushed away, what a sight could be revealed, what a revelation could be made!

In these times, moreover, the habit of body-snatching, instead of being confined, as formerly, to a few abandoned wretches, has worked its way into the front rank of popular crimes. No one can reach to so high a position in life, no one can so amass riches, or so raise a people to grandeur, but that some villain is base enough to traffic for his body and disturb his final sleep. Not Abraham Lincoln, not A. T. Stewart, escaped from their hands. In fine, the grave is no longer a safe place to leave one's dead. Do we wish to bury our friends feeling that the chances are even that to-morrow's sun may behold their graves desecrated and their tombs dishonored? Or that the traveling tradesman may erect his warehouses over their remains?

Lastly, there is in interment a danger, which, although not so evident as some others, is yet horrible and menacing, — the danger of premature burial. Words cannot describe the frightfulness of such a death. Tombs have been occasionally opened where the marks on the ground, the wrenched bones, the shattered coffin, indicated but too clearly the result of the struggle within. Against such things as these cremation stands a ready refuge: it may not be immaculate, but it is comparatively harmless. No body-snatcher will rob it of its charge. Fire will prove a much more watchful guardian than the coffin. Nor will the hand of trade menace it. Cremation is rest. As the bright glittering coals in your grate sink slowly into ashes, sending forth their soft gentle light over the room, so may we and ours return, dust to dust, ashes to ashes.

THE CHARACTER OF ÆNEAS.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Whenever we take up a story or a poem which has for its plot the origin of a great people; for its embellishments, single-handed combats and deeds of valor; and for its end, the inspiration of patriotism and love of one's ancestors, — when we approach such a work, we expect the central figure or hero to be a majestic one. And rightly so. For in him and around him the deepest interest centres. We are justified then in thinking that the author should make the *hero* conspicuous, over other characters, by his greatness.

Now, the Æneid is an epic poem. It abounds in stirring scenes and warlike deeds. It has all the necessary details of a patriotic work. But we must confess that we do not admire the hero, Æneas. He is insipid. He is passive. He is a lady's man. He is always "fato profugus" . . . "ille et terris jactatus et alto vi superum," &c. Whenever he gets into a tight place, his beautiful mother Venus helps him out of it. During the sacking of Troy, he contemplates the murder of a defenceless woman, and in escaping from the city he forgets and loses his wife. He makes up for it, however, by making love to Dido when he reaches Carthage; and he sets sail again for Sicily by the light of Dido's funeral pyre. When he reaches Italy, he fights with Turnus; and, after wounding him, kills him when he is no longer capable of resistance. It is with this last incident that the book closes, leaving us at the very last to admire or be disgusted with the moving figure of the piece.

It is possible that we are prejudiced in our estimation of the character of Æneas. And we will confess that he is not wholly bad. Still, who can respect a man who, when his "hair isn't standing on end and his voice sticking in his jaws," is everlastingly "stretching his two hands towards heaven and beseeching the gods"?

If Virgil had made an Æneas of Turnus, we should be satisfied. There is something inspiring about this man. He reminds us of the English Richard Lion-hearted. He rushes into battle with a courage truly heroic; and we are forced to admire him the more because we foresee the fate in store for him. He is, compared with Æneas, what living, moving flesh is to lifeless, inert machinery. When Pandarus and Bitias boastfully open one of the gates of the Trojan camp, and Turnus rushes in, we can see his tall crest waving disdainfully over all, and the terrified Trojans retreating before the prowess of a single man. But nowhere in the poem does Æneas stir a like feeling in us. Rather, on the other hand, we are called to excuse him for some womanish or unwarlike action.

We are inclined to think that Virgil did not intend to make Æneas a voluntary actor. It was his intent to make a character swayed by the will of the gods, and the passive instrument of fate. In other words, "pius Æneas." But, even if this is so, it does not make us regard him with any more favor, or do away with our disappointment that the hero of the Æneid had not been more in keeping with his brilliant setting.

MUSIC AS AN ART.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

In speaking of music as an art it may be well to first consider what art is, and to what great end its different members are striving to reach.

Art in general is that instrumentality whose influence on the senses of men reveals that great mystery, the Beautiful. The science of music becomes an art when its theoretical combinations and proportions are brought into practice, and applied in the composition of tunes and airs, thus creating a language which speaks through the senses to the soul of man, elevating him to higher and nobler aspirations. Every art has undoubtedly its moral, refining, and ennobling qualities; and while, as has been said, all of them point to one great end, yet the methods adopted for gaining this end are widely different.

Compare for a minute the two arts, music and poetry. How differently they present themselves to us; and yet their effects so dreamy, and at the same time penetrating in their rendering, are alike most beautiful and thrilling.

Let us look at painting, as compared with music, and again we can follow out the very different rendering to the same general results; for instance, in looking at some beautiful picture of landscape view, with its soft and varying shades of color, how kindred will be the emotions kindled within us, by this picture, to those awakened by the many beautiful passages of music at the hands of the old masters.

And then let us compare with these arts already spoken of the art of sculpture, or, more properly, plastic art; and, where the one artist chisels from the rough piece of marble the carefully studied features of his statue, is not the result alike beautiful and impressive as when perhaps the same image is carefully pictured in colors on the painter's canvas?

Consequently these arts, though different in form, according to the material employed, all contain the one idea of the beautiful.

Music, as compared with other arts, and as distinguished from various attempts of past history, is only about four hundred years old. Modern music — which is alone to be spoken of here — is the youngest of the arts, and holds a position among arts correspondingly unfavorable; for, whilst it has been brought to its perhaps highest perfection by the untiring efforts of many great masters, still the secret of its power is in a great measure unknown. Yet this power, although youngest and most hidden, is certainly mighty and widespread as to its moral and emotional development. At the time when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, how comforting was the music of David's heart to the soul of the troubled man? Again, what can more inspire the timid soldier in war, wearied and sore-foot by long marches, than the strains of martial music, giving him peculiar strength for active engagement, and filling him with patriotic fire. No other art enters into every-day life in the same proportion as, or throws out over the social world a greater influence than, music; and yet, on the other hand, there is no art so encumbered with prejudices as is music. A person scarcely able to distinguish one tone or note from another, will not hesitate to judge of and condemn fine music in a most imperative manner.

Again, music is a great and reliable guide in the study of human nature. No art is more closely connected with the inner man than music, forming as it does a language which, better than words, expresses the finer taste and feelings of the artist. How much the rendering of music depends upon the feelings and taste of the performer, and how different will be the effect of the same music at the hands of different artists! Proficiency in the art of music is only to be gained by the closest study, to understand clearly all its principles. It therefore forms a very necessary link, — a member by no means the least in the family of arts.

To whom, then, shall we look for the advancement of this art, if not to the student and musician of to-day? Ought not we, students of this institution, to give more attention — indeed, we will say *some* attention — to this so important an art?

THE CHAPEL CHOIR.

The organist sat down to play,
The choir rose up to sing;
There was a thundering interlude,
And then they did begin.

The Bass got started in ahead,
And took the lead quite kindly;
The other parts kept still awhile,
And then struck in quite blindly.

The Tenor did their level best
To catch up with the Basso,
But all in vain! they couldn't catch
Them if they had a lasso.

Ah! 'twas a noble sight, to see
The different parts competing!
To see who'd make the fastest time,
Now one, now t'other, beating.

The Air now bears down on the whole,
And gives the audience C Sharp,
Which makes said audience's hair rise up,
And makes their teeth to B Sharp.

The Tenor, not to be outdone,
Doth tussle with a C Flat,
And with such good success, that soon
The choir is seen to B Flat.

The music made is quite unique,
To say the least about it;
But when they sing Old Hundred through,
You sometimes have to doubt it.

But hark! the Bass hath stopped to rest,
The Air it likewise stoppeth,
The Tenor goes its even way,
Nor even once outdroppeth.

Then all together, just for once,
Their efforts they redouble,
And all at once they all collapse,
Like any bursted bubble.

Of all the choirs that ever were
Upon this earth entire,
There's none can sing two tunes at once
Like our own chapel choir.

A CRITIQUE.

Read in the Philomathean Society November 14th.

The meeting was called to order amidst a good deal of confusion, and an opening prayer offered which one of the members irreverently characterized as "the shortest time on record." It is a disgrace to the society of Philo if a proper respect for rules of order and decorum cannot be enforced. The critic made a very good criticism. His remarks on the subject of cutting were timely, and royally put.

The gentleman who next came forward, to deliver an extempore, began his remarks by saying, "The subject of my *extempoar*," &c. Great heavens! Who would ever think of calling a jambore a "jamboar"? And yet the gentleman, with that innate sense of the eternal fitness of things which characterizes every human being who knows himself to be in the right, and every one else in the wrong, calls the subject of his remarks "extempoar!" We advise the gentleman to look up the pronounciation and definition of "extempoar," in Webster, or else learn the declension of the Latin tempus: which is, tempus, temporis, tempori, tempus, tempus, tempore — not "tempoar"!

The speaker went on to tell about a deer hunt upon the Au Sable, in which he was always on the point of getting a shot at a noble old buck, when his uncle or some other relative knocked it over. The repetition of the phrase, "Nearer and nearer came the deer," grew a little monotonous, and we actually shivered for the exciting moment when a deer should burst from the brush and plunge into the crooked Au Sable. But then to disappoint us, by telling us that some one else killed the animal when we were expecting that he would draw a bead on it and pierce it to the heart, was too bad! But perhaps it was as well not to have had a shot as to have had one and missed.

Next in order was "The Mirror." The editor read it with a due sense of his own importance and the inferiority of other souls. Take it all in all, there was not one remarkable thought or line in the whole paper. Once in a while there was a feeble attempt at wit or a pun; but most of these attempts were failures, especially the poetry, which appeared to have been written on the gallop. "The Mirror" might have been left out of the exercises without detracting from the whole.

The event of the evening was the declamation. How can our feeble pen give to it its just merit of reward? The declaimer's voice was sonorous, his delivery forcible, his gestures life-like! It reminded us of the old take-off of modern elocution, where the elocutionist gravely teaches a row of youths the elements of true gesture. The piece is Mark Antony's address to the Romans. When the boys reach the place where he says, "Great Cæsar fell!" they declaim like this, suiting the action to the word: "Great Cæsar! Fell!" and down go the whole row of boys like so many ninepins. All that was needed to make the declamation more vivid was an actual horse and driver. As it was, the narrative carried away the speaker, and he closed amid thunders of applause.

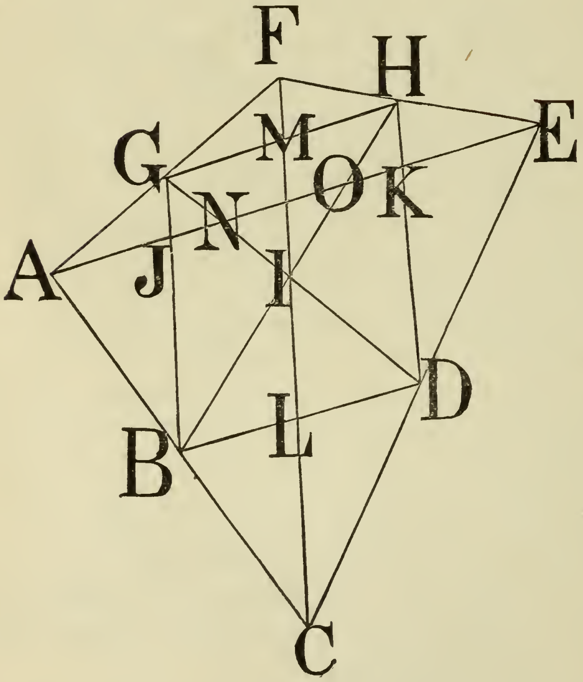
After the excitement incident to the declamation had subsided, the debate was opened, as usual, by the gentleman on the affirmative. He began by saying that it was a grave subject; which it undoubtedly was, being upon grave-yards. The gentleman made a very fair appeal, though we cannot see that he offered any true argument in favor of capital punishment for the crime. For the fact that death might be caused another person indirectly by robbing his dead, is no sort of an argument in favor of punishing the guilty person; at least, in the eyes of the law. The negative on the question made no arguments whatever; and, as no one spoke from the house, the debate was of short duration.

The order during the exercises was better than usual. The president had only one occasion to rebuke any one, and then he reminded certain honorable members on the back seat that they were eating peanuts, and made the whole row look guilty;

while, in point of fact, only one person was so fortunate as to have any.

The meeting adjourned without hearing the parts for the next meeting read. This was probably an omission.

> To be a critic one must needs be just.
> His lot it is to judge, and judge he must.
> But if he has a right-discerning mind,
> His judgments are at once both firm and kind.



A PAINTING BY ONE OF THE OLD *FEMISH* MASTERS.
REPRODUCED IN NO. 9.

PHILLIPIANA.

By the permission of the editors of "The Phillipian" we publish, under the title of Phillipiana, a summary, so to speak, of the most important items of news which have been printed in the issues of this term. We have two reasons for this. First, "The Phillipian," while it ought not to embarrass "The Mirror," of necessity makes use of all the local news which was once the property of "The Mirror." And secondly, as "The Mirror" is more a memorial of school affairs than a weekly or semi-weekly paper, we think that items which may be interesting hereafter will be better preserved and more easily reached in "The Mirror" than in "The Phillipian." For these reasons then, and not simply from a desire to "fill up," we print the following extracts: —

There are one hundred and ninety-three students in the Academy this term. This number is the largest during the mastership of Dr. Bancroft.

The exercises in elocution are suspended until next term. This will give the Seniors time to prepare their declamations, and we may expect fewer instances of the "prompter" on the platform and the orator in the audience.

"*Sine die*, — never say die," remarked one of our Senior English friends a day or two ago.

Eaton, '78, distinguished himself in the Freshman rush at Yale, by throwing the Sophs' "heavy man" three times in succession. His reputation is now made.

Prof. Barbour of Yale College preached in the chapel last Sabbath, the 26th of October. His sermons, both in the morning and afternoon, were short, but packed full of good thoughts to carry home and think of. In the evening he addressed quite a number of the students in Society Hall. The room was well filled and Prof. Barbour's remarks were enjoyed by all.

The Senior Classical class has taken up the study of the New Testament in Greek for Biblicals. The edict against fourlegged helps will probably not be enforced in this case. Nay, it would be a disgrace for a student not to have one. We recall in this connection the story of a young, a very young Theologue, who went into a book-store on Cornhill and inquired if they had any translations of the Greek Testament.

Dr. Dexter preached in the chapel on the 3d of November. If longevity and multiplicity of words are the principal elements a sermon, he should receive the unlimited admiration of the students.

Firman, P. A. '78, recently took one of the Lee elocution prizes at Harvard.

Who is going to delight Alma Mater by getting the geological specimens offered by the Harvard Natural Historical Society.

We were glad so many of the Exeter boys could witness the game on the 2d of November. Would that the powers that be might be moved to give us Andoverians a like privilege.

The faithful Republicans called a school meeting on election day to form a torchlight procession in honor of the expected Talbot victory. But Butlerism becoming predominant, and the Sons of Toil becoming noisy, the meeting was adjourned to Nov. 5, 1879.

Every Phillipian was jubilant over the well-earned victory of our eleven in the game with Exeter. They showed their appreciation of our men by coming out in strong force and taking both elevens to the depot in good style, and then escorting the victors to the residences of the teachers, where enthusiastic speeches were made.

The committee appointed to oversee the work connected with the skating rink has been at work, and the rink is practically in condition for use as soon as cold weather sets in. A good part of the money has been collected. Gentlemen, walk up to the office and settle.

A serenade was tendered the Bradford young ladies Wednesday evening, November 6th, by the Phillips Glee Club. The club left Andover at half-past seven o'clock in a barge from Mr. Bean's stable, drawn by four horses. After an hour's driving, interspersed with plenty of fun and laughter, they reached the academy, and offering such music as they had, they left for Andover, being well pleased with their reception. We understand flowers were thrown.

P. S. '88, is displaying handsome class pins from Tiffany's.

The attack made by the chapel choir on the Russian National Hymn last week was worthy of admiration. It brought back to the memories of several old boys pleasant thoughts of last year's choir. The mechanical wonder (chapel organ) did prodigies of valor, and a vote of thanks ought to be tendered the organist that he kept the beast under so well.

The Juniors are ordering class pins, notwithstanding the threats of the Middlers.

Those who attended the concert given by the Swedish Quartette enjoyed a treat as rare for Andover as it was excellent. We were struck especially by the pianissimo passages, a quality in this quartette's singing which is commented on often by hearers. The instrumental music we do not feel competent to judge, but the last piece on the program deserved the encore which it received, if a skilful mechanical execution is worthy of notice We believe our non-appreciation of the best music arises not from a lack of the perception of the beautiful, but rather from a lack of opportunity in hearing the best.

UNCONSCIOUS PARALLELS IN LITERATURE.

They are sometimes very singular. Witness the following. The world-renowned description of the burial of little Nell, by Dickens, reads thus: "Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the stillness of the place; when the bright moon poured in her light, on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave: in that calm time, when outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, — then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away and left the child with God."

Was there no secret inspiration from the *mechanism* of the above paragraph which prompted the pen of Blackmore, in the following extract from "Alice Lorraine"? "In the ripe time of evening, when the sun is at its kindest, and the earth most thankful, and the lines of every shadow now are well-accustomed; when the air has summer's hope of never feeling frost again; when every bush and stump and hillock quite knows how to stand and look; when the creases of yellow grass and green grass, by the roadside, leave themselves for explanation, till the rain shall settle it; when the thick hedge in the calm air cannot rustle unless it holds a rabbit or a hare at play; when all these things, in their quiet way, guide the shadowy lines of evening, and the long lanes of farewell, — what can soothe the spirit more than — the view of *a boy on a donkey!*"

THE CHAPEL ORGAN.

The organist sat down to play,
The choir rose up to sing;
There was a trifling interlude,
And then she did begin.

But hark! what doleful sounds are those
A comin' from that organ?
Is that the tune called Silver Street?
Or is it Johnny Morgan?

But no! But yes! It cannot be —
That instrument's a wonder!
For now it squeals like any pig,
Now roars like distant thunder.

And now she strikes a lively tune,
  And never minds the player;
He puts on all the brakes he has,
  But engines couldn't stay her.

She gallops here, she gallops there,
  She waltzes over yonder;
And whether she will ever stop
  Is everybody's wonder.

At last there comes a dreadful pause,
  The organist turns paler;
But she has bucked against him now,
  'Twill do no good to whale her.

And now a rumbling noise is heard,
  Which echoes through the chapel,—
The choir begin to realize
  With what they have to grapple.

She puts a note eight octaves high,
  The choir begin to waver;
If gunpowder was under her
  They wouldn't wink to save her.

At last, with shortened, wheezy breath,
  Her tone begins to weaken,
And finally she stops for breath,
  Like some corpulent deacon.

Among the fabled monsters gone,
  Including ghoul and gorgon,
Not one of them could hold a dip
  To our old chapel organ.

EDITORS' CRITICAL REVIEW.

The first among our exchanges over whom we hold the sword of criticism is "The St. Mark's Vindex." The paper shows zeal and pluck, but is most lamentably wanting in originality. The editors have inserted a card in one number to the effect that it bodes little good for the future prospects of "The Vindex" that the members of the school should spend so much of their surplus funds in candy, which indicates that the paper is not as well appreciated in the school as it should be. We would advise a cutting down of personal experiences, and the substitution of articles on school affairs, which would prove much more readable.

The next exchange which comes to hand is "The Normal Courier," from the State Normal School at Warrensburg, Mo. The paper has been in existence but six months, consists mostly of selections from various educational papers, and appears to be an extremely well-regulated sheet. The original articles — what there are of them — are very concise and instructive. The editors seem to be laboring under the same difficulty that we are here at Phillips, — of a great want of support by the students at large. It seems to us that if a body of students undertake to publish a paper they ought to carry it through, as a disjointed semi-supported publication is worse than none at all.

Number three we find "The Greylock Monthly," which has improved very much on last year: the editorials are spicy, and everything about the paper denotes thrift, with the exception of the last page of the September copy, of which one portion reads as follows: —

"Two little niggers had a fight."

Exeter and Andover do not seem to agree very well. Their nines played two games and each lost one. "The Philo-Mirror," of Andover, attributes her loss to the "gross ignorance of the umpire," while "The Exonian" replies that they lost the other game by the "gross unfairness of the umpire." Then they criticise each other's grounds, and talk about not being fed, and playing without any dinner.

It makes quite an interesting squabble. We would advise Exeter and Andover to hire a professional umpire and some grounds that both can agree upon. It might save them a few disputes.

In regard to the comments made on the games we heartily concur with the editors of the paper, but we do most seriously object to the heading. That two of the oldest academies in the country should be compared to two little niggers does not strike us as being a very elegant or a very polished way of putting it, to say the least. We hope that "The Monthly" will profit by our criticism and sin no more in the future.

Number four turns out to be "The Williams Athenæum." No very marked changes appear in the character of its work, but we are a little amused at the way in which the cider fever has attacked the whole college. The editors very calmly advise their fellow students to be sure and keep on hand a barrel of that liquid, and in another column lament the boisterousness of the so-called Butler element, which seems to them to be hostile to good order and the honor of the college. Perhaps if the first statement was considered, a way might be thought of which would do away with the necessity of the second.

Our next is, the last number of "The Phillipian," November 30th, 1878. We criticise this as being a specimen copy, and will attempt to do it fairly and without partisanship. As a whole the paper pleases us. We are compelled, however, to pause at the first page and begin our bloody work. We do not like the tone of the Harvard letter: it appears to us as if the writer was judging all the other colleges by his own, while it is a notable fact that the athletic men of the school have as a general thing chosen Yale as their college. The letter from the executive of the S. C. addressed to "The Phillipian" is at least spicily written and full of spirit, though we are doubtful whether the practice of admitting complaints to the paper will prove an advantage. The Theological correspondent is good, as he always is. The Williams letter is prettily expressed, and gives a very pleasing picture of a fine autumn day in western Massachusetts, but we do not think that it is in keeping with the character of "The Phillipian." The editors themselves say that "their paper, to be successful, must adhere strictly to matters with which the rank and file of its subscribers are familiar and in which they are concerned." Now all such material as the Williams letter, although very good in itself considered, does not have any particular interest for the rank and file of its subscribers. If the letter were to give some information in regard to Phillips boys in that college, it would be very satisfactory. "The Phillipiana" is witty and entertaining. To sum up, we think that the paper is well fulfilling the prosperous path which we have marked out for it, and hope that it will continue as well as it has begun.

We have not been honored by a copy of "The Abbott Courant" this year. Probably the youth and freshness of "The Phillipian" has entirely eclipsed the staid old "Mirror" in the ever-changing affection of the female race. We see that our brother has forborne to criticise his sister, "The Courant." Well, well, of course such things are perfectly natural. "The Mirror" is getting aged, conservative, and out of date; we must not expect to hold the place in the hearts of the pupils of Abbott which we formerly had, — that of being the rudest school paper published, — but we will do as all the aged must do, hand over the power which we have enjoyed to our juniors; so we recommend "The Phillipian to "The Courant" as being a very fine paper, a little frisky, but, absolutely, perfectly, unqestionably safe and harmless. We cannot criticise "The Courant," we have not the power to do so, as it is not one of our exchanges, and even if we had, we doubt if our experience would influence us in that direction.

CLASS SONG OF P. A. '79.

Tune, "Vive la Captain John."

Let every young Middler now take off his hat,
Vive la '79!
Let every smart Junior fall on his knees flat,
Vive la '79!
Vive la, vive la '79,
Vive la, vive la '79;
Good for a rush,
Or for a crush,
Vive la '79!

In Latin and Greek we are champions bold,
Vive la '79!
Geometry, too, is left out in the cold,
Vive la '79!
Vive la, vive la '79,
Vive la, vive la '79;
Ready to do,
Steady and true,
Vive la '79!

In choosing a motto for life's earnest work,
Vive la '79!
We've shut out the idler, and cribber, and shirk,
Vive la '79!
Vive la, vive la '79,
Vive la, vive la '79;
Daring and gay,
Work or play,
Vive la '79!

That heroes unnumbered will spring from our class,
Vive la '79!
Without doubt, hereafter it will come to pass,
Vive la '79!
Vive la, vive la '79,
Vive la, vive la '79;
Hopeful and strong,
May it live long,
Vive la '79!

We take the liberty to print below a copy of the Bill of Fare at the Shawshine Club, thinking it may be an object of curiosity to many of our readers. It may be well to remark that many of the articles in this particular bill were so revolutionary as to cause rebellion in the kitchen and indignation in the dining-room. So that, as an historical document, it deserves to be recognized and remembered. It is only necessary to add that we have copied the original manuscript. Nothing has been left out or added.

WILLIAM O'FARE.

Shawshine Club.

SUNDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Baked Beans. Pickles. Brown Bread. Pure Coffee.

DINNER.

Oysters and Pickles. Father-of-his-Country's Pie.

SUPPER.

Chocolate and Cake.

MONDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Beef-steak. Potatoes. Coffee understood every day.

DINNER.

Cold Corned Beef. Sweet Potatoes (baked and boiled). Apple Pie.

SUPPER.

Indian Griddle-cakes. Apple Sauce.

TUESDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Scrambled Eggs. Johnny Cake.

DINNER.

Boiled Leg-o'-Mutton. Mashed Potatoes. Caper Sauce.

SUPPER.

White Ding-bats. Prune Sauce.

WEDNESDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Beans. Brown Bread. Pickles.

DINNER.

Oysters. Apple Dumplings.

SUPPER.

Milk Toast. Apple Sauce.

THURSDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Fresh Fried Mackerel. Baked Potatoes.

DINNER.

Mutton Chops. Mashed Potatoes. Apple Pudding.

SUPPER.

Dry Buttered Toast.

FRIDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Hysteron Proteron. Johnny Cake.

DINNER.

Roast Pork. Boiled Murphies. Fried Apples.

SUPPER.

Hulled Corn. Tarts, with Jelly in the Midst.

SATURDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Reminiscences — Otherwise called Hash.

DINNER.

Chick-hens. Sweet Potatoes. Apple Pie.

SUPPER.

Maizena.

P.S. — Jones will have a special course, seven times a week, in Picked Fish.

No thoughtful person can read the above Bill of Fare without being forcibly struck with the ingenuity which must have been exercised by the executives in concocting it. For example, to put "roast pork" and "fried apples" together was a masterpiece. But " hulled corn" and " tarts, with jelly in the midst," was a stroke of generalship as unparalleled in thought as it was consummate in execution. It will stand as a monument of human intellect; and those excutives may well be proud of a production throughout, which, while it may be imitated, can never be surpassed while the world stands.

GYM SONG.

Tune, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

ACADEMIC halls we leave, for our lessons all are o'er;
  To Lethean streams our flunks we now consign.
Greek and Latin seem but myths, Trig. and Physics are a bore;
  Come then, fellows, let us join the Gymward line.

Chorus. — To the Gym we go so jolly,
    When we've nothing else to do.
  And we make the walls resound, while we run the race-course round,
  Roll the balls, and go the Dio Lewis through.

We Apollo's name invoke, offer up a goat to Pan,
  Then to creaking ropes and bars we fall amain.
Brawn for arm, and strength for brain, might for our external man,
  That which makes us stout and stalwart men we gain.
    Chorus.

Oft to us the thought occurs that the world is needing men, —
  Perfect men to carry on its work with vim.
Let us then with zeal apply youth's bright hours to book and pen,
  And for *sanum corpus* let us take the Gym.
    Chorus.

SONG(S) OF THE SHAWSHINE CLUB.

Tune, undecided.

"THERE'S forty-four blue bottles a hangin' on the wall,"
"My grandfather's clock for the shelf was too tall."
And "John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave,"
While the "stormy winds do blow, and rolls the ocean wave."
Chorus (with boot-heel accompaniment) —
Πάντες δὲ πολλῇ ἅ δωμεν χαρᾷ:
"Δοῖεν καῖ φαγεῖν καὶ πιεῖν πολλά."

"Three little kittens in a saw-dust basket lay;"
"A boy he had an auger which bored two holes," they say.
I sat me down to weep upon the "Swanee River,"
But the "music in the air" made me fairly shiver.
Chorus (with knife and tumbler accompaniment).

There's "one wide river" which must be crossed, you know,
Then "Lauriger Horatius" will holler, "Emma, whoa!"
"In my old cabin home," "Bingo" makes a row, —
So "good-night, ladies, we're going to leave you now."
Chorus (with chair accompaniment).

THE SHAWSHINE WARBLERS.

LEADER, J. R. PARROTT. ORGANIST, D. A. WHITE, JR.
STARTER, F. D. WARREN. PROMPTER, L. M. PORTER.

MEMBERS.

FIRST TENOR.		SECOND TENOR.	
HATHEWAY,	FAIRBANK,	BEACH,	BLODGETT,
ROE,	BAILEY.	NEWTON,	DARLING.
FIRST BASE.		**SECOND BASE.**	
WILSON,	ROBINSON,	WARD,	NOBLE,
COBURN,	CORNISH.	YAN CHE,	PRATT.

ORCHESTRA, LEVEEN. BUSINESS MANAGER, NICHOLS.
TREASURER, TREADWELL. POLITICAL FINANCIER, LOVE.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

"The Mirror has gone up,"—such was the universal opinion of the school when the "The Phillipian" took its place among the fixtures of Phillips; and it was with no little fear that we attempted to continue its publication. The entire framework of the paper has been necessarily changed, and the Editors' Review, in particular, has been deprived of its leading features. Our aim has been to reduce the number of heavy essays; to make the Review a *mirror*, in every sense, of the school life; to establish a critical department, in which our exchanges shall be briefly reviewed; to lengthen the space allotted to the Pot-Pourri; to assist the musical department, by the foundation of the Musical Association; to give a short, concise statement of the society work during the term; and to insert a summary of the events of the school, taken from "The Phillipian," by the courtesy of the editors, which will be of advantage to many who desire to obtain all the leading news in a compact, durable form. If the change is not satisfactory, we must humbly ask you to criticise us leniently, as we have been working under great disadvantages. Competition, however, is said to be one of the best incentives to sharp, keen work; and, this being so, it is possible that "The Mirror" of the future will derive great benefit from the establishment of a paper which will compete with it for the patronage of the school.

If anything would influence us to choose some other school, in preference to Phillips, it would be the fact that it opens before the summer is more than half through. The first two weeks in September are far from pleasant, and the weather this year was intolerable. It seems as if the ten-days work which might be lost, were the school to be opened so many days later, would be more than made up by the energy and geniality with which both teachers and pupils would face the work, when the extreme warm weather has passed. In spite of this drawback, however, the school was fuller than it has been for some time, and a few days convinced us that we should survive the loss of '78.

It was observed with a sigh, when we came back, that the Campus had not yet felt the influence of the recent accession to the funds of the academy. For the same ravines and valleys were visible, nestling down among the mountains, on the tops of which we conduct our games. Why is not the field remedied? Properly graded it would make one of the best in the possession of any school or academy in the country. It seems as if the alumni ought to take this important matter in charge. The cost would not be beyond their means, and it would be a great and lasting benefit to the school. If the alumni will not do anything, let the class of '79 take these words to themselves, and bestir themselves to take some measures which may bring this about.

Shortly after the commencement of the term, two new ideas which had been floating around in the minds of a *few* were adopted by the majority of the school, — the Athletic Association and "The Phillipian." To begin with the first, it is perhaps hardly fair to say that it has proved a failure, — for we have not yet given it a fair trial,— but it is certainly safe to say that it has not accomplished the object for which it was founded. We cannot see that there is any more interest in athletic sports than there used to be. The Association, in the outset, abolished one entire department, until the spring, — that of Base-ball, — which shut out many who would otherwise have given it a hearty support. The directors handed over the powers which they held in Foot-ball into the hands of the original committee, so that no change was made there: the prizes offered for the best playing on the two elevens, the prize for running and for jumping, are the only advantages which the *school* has derived from it, while many disadvantageous circumstances are connected with it. On the whole, we are a little disappointed with it, although we consider it the duty of the school to give it a year's trial; and then, if at the end of the year the results are unsatisfactory, to abolish it, and return to the old system, which, although defective, has at least some merits. It is with pleasure that we consider the second subject, "The Phillipian," which, under the able management of Mr. Beach, has achieved a great and merited success. We have criticised elsewhere its connection with "The Mirror" and its literary abilities: we merely speak now of its organization and prospects. The editors are ten in number, chosen once a year from the two upper classes, — Senior Classical four, Senior English three, Middle Classical two, Middle English one. The number of subscribers is constantly increasing, and old boys are very anxious to hear through its columns of the inside life of Phillips. The paper is published once a fortnight, and sells for seven cents per copy. We wish it a happy and successful future, trusting that the competition, however extensive it may become, may never prove a harbinger of ill-feeling.

We would here take occasion to remark the absence of the genial face of Mr. Skeele, who has left in order to study for the ministry, at New York. These who knew him were very much attached to him; he was good-hearted, and a good teacher, — two things which do not always run together. He has left behind him a host of friends, who will heartily sympathize with him in his new labors. It is perhaps going a little out of our course to criticise the present Faculty, but we cannot refrain from mentioning the exceedingly good impression which his successor has made on the school.

Last year there were several glee clubs in the school, all ambitious to be called the Glee Club of Phillips Academy. Some of them were very good, some abominable. Two of them were particularly rivals, and much amateur talent was lost owing to this fact. This year the whole musical element has been condensed, and as a result we have a very respectable club. No one expects that boys' voices are going to be the equals of men's: the majority of them are not yet formed. But the club have made a very good impression wherever they have gone, and before the end of the year they ought to be able to exhibit some very good singing. Some little comment has arisen over the fact that the songs sung by them have been converted into public property by the untutored masses. It seems to us, in our humble judgment, that all such criticism is out of place. Song is public property, and if an air which the Glee Club happen to sing is caught up by a passer-by, *we* do not see why he should be interrupted in the humble effort which he may make to sing out as happily as his fancy may dictate. It is a false policy which attempts to restrict any particular tune. If the tune is a good one, all should have a right to enjoy it; if it is a poor one, the sooner the public murder it so much the better.

The greatest of hope was placed in the Foot-ball Team this year, and as results have shown, not entirely in vain. On the whole, we have good reason to feel an earnest pride in the eleven; they have fought hard and conquered as often as they have been beaten. The Exeter game was finely played; the men did honor to themselves and the school. The game at Quincy was the first of the season, and we were beaten; but to be beaten by such adversaries is not a disgrace. The Brown Freshmen tried their fortune, and were badly beaten. The Harvard Freshmen were held at bay splendidly during the first three-quarters, but during the last three-quarters their preponderance of weight won them the game. Our men have not practiced enough this fall. The reasons for our defeats lie mainly in the want of celerity and quickness in the men themselves. As some one has said, we go down to Quincy in the first part of the autumn in order to learn how to play. Now, Quincy has sixty and odd members; we, one hundred and ninety and odd. The fault, then, is not in the men, as far as their physical condition is concerned, but in the amount of practice which they get. The prospects are that next year a very fine eleven will be chosen from the school; and, if there is, they ought to be out on the Campus *en masse* at least twice a week.

It has been said that the editors of "The Phillipian" will donate the money which is left over from their expenses to the purpose of building the seats on the Campus which have been so long talked of. We feel it our solemn duty to talk about these seats as long as we retain our connection with this paper. The cost of them would be small, and the good derived from them incalculable. At present the seats are not only too few, but they are poorly arranged, and their presence is a rebuke to the school. It is just *barely* possible that, were the proposed extension carried out, the powers that be at our sister institution would consent to allow their fair charges to witness the more noted of our match games. In any case, some arrangement ought to be made whereby spectators may have a decent chance to observe and enjoy them, — that is, if the school desire to have their athletic sports supported and favored by the public at large.

The order in the school this year has been, so far, unusually good, being very much better than last year or even the year before. This is no small honor, as the number of boys is much larger than heretofore, and proves that we have been gainers in quality as well as quantity.

Of that bill of fare at the Shawshine Club much has been said, and much more will be said in the future. There is dissatisfaction — why, we know not; but concerning the fact there is no doubt. We print the bill of fare elsewhere, and leave the outsider to judge for himself.

One fact should be commented upon, which is both alarming and suggestive: within the past six weeks we have had but two school meetings. Gentlemen, we ask you, Is this state of things going to continue? Are we degenerating as fast as all this? Where is the pristine vigor of former days? Where are the school meetings which formerly consumed a good half hour from recitation, and caused certain class officers to gnaw their hearts inwardly? Only one school meeting for every three weeks! This is shameful! It is outrageous! It is — but we forbear.

Those Juniors! Alas, that so much youthful spirit should be pent up by tyranny! Alas, that those young patriots should languish under the commanding fist of the all-powerful professor! But lamenting is in vain: for two terms more they must bear the heavy yoke, and put a smiling face upon their miseries. Cheer up, little little ones: you will get out from the nursery by and by, and can tease some other baby.

66⅔, — such was the atrocious limit which the Senior Class were compelled to outstrip in their Greek examinations. Moreover, Homer examinations at that. This theme is a painful one always; and the only consolation the class derives is the thought of the sleepless nights spent by the professor in correcting one hundred and sixty-two papers, — small consolation compared with the midnight oil burned by the unlucky Senior in trying to make an average of 66⅔ on papers which are marked below fifty. Still, it must be borne in mind that the Class of '79 is going to be unusually well educated: in place of three, they will read six books of Homer, striking into the same at the mild rate of *only* one hundred lines per day. It is reported that the Sanscrit will be added in a few weeks, when the Homer gets easier, so that three hours and a half will get a lesson out, by which the cause of education will be more certainly advanced. It is but fair to say, judging by the small hours of the night at which the senioric lamp is put out, that the class *appreciate most highly the opportunity which they have of becoming more thoroughly educated than the classes which have gone before them.*

A few words in regard to debating in Philo. It is most certainly true that the debate is the foremost of its many excellences, and fluency and ease in it are invaluable. Now, no one can debate unless he have some idea of what he is going to talk about; and yet how many look their subjects up before they come into the room? A few days since one of the ablest debaters in Philo told us that he did not believe that one-quarter of the men who took part ever looked their subjects up at all; and we are sorry to confess that we do not believe that he was far from being right. It is not for want of talent, it is not for want of brains, but for want of spirit, for want of pluck, for want of manliness. You who intend to be lawyers, what do you need more than early training in extemporaneous speaking? Or you who intend to be ministers, doctors, or even business men, do you think that this power to express your thoughts by words, before your fellow-men, is of no advantage? It ought to be lasting disgrace to a man if he cuts a debate. In our humble opinion, the fine should be two dollars, rather than twenty-five cents.

It is seldom that an election outside of Philo excites much interest. But the late Butler-Talbot campaign was an exception. The solid support of the school seemed to be given to Ben before election-day, — at least, the war-cry, "Butler" (B-o-u-t-e-r), was the favorite one. But we suspect that this was only on account of its euphonism, to use a short word, as our Latin professor says. But after Tuesday every man went dead for Talbot. Poor Benjamin! it is a pity that he could not see into the future, and read his own fate. But some one has said that he has a cast in his eye. Is that so?

The proposed Dramatic Association will consist of the following talented actors: Corwith, high tragedian; Gordon, classic music ("My Love, why hast Thou Left thy Sammy all Forlorn?"); Jack Reilly and King Crocker, ballet; Thnapps, ticket-man; Ross, broken-hearted lover; Rogers, performer on the bones; Spring and Yang, the ladies' parts. General Manager, Peter Barry. Advertising Agent, Mox.

The Tournament came off on Thursday, December 5th. The prizes were bestowed as follows: The prize for running, to Mr. Selfridge, of the Junior Class; for jumping, to Mr. Greene, of the Middle Class; for best playing on the first eleven, to Mr. Corwith, '79; for best playing on the second eleven, to Mr. Barker, '79. On the whole, the Tournament was a success: the day was a little cold, but the excitement of the sports took away its keenest edge. It is rather to be deplored that no more entries were made for the running and jumping, as the prospect for another tournament depended very largely on the interest manifested in this one.

The Middlers are still racking their brains to discover how it is possible for a man in possession of life to have his head filled with mince-pie and baked-beans. Some say that the professor meant it as an attempt at wit, while others adhere to the theory that he has found out some method by which this process can be effected. If any such invention has been made, it should be given out to the world, that all may have an opportunity to test its correctness.

In closing, we would like to advocate one measure which has recommended itself quite highly to the present board of editors, although, for reasons best known to ourselves, we have not seen fit to bring it formally before the society. And that is, to have Philo offer two prizes for original poems: the first one, of perhaps three dollars, for the best original poem on any subject not humorous; the second, of two dollars or more, for the best humorous poem. By the kindness of Mr. Means, we have ample provision made for prose essays and orations. But the inducements offered for anything in the way of verse are mostly confined to the varying approbation of "The Mirror." Now, no one denies that poetry is a great art; that it is a greater art than prose in many respects. Why, then, are no steps taken by the literary society of the school to forward and aid whatever talent of this kind it has in its midst? A poem cannot be despised merely because it is written by a boy. Good poetry is genius. And we have had in times past, and have no small amount now, of poetical talent in Philo. Let the next board of editors take this to themselves, and see what can be done about it.

SCRAPS.

"Why is that chair like all Gaul?" said he, as he invited a fellow student to sit down in it. "Give it up. Why?" "Because it's 'divided into three parts,'" was the soft answer, as his friend fell through on to the floor.

What could be more keen than this play on words? "A clergyman married a couple whose names were respectively Annie and Benjamin, and when questioned afterwards about their appearance he said, 'They looked both *animated* and *benefited.*'"

The following conversation would without doubt have been appreciated by our Greek professor: "What! did he attack you with a knife?" — "Yes: he did." — "He was going to cut you down?" — "No: he was going to cut me up."

Orpheus used to attract creatures by his wonderful power of music. The Shawshine Warblers must have attracted the numerous carniverous animals of the genus *Mephitis* which have slunk about the Club House this term. Else why should they go there? Certainly not from any hope of getting anything to eat.

Why are the Secretary of the Shawshine Club and Agamemnon and a Democrat alike? Because they are unable to see at once both the future and the past.

We understand that the services of the Glee Club have been secured for the next centennial. The Club in their efforts will be assisted by the favorite tenor, Mr. Tank; who, in his turn, will be assisted by the celebrated hand-organ and castinet player, Monsieur Corwith, Jr. The following is to be the programme: —

Part I.

Eight Little Hottentots.	Glee Club.
Oh, Keep Me Innocent; Make Others Great.	By Thing.

At this point Prof. Tank will render (by special request) the pathetic ballad, "My Johanna," accompanying himself upon a jews-harp.

Part II.

The World Grew Pale at his Name.	By Stroke Oar.
What am I? An Infant crying in the night.	By Baby.
The White Owl in the Belfry Sits.	By Reckless.

The whole will be concluded by the spirited Glee,

Bottle them up, and may the Stopper never be Drawn.	Glee Club.

Fresh and attractive Scenery will be exhibited at this Concert.

Tickets, only Ten Dollars. Reserved Seats, Fifteen Dollars. Alumni who can give satisfactory proof that they were present at the last centennial will be admitted free.

After the entertainment, Oysters will be served on the half-shell. But no Taffies will be thrown in!

A YOUTHFUL CATECHISM ON THE ÆNEID.

What is the Æneid about? It tells of a chap by the name of Æneas, who tried to jump a claim in Italy, but, owing to a little fuss about the title-deeds, he was some time in doing it.

Who was Dido? Dido was a young lady who lived in Carthage. One morning Æneas went off on a little excursion, and forgot to say good-bye to Dido. And she felt so bad over it that she killed herself.

Who was Venus? Venus was the mother of Æneas. She petted him so much that he was a spoiled child. She set him a bad example, too, by quarreling with another lady whose name was Juno. Perhaps one reason why they never agreed was because they were such near neighbors.

Who was Turnus? Turnus was the man who owned the claim in Italy. He naturally resented it when Æneas tried to jump the claim. He said he wouldn't budge an inch. So Æneas had to kill him to get him out of the way.

Who was fidus Achates? Not much is known of this gentleman; but there is a strong belief among scholars that he used to black Æneas' shoes.

Who was Jupiter? Jupiter was the husband of Juno. He used to talk right up to Juno sometimes, but he could be real pleasant on occasions.

What is your opinion respecting the downfall of Troy? We think it must have fallen by its own *weight.*

What became of the two ships which were lost during the voyage to Italy? They went to the bottom.

What is the moral to be taught by the Æneid? Never to be *taken in* by a wooden horse.

PERSONALS.

Thrilly Thnaps is preparing a lecture on, "How I Manage My Finances."

Corwith, of '79 P.A., is reported to have canvassed Ballardvale for Butler during the late political campaign.

The Doctor has changed his room.

Brown, of '78 P.S., is studying for the medicine.

Dyer, of '78 P.S., is at Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Deacon has gone into business in Chicago.

Powers has gone to an academy in New Jersey.

Spring, of '78 P.S., is taking a special course. "One recitation, — boxing and prayers."

Craig, of '79 P.A., has gone to Europe in company with Morse, of '78.

Williams, of '79 P.A., has gone back to Exeter.

Swazy, of '77, is in the University Crew at Bowdoin.

Freer has been compelled to leave school on account of sickness.

Webster, of '77 P.A., was in town a few days.

May, of '78 P.A., has returned from Europe, and will study law at Tionesta, Pa.

Seymour, of '79 P.A., is Captain of the Freshman Eleven at Williams.

Ed. Bailey is on the Class Eleven at Yale.

Eaton, of '78 P.A., is on the Yale University foot-ball team, President of the B. B. A. '82, and one of the Freshman crew. Not a bad record for a Phillips boy.

Walker, of '77 P.S., has been trying the sea air for his *health.*

Firman maintains his reputation as a reader, at Harvard, having taken a prize of twenty-five dollars.

" Foster, of '78 P.A., *is studying very hard* at Yale."

His Royal Highness, Sir Roland, will not return to Andover, but will study medicine at Harvard.

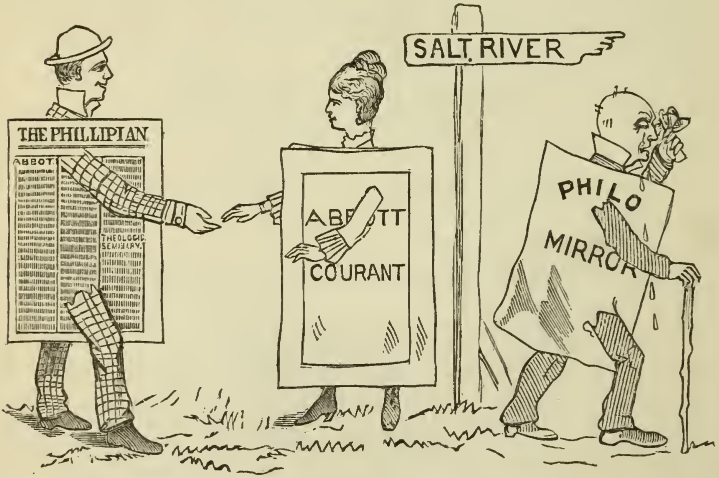
Gilman, of '78 P.A., has been in town once or twice.

Ross is disturbed concerning the possible doubt of his re-election to the Knickerbocker Club as Water-Carrier.

Gardner, of '78 P.A., has left Dartmouth and gone to Yale, where he is one of the Freshman foot-ball team.

Bradford, of '77 P.A., played in the Harvard-Princeton foot-ball match; he spent a few hours in Andover.

Jack Reckless will make his first appearance before the musical public, by singing the piece "Sweet Evelena" at the Senior Class Concert.



"'TWAS EVER THUS."

Emanating as we do from "a sister institution," we extend to " The Phillipian " the right-hand of fellowship. We welcome with pleasure this indication of enterprise, and rejoice in the new means of friendly intercourse. — *Abbott Courant.*

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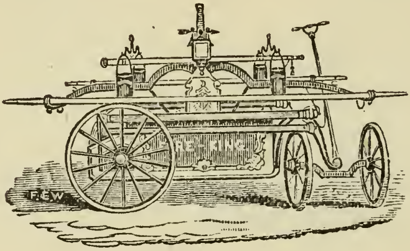

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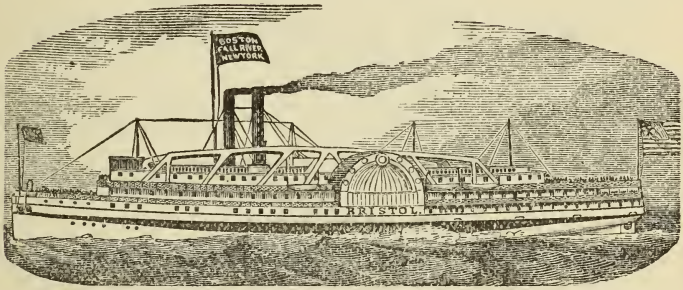

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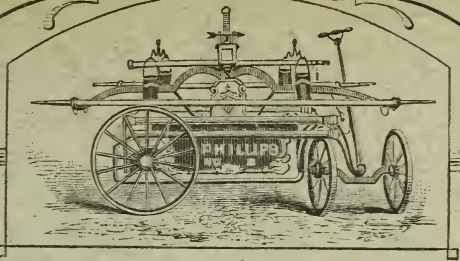

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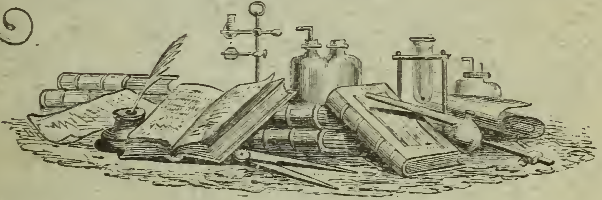

WINTER TERM, 1879.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

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MARCH, 1879.

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VOL. XXV. MARCH, 1879. No. 2.

CROAKING.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

THERE have been croakers in the world from very ancient times, and croakers of various types,—neighborhood croakers, political croakers, and croakers in general.

In perusing this subject we will endeavor to define croaking, its causes and effects.

We are to define croaking. And this is the more important, since the term will be used figuratively by us, or in a sense somewhat aside from its ordinary dictionary import. We do not refer, of course, to the croaking of frogs, but to the murmurings and complainings of men. Nor do we consider it just to include under this odd term either the reasonable objection, or a course of manly and consistent opposition. Such a course, if pursued with good intentions, is rather to be commended than despised. But everywhere, and in almost every enterprise of life, there is a class of persons who do little but complain. They not only do not work themselves, but they are always dissatisfied with those who do work. Their habit is to stand aloof and find fault: "This thing ought not to have been at all, or, if done, it should have been performed in a different manner." This custom, then, is what we call "croaking."

Since all croakers are not actuated by the same motives, and do not fall into this habit with the same intentions, we will attempt to point out some of the causes which tend to it.

First. Some are naturally croakers. Nothing seems capable of pleasing them. They seem to have been born rather for the trial of others, than with a view to the accomplishment of anything of importance by their own endeavors. They croak in prosperity or adversity, in the city or in the country; whether they are treated well or ill, the murmuring continues.

There is a class of nervous, restless croakers. Their complainings are not the result of a naturally bad disposition or of wrong intentions, but of the trials and hardships of life. They have had so many shocks and frights, aches and pains, that their nerves have become shattered, their temper embittered, and a cloud of darkness seems to overhang all their prospects in life. For these every contingency seems to result adversely, every hope seems to be vain, and they pass their life in constant dread. Under these circumstances, who can wonder that they find fault? Who would not, when all things seem to be uniting to aggravate their misery?

Indolence and pride by no means unfrequently cause croakers. Persons of this class are too idle to attempt anything whereby to elevate their position, and too proud to sink down to that measure of insignificance to which their indolence properly consigns them. To these there is left no course to inform the world of their existence except by raising their voices in loud complaint on every possible occasion. Nothing suits them. "Strange," they say, "that people should do perpetually the very things they ought not, and do them in the worst manner."

Disappointment sometimes results in this evil practice. By continued disappointment, a temper, though naturally good, begins to brood on its seeming hardships; and, at length, is soured until its possessor becomes dissatisfied with the world, and from an active and useful citizen is changed into an habitual croaker,— rendering his own private life miserable, and throwing a gloom over all with whom he comes in contact.

I will mention but one more cause of croaking, namely, envy. Men cannot bear to see others richer, happier, more learned or honored, than themselves ; and the sight of such persons invariably excites their envy. How often do we impeach their motives, and misinterpret their best-intended actions. And simply because they are superior to us.

We now come to speak of the ordinary effects of croaking.

The chief and most pernicious effect of this practice is to render the croaker himself unhappy. The habit becomes so firmly fixed on him that he is almost compelled to murmur, and oftentimes flatters himself that the exercise will give him some relief. But it is needless to say that this is a delusion. The more a person complains, the more he may ; and the longer he persists in it, the more unhappy he becomes. His temper is the more embittered, his dissatisfaction increases, his complaints become wider ; and just in proportion as his habit becomes the more firmly fixed on him, so does his unhappiness increase.

Unpopularity is another evil which inevitably grows out of croaking. Every one suspects the spirit of a man of this reputation. His opinions are unheeded, his judgment smiled at ; and, half pityingly, men say or think, " The poor old croaker," as they pass him by. Men of enthusiasm and public spirit shun him, as they would a dash of cold water ; and all progress in the world, if left to him, would languish.

Let us all examine ourselves and see if our own situation has been delineated.

Let us rather labor
For the cause which needs assistance,
For the wrong which needs resistance,
And the good which we can do.

MILTON.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Milton is best known by his poetry. By universal consent he has been ranked among the greatest poets the world has ever produced. The only poems that are worthy to be compared with his "Paradise Lost" are those of Homer, Virgil, and Dante; and in many respects he surpasses all his rivals. Though Milton's fame rests chiefly upon his poetic genius, it is not of this, but of his character as a statesman and patriot, that we wish to speak.

Milton possessed an ardent love of liberty. Accordingly, when the civil war resulting in the execution of Charles I. broke out in England — a war which was, in fact, a contest between liberty and despotism — we find Milton espousing the cause of the Roundheads. Though suppporting the party opposing the king, he could not be said to belong to any of the sects of which it was composed. He was neither a Puritân nor a freethinker. While free from the fanaticisms and contempt of learning which characterized the Puritans, he heartily united with them in the common cause of freedom; and, while disproving some of their acts, he thoroughly sympathized with them in the principles for which they were contending. In this great struggle for liberty Milton always appeared in the van. He braved the storm of opposition which always meets one who leads in reform.

Milton's scholarly attainments, and his thorough knowledge of the Latin language, in which the foreign correspondence of the government was then conducted, eminently fitted him for the office of Latin Secretary. To this office he was called after the death of Charles I. In this capacity Milton continued during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and by his successful management of the affairs of State greatly increased the glory of Cromwell's administration. At this period he defended the government with his powerful pen in many controversies.

The glory of Milton's career closes with the Restoration of Charles II. He was discharged from his office, and in order to escape the probable vengeance of the king was obliged to secrete himself for some time. Although afterwards pardoned, he never again entered into public life. He now beheld with sorrow the changed state of affairs. He saw the government with which he had been so long connected in the hands of his political enemies, and the principles for which he had so long struggled the object of the sneers and ridicule of an unfriendly court. The remaining years of his life were spent in poverty and disgrace, and sightless and friendless died the great poet, justly called the "martyr of English liberty."

Such is a brief outline of Milton's life as a statesman. As such he displayed a lofty patriotism and a purity of motive which even his most bitter enemies have never impugned. His whole life was but an exemplification of his desire, "As for me, my wish is to live and die an honest man. Milton's poetic genius and remarkable powers of mind will ever command the admiration of mankind; but high above his intellectual endowments should be placed his determined opposition to oppression, his fearless defence of the right, and his heroic devotion to the cause of freedom.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

Before speaking of the acquisition and worth of character, it will be well to ask what character is, as connected with man.

Character is something more than what is meant by the common use of the word. We often hear people speak of the character of a person when they refer only to that person's actions. This is not a correct idea of character. It is true that, in the long run, a person's actions are sure to tell what his character is; but a person cannot judge another, correctly, by watching his conduct during a short period of time. We see this illustrated every day. For instance, a man may imitate the manners of those who are pure and virtuous for the sake of obtaining a position of honor, or as a means by which he can gratify some other selfish desire; and, for a time, he may be able to deceive his fellow-men; but he will, sooner or later, by some act, disclose his true nature, for it is impossible for the wolf to live long in the sheep's clothing. We see many cases of this kind in business life, in political circles, and even in the church.

So we see that character is something more than superficial. It is something deeper than the outward appearance; it lies hidden within us; it is the true man, the innermost nature, the overruling principles that govern a man, that which gives him personality, and makes him distinct from his fellow-beings.

As Dr. Hawes says: "Character is the measure of the man — is, indeed, the man. It is not birth, nor wealth, nor all the distinctions of rank and fortune, that make the man. He is what his character is, what his soul, his mind is, in the exercise of its social, intellectual, and moral powers; and in proportion as any one becomes intelligent, disinterested, virtuous, good, he rises as a man . . . . Character is everything to him; for it is *himself*, himself feeling, thinking, choosing, acting." Character is a growth, therefore it can be cultivated. But what are the means of cultivating a good character, for good character is what we will consider here. It is necessary, first, that the young man should realize that, as quoted above, character is not the necessary appendage of birth, wealth, rank, or fortune; but it is the reward for personal efforts and perseverance. There is no royal road to a perfect character any more than to learning; and as those who make high attainments in literature or science do so after years of hard work, encountering many discouragements and failures, so he who would possess a perfect character must meet with many hinderances and barriers which he must break down. For this purpose, he must have independence and an unwavering regard for integrity, and he must keep a watchful eye on his pathway so as to avoid all the snares which are set to entrap him, which having once entangled him might, in a short time, rob him forever of the treasure which cost him years of hard work to secure. For "a fair reputation, it should be remembered, is a plant, delicate in its nature and by no means rapid in its growth. It will not shoot up in a night like the gourd that shaded the prophet's head, but like that same gourd it may perish in a night."

Among the very first things for a young man to do, who is starting out in this pursuit after character, is to set his standard of excellence high.

This cause, perhaps, more than any other, explains why some men are so much more successful than others. Some men start out in life with the determination of attaining excellence in whatever they choose as their life-work; consequently they rise to eminence, while others who start out with no plan of action gradually sink into obscurity.

Just so it is with character. If a man has high ideas of excellence he will attain a greater degree in it than he will if he aims at a lower standard.

In speaking of character, too much cannot be said of the importance of laying the foundation of a good character in the early part of life. Youth is the preparatory school for life. During youth a man forms his habits and chooses what course he will follow in after years. Hence it is of paramount importance that he chooses for the companions of his youth young men of decided virtue and excellence, who will help him to establish right principles and pure morals, and thereby make the beginning of a noble and unsullied character.

Let us now consider some of the respects in which a good character is of great value.

The value of a tried and established character to a young man who wishes to lead a purely successful life cannot be overestimated.

Whatever course a young man may choose in life, if he is a man of character and worth, he will always find friends; for in whatever circle of society he may move he is ever adding to the happiness of others from the treasure within him, and there are men everywhere that stand ready to help those whom they know to be worthy. Character everywhere commands respect, and it is ever a shield against suspicion; he may be accused by the vicious, but his unspotted character will be proof against all their fiery darts.

But the greatest worth of character is the peace and happiness arising from it. The satisfaction and comfort arising from a good character "sustain and delight alike, at home and abroad, by day and by night, in solitude and society, in sickness and in health, in life and in death, in time and eternity."

RIVUS MONTIS.

See the laughing, dancing rill,
Lapsa alto monte!
How its pearly eddies trill,
Clara subterfonte!

Through the sloping mossy dale
Flexo semper versu,
Where the flowerets blossom pale,
Pergit ejus cursu.

Nothing checks its ocean flight,
Saxa nec arbores;
Ne'er surceasing day or night,
Silvam per et flores.

Now it meets a kindred stream,
Una et confluit;
How the silver wavelets gleam,
Ubicunque ruit.

Widening, deepening as it goes,
  Namque amnis crescit;
Silently it onward flows,
  Namque et recessit.

Here the shallops vex its wave,
  Naves instar montis;
Manned by gallant hearts and brave,
  Quique vivunt Pontis.

Now enlarging to a bay,
  Similis et mari,
White the billows foam and play,
  Nunc formase clari.

Then it pours its arm of wave
  Maximo in Ponto;
Where the mermaids deck their cave,
  Corralli cum quanto.

A lesson now to human pride,
  Ab to nos discemur,
'T is always best to turn aside,
  Hostes quam videmur.

Perseverance wins the race,
  Est nam magnus virtus;
Humility is pride of place,
  Ultimo repertus.

THE POWER OF LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS.

First Means Prize Oration.

BY HEINRICH CONRAD BIERWIRTH.

In this practical age, and admidst the busy scenes of American life, it is safe to say that local associations cannot exert so strong an influence as they do upon other nations whose quiet life fits them better for listening to the voices of the past.

It were well if we had witnessed nothing worse than indifference toward such associations; but, alas! active opposition has been threatened, and measures have been proposed for the destruction of memorials around which there cluster recollections fond and dear to a freedom-loving people. The mere thought of seeing Boston's Old South pulled down by the hands of those whose ancestors reared it, and the fact that a Denis Kearney could preach his lying gospel of reform in Faneuil Hall, might lead us to fear that the day was at hand of which it once was said: "Then shall the sons of the feeble pass along; they shall not know where the mighty lie."

But thanks to the irresistible tide of culture and Christianity, there are those who still draw inspiration from the past, and in whose opinion holy shrines, however much abused, can never be profaned. The world once saw the head of the king of kings bleeding beneath a crown of thorns; yet, was that head rendered the less divine? And shall the scandalous and vulgar brawl of a pseudo-reformer make the cradle of liberty less dear to us?

> "That ground is hallowed where the good man treads;
> When centuries have rolled, his sons shall hear
> The deathless echo of his words and deeds."

With such sentiment let us enter Faneuil Hall, and we shall feel that we have crossed the threshold of a temple. No longer do we mind the busy mart below; for as our eyes are delighted by gazing upon the pictures of so many gallant heroes, so does our imagination carry us back into the times which their names have made illustrious. Here they assembled; here many a bold word was spoken against tyranny, and many a Philippic pronounced against slavery. And to stand within the very walls which scarce have ceased to reverberate with the successive blows that weakened, loosened, and finally burst asunder the fetters of millions,— to stand here, and not be moved? Heaven forbid that ever man should become so feelingless, or youth so unaspiring! Oh! let us never, never debar such sacred influences from reaching our heart of hearts! And should the blood in our veins course faster, should our voice begin to tremble, or even a tear of emotion steal down the cheek, – no shame! no shame! Well are the dead worthy of such tribute.

As in Faneuil Hall, so under the Washington Elm, at the graves of Lincoln and of Sumner, in the college-room of Milton, the birth-place of Schiller, and in that ink-stained study of the Wartburg Castle, where bold Martin Luther wrought and fought; so in a thousand other places, whether known to many or to few,— everywhere is breathing upon us a spirit that calls us to imitate what was excellent in our worshiped ideals.

Great, educating, elevating is the power of local associations, warning and encouraging alike. History can tell us of battles won by soldiers whose fainting courage would have yielded to the onslaught of the enemy had it not been for their general's timely beck toward neighboring hills or groves which once looked down upon their fathers' victory. The biographies of warriors as well as of poets show how much of their success on the rough and thorny paths of life was due to the impulse which they received from visiting memorable places.

Nor is it necessary that we should look abroad to find such spots. Thoughtlessly we daily enter these classic halls; thoughtlessly we climb those very stairs on which, not many years ago, the angel of death overtook the lamented Taylor, a hero in the word's truest sense, and an instructor whose model was no less than the teacher of Galilee. Ah! that all of us might —

> "Aspiring view those holy men,
> Who lived and walked with God ;
> Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
> And in example live ;
> Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
> Still fresh instruction give."

Then, indeed, then would those silent lips speak to us; they would exclaim a joyful "Sic, sic itur ad astra!" and as in this our school, so in every place associated with great events or famous men, we should hear, as it were, the echo of those words which proceeded from the midst of the burning bush, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF FAILURES.

Second Means Prize Oration.

BY W. E. SIMONDS.

It is an old saying that "a bad beginning makes a good ending;" it might be said with equal force, that without experience it is impossible to perform anything truly great.

No one can blunder into anything of importance and really understand how he got there, nor is he prepared to make the best use of the position he has gained; but a man has got to work if he would be successful: it is only after hard work and patient plodding that he will reach the prize, and then, through the experience he has gained in overcoming his difficulties, he will feel the true value of what he has secured, and will be ready to put it to its best use.

It is impossible to acquire this experience without many failures and discouragements, which in the end prove to be aids instead of hinderances, and show us how to avoid more easily the blunders which we might make in future.

Probably we have all had at some time in our lives one purpose which we wished of all others to accomplish ; we thought that we had made every effort necessary for the completion of our undertaking, but just when success seemed to be ours the prize has eluded our grasp, and all our work has been in vain.

Our first feeling, of course, is that of the keenest disappointment; we felt so sure of success that our failure seems all the more bitter and harder to bear.

But let us pause a moment: was it not in this very thing that we made our mistake ? Yes: we felt so sure of success that we did not half do our work; everything seemed so easy that we did not do justice to ourselves; and so we utterly failed because we had not realized our own weakness and the possibility of our defeat.

Sometimes during our progress through life we see men about us who seem to be most honest and trustworthy, whom we are accustomed to honor and respect as successful business men, and at last some revelation of crime long concealed, and of misplaced confidence, has startled us by its sudden disclosures.

We know that there have been such men, and are such men to-day, who have failed, who have cheated and defrauded their patrons, who have brought misery and ruin upon themselves and their families.

But here is a lesson for us in their failure which we are too apt to neglect: we should consider the mistakes which they have made; we should withstand the temptations to which they have succumbed; and bearing their ruin and dishonor always in our minds, we shall be forewarned of the dangers before us, and, profiting by their example, we should avoid following in their footsteps, and so pursuing a better and wiser course, we shall at last be successful.

But let no one think less of his own powers because he fails now and then in real, honest work; for it is not too much to say that the moral influence of failures, when we are honest and sincere in our purpose, should be to check the pride and arrogance of the human soul, and to strengthen and elevate the character; for nothing great or noble has ever been acomplished without many mistakes and failures at first, which have aroused into being qualities of character which have never been dreamed of before, and have made success far more glorious than it would otherwise have been.

And who shall say that they are failures? Though to us they may seem such, there is One above who overrules and directs all things, and even our mistakes may be but His providences, which, by and by, we shall see and understand to have been for our own good and for His glory and honor.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF FAILURES.

Third Means Prize Oration.

BY J. T. SYMONS.

HISTORY dwells with fondness upon the achievements of men, but makes little note of their failures. Poets weave into musical rhythm the deed of daring, the feat of arms, the triumphs of love, the workings of hatred, but seldom tune their lyres to the less inspiring theme of the failures of mankind. Boys read with awe and admiration the biographies of men who have become great in the world's estimation, and looking at their successes dream of the time when they shall become subjects of biography; but seldom do they think of the failures those men have undergone. And yet the historian could trace, with not a little benefit, the current of events that have changed the civilization of the world to some hidden and unrecorded failure, which, if it had not occurred, the civilization of to-day would be wearing a changed aspect. The poet could chant in measured verse a requiem over a failure of mankind, with all its train of dissipated dreams, dissolving hopes, and broken hearts, that would awaken the sympathies of a Nero; or again, could sound forth in gladsome notes the story of some mortal made stronger and nerved to do battle against a host of adverse circumstances by repeated failure. The boy could see where some have succumbed and where others have been made nobler and grander by failures!

Like poverty and sin, you may see failures wherever you look, — failures in business, failures of expectations, failures of character. Failure, too, influences different men in different ways, and nothing so tends to bring out a man's true nature. Here is a man, for instance, who has been accumulating wealth by dishonorable means all his life-time. At length, in the whirl of financial revolution, where capital topples and falls, or in the gambling hells of Wall Street, where games are concocted and played, or in the fluctuating prices of mining stocks, where poor men become rich and rich men become poor, he sees his dishonest gains swept into the vortex he has contributed to set in motion, and he is left without money or character to support him, and without either one or the other a man becomes a hopeless wreck of poverty floating forsaken upon the sea of life.

Here is another who has been sapping the foundations of a moneyed corporation. At length, when outwitted by men more dishonest than himself, and his ill-appropriated wealth is squandered, his dishonesty is discovered, and amid the ruins of a bankrupt corporation, poor men's curses and women's tears, he sits calmly down and asks for a pension of $5,000 per annum to support him and give a premium for his dishonesty!

But there are glowing examples for us to cite, of men who have been *grand* and *noble* in failure, — men who, like Job of old, have withstood the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," men who have been made strong and manly by each varying scene of life. In the annals of England's history a brighter example cannot be found than Sir Walter Scott. We find him at the age of fifty-five, when the failures of his publishing houses left a debt of $700,000 to be met by his own resources, refusing a compromise and asking no pension! He preferred rather to toil on honorably and pay his entire debt! Honorably struggling to do this, his worn-out mind and body gave way, and he lay down peacefully to his long rest.

When Byron's critics said his poetry was a failure, the sting drew forth all the energies of his passionate nature, and made his lines burn with indignation!

When Disraeli left the floor of Parliament confused and overcome, his declaration, that the day would come when they would hear him, indicated his iron will and tenacity of purpose, and failure only strengthened these characteristics!

When proud, unrestrained ambition prompted Napoleon to universal empire, failure taught him, on lonely, rock-bound St. Helena, to know himself better than when leading his eagles on to conquest.

Thus we see that failure does not operate upon all men's natures in the same manner, and examples of men made hopeless wrecks by having some cherished hope or aim blasted are but too common; but if a man maintains his integrity and honor, while cherished hopes and accumulated fortune desert him, he is not a failure, but the grandest success the approving eyes of God look down upon.

THE RESULT OF EXTRAS.

A boy stood in the Shawshin Club,
His face was gaunt and pale;
Some sailor breeches he had on,
A coat which was all tail.

Each one looked up in strange surprise,
And at the stranger gazed;
While he, regarding none at all,
A dish of hot beans raised.

" You put that down! " a member said,
" That's extra, cooked for me; "
" Yes, down with that! " another chimed,
" There's scarce enough for *three*."

The dish went down; scarce had it touched
The table-board once more,
When with the other hand he seized
Some oysters near the door.

" But those are extra, too," one said,
" Behold the bill-o'-fare! "
He stopped and read the document,—
" Cold ding-bats, tripe, and *air!* "

He raised his coat-tails to the breeze,
His trembling knees grew strong;
He rushed from out that eating-house
Which he had known so long.

And down the street with quickening pace
Those sailor breeches flew,
Nor did he stop to rest at all
'Till Hatch's was in view.

LACROSSE.

As Athletic sports at Phillips are flagging, and as an increasing interest is felt in Lacrosse throughout athletic circles, a few words concerning it may not be out of place.

Lacrosse may be strictly called an American game; for it is an aboriginal sport, belonging to the northern Indian tribes. Hence has it not a far better claim to be called our national game than base-ball?

This exciting sport has for years been identified with Canadian life, and the only acquaintance we have had with it has been through others, until about two years ago, when it was introduced in Boston, and now it is one of the most popular outdoor sports. It partakes of the nature of both foot-ball and polo, but differs from them in many respects. The goals are one hundred yards or more apart (depending upon the size of the field), and are flag poles six feet high and six feet apart. The aim of each team is to drive the ball through and beyond the goal of the other. The ball is of India rubber, about eight inches in circumference. The Lacrosse bats are about five feet long, straight at one end and bent like a fish-hook at the other; the hooked end is covered with a netting, either of raw-hide or some other strong material.

The rules are as follows: —

1. A match shall consist of three goals out of five, unless otherwise agreed upon.
2. Twelve players on each side shall constitute a full team.
3. The goals shall be six feet high and six feet apart, and may be placed at any distance to suit the field or players.
4. Each side shall have two Umpires, one at each goal.
5. The Umpires and Captains shall between them select a Referee, whose decision, in case of appeal, shall be final.
6. The ball must be faced midway between the two goals at the beginning of each game.

7. The two sides will change goals at the conclusion of each game.

8. The ball must not be touched with the hand by any player excepting the Goal Keeper.

9. No tripping or rough playing is allowed. Any player repeatedly breaking this rule may be ruled out by the Referee, and his side compelled to finish the game short-handed.

10. Spiked shoes are not allowed to be worn.

11. When the ball goes out of bounds it must be brought back and faced for by the two nearest players.

12. Any player unable to continue playing, through illness or injury, may be replaced, but for no other reason shall any changes be made in teams after the match begins, unless mutually agreed on by the captains.

As a game it is in many respects superior to foot-ball, inasmuch as no long delays are caused by fouls, heavy falls are avoided, and something besides brute force is required to play it well. A good player should be a swift runner, strong of limb, quick of eye, very agile and possessed of great endurance.

It also has some advantages over base-ball, as it can be played at nearly every season of the year, all the players are kept actively at work, and no one runs the risk of taking cold or breaking his fingers. Besides, it is very valuable to pedestrians, as it gives them training in a pleasant way and develops wind and limb better than any other game can. The best Canadian pedestrians, with few exceptions, are splendid Lacrosse players, and they owe much of their success to the training they received while playing it. The game has been popular wherever it has been introduced, so much so that it has changed the ambition even of "our boys." A few years ago many of them would "rather have been Harry Wright than President; now they would consent to be 'big injun' and live in a wigwam, if, by such a social sacrifice, the championship of Lacrosse would come to them." In a short time the game will be one of the leading sports, both in colleges and preparatory schools; and we, as one of the first preparatory schools in the land, should not be behind our neighbors in introducing the game, for 'tis better to be copied than to copy. So we hope our "Athletic Association" will look well into the game, and introduce it as one of the attractions of our campus for the following spring.

A. J. S.

PHILLIPIANA.

With the consent of the editors of "The Phillipian" we publish a summary of their most important items of news: —

Oh, where are the Juniors' pins?

The Campus is a desert waste and wild during the winter months.

A flunking Prep. muttered that he knew the answer to a difficult question, but could not express his thoughts. He was encouraged by the teacher's remarking that he probably did not have the "oratorical flow."

We noticed, the last term, that the Juniors had claimed the pointer in No. 8 as their representative cane. Their prudence in not taking it from the room is worthy of commendation.

"How is it, I wonder," said S. to me,
"That Loomis and I so seldom agree?"
"The reason," I said, "I can easily prove, —
Great minds do not always run in the same groove."

"Bellum tollit!" shouted a promising young Middler a few days ago, as the signal for recitation pealed out upon the air.

P. S. '80 gave their class officer, Mr. MacCurdy, a beautiful bouquet, as an expression of personal regard and sympathy for him in his protracted illness.

The following has been handed in by a Middler, name unknown: When may it truly be said of a person that he is *miss-taken?* When he has fallen in love.

The following strikes us as being a translation straight to the point and perfectly literal: "Claudite Nymphae." "Shut up! O Nymphs."

Another gem from Virgil. This is not a class translation, however, but an after-thought. "Haedos depone." "Take off your kids."

The religious meetings which were held in the Academy during the early part of the term were well attended and the results have been gratifying. There has been no marked excitement, but the work has gone on steadily and calmly, and there is every reason to hope that the Christian element of the school will be supported, not by excited converts, but by active and earnest co-workers.

In connection with Herodotus, the Senior Class have taken up for careful reading and study Farrar's Greek Syntax. No book, adapted to the use of middle schools, which we have ever seen, begins to possess the interest which this one does. After reading its first few pages we begin to feel what we could never infer from the ordinary text-books, and that is, that the study of the mechanism of language is not altogether uninteresting and unfruitful. But it is a book that ought to be read slowly, and slow reading takes time; so does Herodotus.

The Preps. have begun Cæsar, and are consequently greatly elated. Their war-cry for the present is, "Gallia est omnis in wisa partes tres."

The first meeting held by the Society of Inquiry this term was a glorious one. All the parts were filled and creditably. The leaders on the debate were provided with seconds and several members spoke from the house. Half a dozen names were presented at the close of the regular exercises for admittance. Philo must look to her laurels if she would not have them taken from her by her younger competitor.

We overheard a Commons man talking to a private house man about the Landladies' Bill the other day. "I tell you it's perfectly outrageous. Don't you think so?" said the private house man, forgetting in his excitement who his companion was. "Yes," said the Commons man, "but you ought to bear it with fortitude. Just see how calm *I* am, for instance."

Since the coasting ceased exciting news have been scarce. No one fractures a limb walking on the rink. What is more to be deplored, no one seems willing to sacrifice himself for the public good. The days of the martyrs are, we fear, gone by.

The day for prayer for colleges was observed by holding services in the chapel. Statistics were given of the religious condition of New England and Western colleges, and Dr. Ray Palmer made appropriate and interesting remarks.

A number of students, wishing to secure better gymnastic training than the present management of the Gym. affords them, have formed a gymnastic association. They have engaged Mr. Ferris, superintendent of the gymnasium of the Boston Y. M. C. U., to give them instruction. Mr. Ferris is a gentleman, and thoroughly competent to teach gymnastics. The following persons have been chosen efficers of the association: Pres., A. J. Selfridge; Vice-Pres., W. H. Crocker; Sec. and Treas., G. R. Blodgett.

There have been 9,300 students in the Academy since its foundation.

A very remarkable case of absent-mindedness occurred the other day. A member of the sixth house, L. C., took a water-pail along with him on his way to breakfast, with the intention of leaving the pail at the pump and getting it again on his way back. But he was met by a Junior when nearly at the door of the boarding-house pensively walking along with the pail in his grasp. The young man's friends had best look out for him.

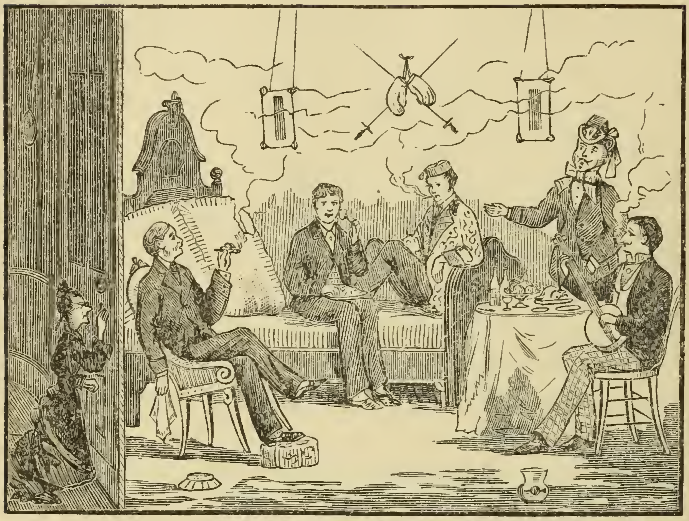
The concert given by the Glee Club on Wednesday evening, Feb. 12, was a success. Everything went off smoothly, and we have yet to hear any real complaint either of the singing or of any part of the programme. The club did the school honor and was encored several times, and the instrumental music did not fail to receive the favor it merited. It is so seldom the two academies join in a mutual entertainment of this kind that we feel like recording with more than usual satisfaction its success. The proceeds netted over sixty-three dollars for the Abbott Semi-Centennial Fund.

The two Senior classes have elected the following persons to fill the different parts upon graduation day: Historian, F. J. Phelps; Orator, E. S. Beach; Prophet, G. B. Noble; Poet, C. M. Sheldon.

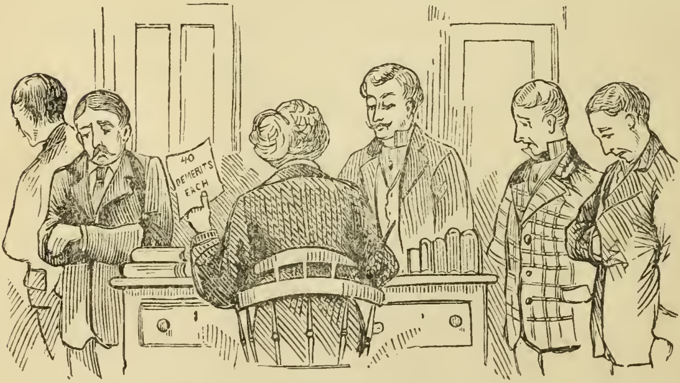
SECESSION.

Twelve students from the Shawshine Club
Were looking round for better grub.
They wandered west, they wandered east,
To find the cheapest place to feast.
At last they found a blest retreat,
Where they in peace their meals could eat;
Where plenty groaned upon the board
To satisfy the hungry horde.
Just o'er the hill the house is found
About whose doors they gather round.
With boisterous cries and stamping feet
The Shawshine's door they once did greet.
But now, subdued by change of place,
They enter in with solemn face,
But eager and expectant looks
Betray the hopes that each one brooks.
On viands rich the troopers fall,
With happy grunts they fill the hall,
And pity Shawshine, far away, —
The Club they left the other day.

THE LANDLADY'S BILL BEING ENFORCED.



BREAKING STUDY HOURS.



THE CONSEQUENCES.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

FROM the very signification of the term it is our duty, as the editors of a MIRROR, to present to our readers a faithful representation of all the important events of the term; and if some of our items seem old and, so to speak, worn out, we plead as an excuse the faithful manner in which all such items are recorded by *The Phillipian.*

The term opened on Thursday, January 2d, giving us one additional day of vacation, in order that we might celebrate the holidays at home. As usual, the students were delinquent in the time of their return, perhaps somewhat more so than usual, though this was due in a great majority of cases to the snow storm which accompanied us. We were glad to get back. But we confess that we do not carry our exultation so far as the man in L. C. who thinks vacation in the winter should be abolished. The one chief event which has agitated the minds of all, and called forth volumes of eloquence in *The Phillipian*, is the so-called "Landlady Bill."

The action of the trustees relating to the new regulation, which compels landladies to give a weekly report concerning the deportment of their respective boarders, has caused considerable dissatisfaction since its announcement at the first part of the term. The plain statement of facts is this:—

The landladies will be furnished with blanks. Upon these blanks, in the proper place, they will put down the number of times a student was absent from his room in study hours, the visitors he received on Sunday, and, in a word, all his general misdemeanors, and at the end of the week the slips will be handed to the faculty, either filled out as stated above, or, in case the student has observed all the rules, the blank will gleam resplendent with the little word, "good."

Now as students it is our privilege, to some extent, to criticise the rules and regulations of the place where we study. As a general thing students do not grumble at the law which regulates study hours at stated times. There is wisdom in a regularity of this time, and very few are disposed to grumble either at the penalty when they are caught. But this last system of spying out and writing down is something different. The majority of the school feel as if the regulation was a childish restriction which might do very well for a young ladies' boarding school or an asylum for *insane idiots*.

It is a great pity if the manly tone of the school is not high enough to allow every man to be put upon his honor in regard to his general behavior. And it must be admitted that this last regulation, instead of raising the standard of deportment, will eventually lower it, because it is a regulation which will always be unwillingly and angrily obeyed.

During the first part of the term there was an interesting lecture upon the history of art, given at Abbott Academy by Mr. Charles Lovering, of Taunton, Mass. Mr. Lovering exhibited his collection of the prints published by the Arundel Society, and his explanation of them added greatly to the interest of the lecture. An opportunity offered the ticket-holders of examining the prints on the following day was improved by many.

The Semi-Centennial of Abbott Academy promises to be a complete success. Dr. R. S. Storrs, the celebrated divine of Brooklyn, is to deliver the address.

There are seventy-seven members in the Theological Seminary. Of these Amherst leads, with a representation of fifteen members.

A few serenades have been given this term.

The regular course of Citizens' Lectures has been omitted this year, and the entertainments at the hall have been of a mixed character, — from a concert given by the Swedish Quartette, to a Gymnastic Exhibition by Billy Frazier. The Swedish Quartette drew a large and appreciative audience. It is needless to say that everybody was delighted, and farther than this we feel our inability to criticise.

The excitement between the Middle and Junior Classes has nearly subsided. No one thinks now of the "Rush" which seemed so imminent earlier in the year. Nor have the Juniors' pins been seen yet.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Tyro*, published at Indianapolis; *The Greylock Monthly*, from South Williamstown; *The Morris Avalon; The Normal Currier*. We will refrain from passing any criticism on these, but not because we deem them above it.

The Glee Club has steadily improved since its formation. At the complimentary concert for the benefit of Abbott Academy, March 2d, the club acquitted itself in a thoroughly creditable manner. This subject leads us to remark upon the Chapel Choir, which, being considerably enlarged this term, has improved, as far as volume of sound is concerned, if in no other respect. Although the choir has come several times very near a flunk, still it has always managed to escape so disastrous a catastrophe, and has succeeded in maintaining a reputation fully equal to that of former years. Mr. Jones has been succeeded as organist by Mr. Upton. The former gentleman now constitutes one of the tenors of the choir.

The gymnasium has been well patronized this term. Many of the students, believing it would be greatly to their advantage to procure the services of a professional teacher, formed a gymnastic class with this object in view, and elected the following officers: President, A. J. Selfridge; Vice-President, W. H. Crocker; Secretary and Treasurer, G. R. Blodgett. The class has employed Mr. Ferris of Boston, connected with the Christian Union Gymnasium of that city. That gentleman has given general satisfaction, and since he began his instruction the interest in the gymnasium has greatly increased.

The two Senior classes have chosen Clark, of Boston, as their class photographer; and a number of the under-class men, as usual, take advantage of the special rates offered.

Washington's birth-day was observed as usual by the boys. The Faculty granted it as a holiday with the exception of prayers in the morning and evening. As far as we can ascertain the day was agreeably spent, a majority of the boys remaining in Andover.

The Junior classical men have recently been greeted with the news thas they are entirely ignorant of "English." We sympathize with them, for under such circumstances how hard the study of Latin and Greek must become! But it is a noticeable fact that at some point during the history of every class, its English is the poorest, its work is the poorest, and the class itself is the poorest on record. So let them be reassured and wait for brighter days.

The winter term generally affords but little out of-door sport, but this winter has been an exception, for the snow which has covered the ground most of the time has afforded great enjoyment to those who delight in coasting.

The town authorities, as usual, posted notices about the town with the information that coasting on the public roads would not be allowed. The boys, however, paid but little attention to the notice and continued to coast on Main Street, until one night they were ordered by the police officer to stop their coasting on that street, but, at the same time, he gave them permission to continue it on School Street. This was a happy disappointment, as the boys were expecting that the authorities would make no concessions.

A coast was, therefore, soon worn on School Street, and its excellence must be attributed to a great extent to the midnight labors of a few of the boys, who, thinking it no sin to do a little wrong for the sake of a great good, conveyed barrels of water to the coast by means of their sleds, and having wet the coast thoroughly retired to their rooms, and awoke in the morning to find their work a success.

The sport, however, was not enjoyed by the academy boys alone, for the beautiful moonlight nights were improved by the members of our sister academy, accompanied by our brothers from the Theological Seminary. According to their accounts they enjoyed the sport exceedingly, and, no doubt, it would have added greatly to the enjoyment of many an academy boy could he have had, after sliding down the hill, the pleasure of walking back with a pretty Fem. Sem.

There has been one accident happen which has awakened the sympathy and regrets of all; that is, the injury sustained by Corwith, P.S. '80, in breaking his leg.

Beside the coasting there has been considerable skating, which has afforded pleasure to many, and, as stated by the *Phillipian*, there have been many touch-downs made which, we venture to say, by a little practice could be made in a more graceful manner.

The Means' Prize contest was looked forward to as usual with considerable interest. The delivery of the essays, which was deferred over a month past the time of last year, occurred upon the 4th of March. The speaking, which was, perhaps, a little below that of former years, yet retained the attention of the audience to the last. The committee of award which had been appointed were unable to be present with a single exception. The prize-men are as follows: 1st prize, H. C. Bierwirth; 2d, W. E. Simonds; 3d, J. F. Symons. Their essays are published in another part of THE MIRROR.

As there have been no field sports this term, it would seem that the gymnasium and literary societies ought to flourish. The former is spoken of in another place. The latter has been thriving though in a considerably smaller sphere than formerly. The absence of members has been extremely large throughout the entire term, indeed, there have been very few meetings in which there was a quorum present, a number of its members best adapted to literary work being seldom seen in the meetings. This should not be. Philo is the older of the two literary societies; and, as its aim is exclusively for the cultivation of literary merit, it ought to take precedence. Still, at the present time, we feel obliged to confess that there are serious reasons to doubt whether this is so. Then let us *all* unite and strive to avert this calamity. Let us restore her former glory and power; and let the year '79 be a glorious one for her, second only to the one of its foundation. The order in the society is a marked improvement. The parts, as a rule, have been well filled and sustained. On January 31st, one of its first founders, Dr. Ray Palmer, addressed some very earnest and impressive remarks to the society. After describing briefly the history of its foundation, and speaking of some of its former members, he impressed upon us very forcibly the importance of a high aim in life.

Although in former years it has been customary for Philo to have a mock trial at the close of the winter term, both last year and this the interest in Philo has so decreased that it was found impossible to hold this time-honored entertainment. This year it was suggested that in place of the mock trial some new kind of entertainment should be adopted,— a drama perhaps. This proposition met with little response from the members. We view with regret this lack of interest in Philo ; for it shows that this ancient society with a glorious record of half a century is now on the decline. We trust, however, that in the near future Philo will regain her former prosperity and again perform the good work that has characterized its past history.

And now we are nearing the close of the winter term, considered by many to be the most uninteresting term of the year. There have been few incidents of interest and no alarming events, no campus fires, no public disturbances, no " fish-horns," and, as near as we can ascertain, no breaking of study hours, owing, no doubt, to the beneficial effects of the Landladies' Bill.

EXCHANGES.

Greylock Monthly: — At West Point rowing is made a part of the regular course in the Senior year.

The sum of $10,000 has been presented by the Alumni of Harvard to the University boat club, to pay the expense of sending a crew to England.

The students at Williams take so little interest in boating that it is proposed to sell their boats and tear down the boat-house.

At Trinity the students travel to town in a regular Tally-ho coach of the old English pattern, and never without a bugle.

In the United States there are 358 colleges and universities, of which 186 admit both sexes, 7 are for females exclusively, and 274 are under the influence of religious denominations.

Dartmouth published in 1800 the first collegiate journal in this country. A paper by the name of *Floriad* was issued at Union in 1809.

The Princetonian contains the following which may interest others: —

> "Oh, what do you think,
> I did skate on the rink,
> That rink so little yet so nice;
> When a charming young girl
> Came along with a whirl,
> And we both made a 'mash' on the ice."

The Tyro: — France has 250 colleges.

Wesleyan and Bowdoin have crews in training for their race, which will take place next spring.

The Greylock Monthly: — President Eliot, of Harvard, has been prosecuting inquiries concerning the post-collegiate lives and usefulness of those who received the assistance of scholarships during the twenty-five years that these endowments have been established in the college, with a view to ascertaining the practical value and worth to the public of the scholarship system. Important statistics have been obtained, and the reports almost unanimously demonstrate that the system is of great benefit and advantage. It is recommended that other colleges follow the example of Harvard.

There is a great difference between resolutions and resolution. Almost everybody is full of resolutions at the opening of the new year. We can better judge a few weeks hence who of these persons have any resolution.

PARODY. — MODERN SCHOOL-DAYS.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my school-days,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The Commons, the *Shaw-Shine*, the "Gym" that we romped in,
And that old sweet-cider mill all the boys knew.
The Brick House on Main Street, the Mansion House nigh it,
The stage-coach that rode all the boys up the hill,
The romps with the "fellows," — oh, how we enjoyed them!
And all the fine "night-spreads" that made the boys *ill.*
Those dear little Juniors, those terrible Middlers,
Those dignified Seniors, *that supper made ill.*

I mention with pleasure the "'cademy" building,
Which stood so majestic on top of the hill;
'Twas there we recited the lessons we studied, —
Though some often "cut" and then said they were ill —
'Twas there that we made those "immense Latin rushes,"
'Twas there that we "flunked" upon "minor" and "*θϱίξ*;"
'Twas there that we listened with ears and mouth open,
To some fine old tale about Latins or Greeks.
In big black arm-chairs, and with brown desks before them,
Professors then governed with absolute sway;
Who taught us Geometry, Algebra, Physics,
And from the room sent us almost every day, —
"Oh! ignorant Juniors, misfortunate Middlers,
You from the room strutted almost every day."

Then there were our classmates, — did ever such fellows
Arise in the class-room on lessons to fail?
In manners they differed: one rose with assurance,
And putting his hand underneath his coat-tail,
Recited the questions as promptly as could be.
Uncommon, was it, to see this one sat down.
Another, a graceful though diffident student,
Arising with ease, his coat-tail he smooths down;
When asked to "translate," with clear voice he answers, —

"Indeed, Mr. C——, I have really forgot
The word which occurs in the very next sentence."
(And then he got that which he should not have got.)
And yet there's another, I cannot forget him,
Although he passed from us in '79 ;
When called to recite, he arose very promptly,
And stretching his neck, — like an old hen of mine,—
A trying in vain for to swallow some potion
Which cannot and *will not, yea! does not* go down, —
Made splendid translations in "Virgil's Æneid —
The best, without doubt, ever made in the town.
Yes, these come before me just now as I'm thinking,
And cause me to utter, with fear I allow,
"You poor little Juniors, you scholarly Middlers,
You dignified Seniors, — oh, where are you *now?*"

How clear in my mind is the big rolling campus
On which all our frolics and games were then made.
'Twas there that the foot-ball engaged our attention,
When Harvard and Quincy and Exeter played
A game with the boys that "*Old Phillips*" selected.
Sometimes we were beaten, but what did we care?
We knew very well that the boys we selected
Would do all they could, and at least would play *fair.*
'Twas there that we rushed for the cane with the Middlers,
And lost our "plug hats" while engaged in the fight.
Now, we beat them, we did, though they said that they won —
But now we've written enough for to-night.
So, poor little Juniors, you cane-loving Middlers,
And dignified Seniors, — we wish you "Good-night!"

C. A. J.

SCRAPS.

Greek Professor to Junior: "When does an enclitic take an accent?" Junior: "When it can."

Another flash of genius from the Junior Class. A Junior thus addressed a Senior who happened to be reading Cæsar: "How do you scan that?" The Senior replied, "This is Cæsar;" whereupon the Junior remarked, "Oh, I thought you were reading Cicero."

Aids to reflection,— a talk with Banty.

A student walking with a companion by moonlight, remarked, "There is a ring around the moon to-night." The other replied, "Yes, probably it is engaged."

The Latin Professor asked a Prep., "What is the superlative of all?" The Prep. replied, "Most all."

Why is a man who does not bet as bad as one who does? Be- he is no better.

[Scene at Williams, in Philosophy recitation room. Class discussing whether animals are ever guilty of wrong.] Student: "Doctor, when a dog runs away with his tail between his legs, isn't he guilty?" [Reply awaited by class with intense silence.] Doctor: "Well, I hardly see the relations between guilt and the position of a dog's tail."

The newest arrival at the Shawshin Club,—"a baby." Its name as yet is undecided.

Taken from the French class. Prof.: "Why was this man called a Phygian?" Student: "Because he was one." Prof.: "Right; go on."

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady to a salesman. "Always; are you a minister's wife?" "Oh, no, I am not married," said the lady. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was granted.

The Senior who thought he waved his handkerchief at one of the Bradford Fem. Sems. has since learned that he was flirting with an Irish domestic who was cleaning the window.

Which is the oddest, the man who asks a question or the man who answers? The man who asks, because he is the *querist.*

No visitors are allowed, hereafter, to make use of the gymnasium.

PERSONALS.

The General is reported as last seen "rising for information."

Gates, '78 P.A., is taking the Senior year at Williams.

Minchin, '81 P.A., has returned home on account of sickness.

Newton, '78 P.A., is *playing whist* at Dartmouth.

Shon Cheong, '82 P.A., is slowly recovering from his illness.

Stroke Oar, '81 P.A., has not returned this term, but is engaged in business at home.

Pratt, '80 P.S., has been "*sent for.*"

Garman, '78 P.A., is one of the "swell" boys in the Freshman class at Williams.

Mr. Skeele is studying in the Hartford Theological Seminary.

Billings, '79 P.S., has returned home to recover his health, which was failing, owing, probably, to an excessive amount of study.

Swazey, '77 P.A., has given up his collegiate course at Bowdoin.

Eaton, '78 P.A., is one of the sixteen men training for the boat crew at Yale. He spent a short time in Andover at the commencement of the term.

Baby is reported as being engaged in distributing demerits among his most intimate friends.

Parker, '78 P.A., is in Hanover, N. H. He took a prize in the "Consolation" race.

Freer is teaching school in New Jersey.

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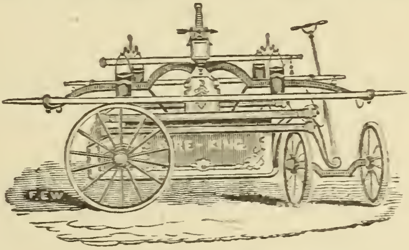

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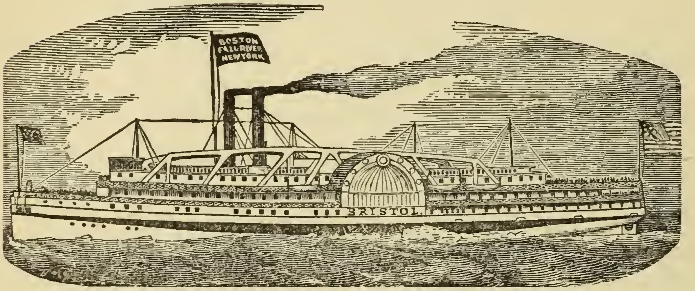

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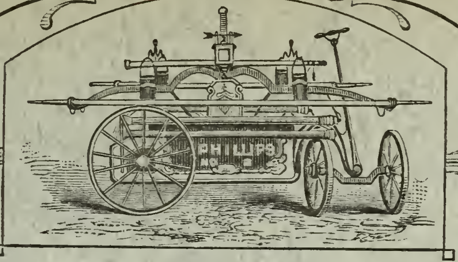

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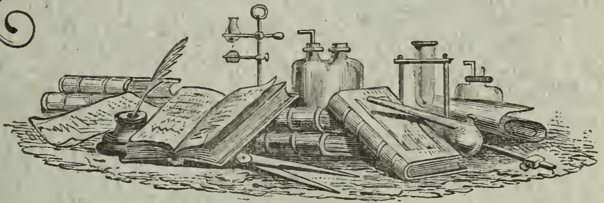

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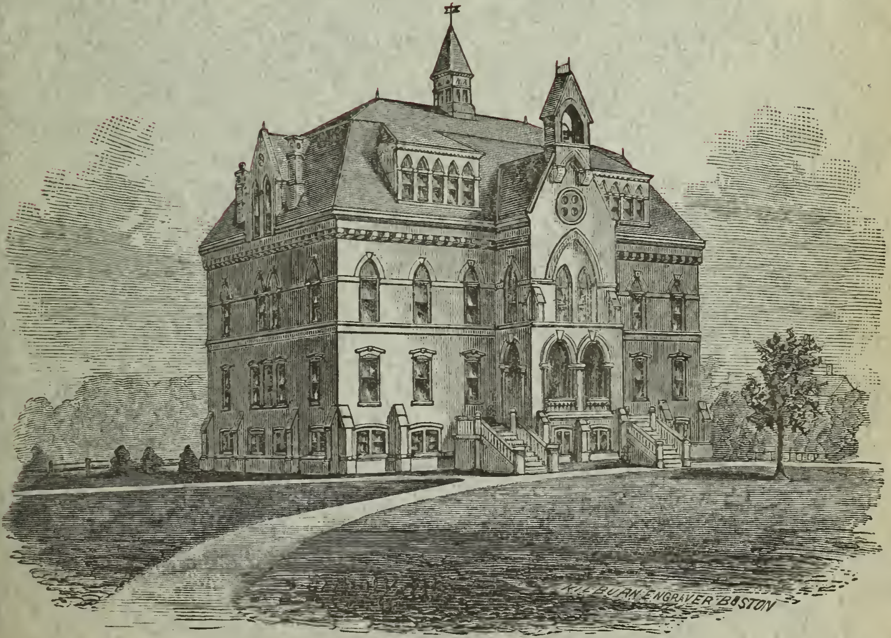

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THE
PHILO MIRROR.

JUNE, 1879.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

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THE MIRROR.

G. R. Hewitt, '79 P.A.
E. H. Byington, '79 P.A. } *Editors.*
H. H. Sharp, '80 P.S.

VOL. XXV. JUNE, 1879. No. 3.

MATHEMATICS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

Atticus once urged Cicero to undertake a work on Geography, and sent him a book on the subject by Serapio of Antioch. Cicero candidly confessed that he did not understand the thousandth part of this work; and it is conjectured that it was full of Mathematics and Physics, branches of study to which he never applied himself. This struck us, on reading it, as being somewhat extraordinary. It is well known that Cicero desired to excel in that profession which, it is acknowledged, requires the highest exercise of human ability, — that of an advocate and orator: To attain this end he was for years a most unwearied student. Rhetoric, Literature, History, Philosophy, all were made tributary to his high aim; and we are somewhat astonished to find that Mathematics is the only branch of learning to which he did not apply himself. It is obvious that he either took no pleasure in the study of this science, or deemed it unnecessary for his success. But, however that may be, no one will deny that he did succeed. His works are still our admiration and delight, and he left a name and fame which shall "flourish in the memory of all ages."

Now we do not mean to draw a conclusion from an isolated case; but may it not be that the study of Mathematics is somewhat overrated? When, in most of our colleges, the study of this science is made compulsory for two years out of the four, we believe it is overrated. Far be it from us to attempt to disparage Mathematics. We admire it as a science, we honor the men who have devoted their lives to its development; but we do not believe in making the study of it compulsory for so long a time. It is excellent discipline for the mind, you say. This we do not deny. But are there no other branches of knowledge perhaps more congenial to the tastes of some, and also excellent mental discipline? Does not History unfold her ample page before us, the study of which is almost ignored in many of our colleges, and which, in the words of an eminent writer, "is an exercise of mental powers more noble than almost any other, inasmuch as it embraces the widest field, and grasps a chain whose links are the most numerous, complicated, and subtle"?

Moreover, because the study of Mathematics is discipline for one mind, it does not follow that it is for all. Listen to Macaulay while at Cambridge: "I can scarcely bear," he says, "to write on Mathematics or Mathematicians. Oh, for words to express my abomination of that science! Oh, that I had to learn Astrology, or Demonology, or School-Divinity! Oh, that I were to pore over Thomas Aquinas, and to adjust the relation of entity with the two predicaments, so that I were exempted from this miserable study! 'Discipline' of the mind! say rather starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation."

Accordingly we see that what is discipline for some may be agony for others; and what is food for one mind may be famine for another. We are not all formed alike mentally any more than we are physically; and, as it would be the height of folly to try to make the same coat or pair of boots fit everybody, it is equally foolish to attempt to make the same training fit every mind. We hear much said about fitting for college; and while it is essential we should all have much the same fit for college, it is ridiculous that we should all have the same fit for life. And in this respect what has been said on Mathematics may, perhaps, apply equally well to the study of the Classics. We believe, and forever will believe, in the study of the Classics. We believe in the study of Mathematics. But when one has studied these for four years to get into college, we are of the opinion he ought to be at liberty to give them up, if so disposed, for other branches. That college system which says to all alike, — no matter what their habit or bent of mind may be, no matter by what diversities of taste and of talents they may be distinguished, no matter what various vocations in life they intend to follow, — which says to all alike, "This is the way, and you must walk in it," we cannot but regard as mischievous and absurd. A man should have the privilege of laying out his own course. And certainly, if he has any amount of common sense, his own mode of laying out his course will be the best. It will probably be objected that very many would choose only the *soft* studies in order to have an easy time. To this we would reply, those who go to college to have an easy time will have it at all events. and probably never will amount to much any way ; whereas those who go for study *will* study, and ought to have the privilege of studying what they most desire to know. We rejoice that the oldest college in the country has been the first to see this and to act accordingly. We welcome the auspicious omen. We hail it as the dawn of a needed reform. We feel assured that other colleges will ultimately follow this illustrious example, — the only hindrance on the part of many of them being a lack of more ample endowment.

THE NEGRO EXODUS.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

PUBLIC attention has of late been largely directed to those of our fellow-citizens who a few years ago were in a state of servitude, and who, although in the enjoyment of nominal freedom, are even at the present time making a desperate struggle against injustice and oppression.

We see them starting out on a long and difficult journey with all the religious fervor and enthusiasm characteristic of that race, as if there had been addressed to them the words, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land which I shall shew thee."

Our curiosity is at once excited, and we ask what the cause of this is and what will result from it.

The causes are substantially as follows: The negroes are denied the right of suffrage. Their personal property is in danger of being injured or destroyed. They are subject to all manner of insults, and ofttimes are killed without the slightest provocation on their part. The white men, having most of the capital, monopolize every branch of trade, asking as yearly rental for their land a sum nearly equal to the value of the land itself, and charging for every article of food and clothing two or three times its real value. Under these circumstances the negro can neither improve his present condition nor even live comfortably. In a word, he is little better off than when he was a slave.

When poor crops followed successively for several seasons, he seemed to have "drained his cup of bitterness to the very dregs." He saw he must remain and surely suffer, or leave his home in search of a place where, probably, he could enjoy all the rights of an American citizen. Are we surprised at his taking the latter alternative, especially since he had heard that some of his friends who had gone west were prospering? He also heard reports, which though fabulous he believed,—reports that when he reached his destination he would be supplied by the government with everything needful in the cultivation of a farm. He was urged by northerners, and by some of the more independent of his native brethren, to submit no longer. At last he yielded to their entreaties and his own desires and set out on his long and dangerous journey.

Although the negroes will not, as a result of this movement, soon obtain the rights due them as citizens of this free country, nor be exempt from the same ill-treatment as heretofore, still the southerners will be under some restraint, and will see that for the future they must be more careful in their treatment of American citizens if they wish them to remain in their employ. So strong, however, is their pride, and so accustomed are they to tyrannize over the negroes, that it will be many years before our country will be able to protect her citizens.

The emigrants will not at first gain anything. Some will return more destitute than ever before. Others will settle on the way at some place no better than the one they had just left. The majority will arrive at their destination; but they will yet have many things to struggle against. They are friendless, homeless, and many of them in a destitute condition. The societies formed to assist them will not be able to care for all; nor will they all be able to find employment, on account of their large numbers. The government, too, will not assist them as they had expected. These troubles, however, will only be temporary; and, if we wish to know the true result, we must pass over these few years of suffering and see what will probably follow.

The negroes are an industrious race, and will find plenty of scope for their industry in those states whither they have gone, — states where just laws are enforced, where there is liberty at the polls, and where there are not so many prejudices against them. They will now have a powerful incentive to perseverance and diligence, inasmuch as they know that they will be able to reap the fruits of their labor, and so live more comfortably and have the means of educating their children. There is no evident reason why, in a few years, they should not become a flourishing and successful community.

As a race, they will obtain the respect and admiration of every true lover of liberty in this country. They will have more self-respect and independence, and very many will become desirous of obtaining the same advantages as the first emigrants. It will give them an impetus towards civilization and success which will ultimately end in their becoming the equals and copartners of the white man in many of the honors which a citizen of this our free country can obtain by his own personal endeavors.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

What a glorious thing it would be if every person in the whole world could have a good common school education! And *why* cannot every inhabitant in a civilized country like our own be thus blessed? Is it not a duty that every parent owes his child?

Let us consider education from a political point of view. It is a universally admitted fact that "intelligence is necessary for a republican form of government." However, it may be urged by some that we have progressed very well, so far, without enforcing education; but it must be borne in mind that with our increase of population we have an increase of ignorance and crime. By an estimate of high authority we learn that crime, in England alone, during the past thirty years has increased *five hundred* per cent, while the population has been augmented by only *thirty* per cent.

Hence, since intelligence *is* necessary for a republican government, it follows, inevitably, that ignorance is its destroyer. How, then, are we to rid ourselves of this the most powerful enemy of our government? Let us look at the two leading plans advanced by our ablest statesmen.

The first is an educational test, which suffers no one to ballot unless able both to read and write; the second, to instil knowedge by means of education; that is, the State shall be empowered to see that every child within her limits, under a certain age, shall receive the benefits of at least an elementary education.

According to the last census, taken nine years ago, there were *five million* children of school age in the United States who had never attended school; and the number is still on the increase. What may we expect twenty years from to-day? Is it not time to do something?

Let us examine these two plans: first, the educational test. This method has been recommended by some of the best minds of our country, but yet is subject to several serious objections. In the first place, this test *cures* nothing, it does not abolish the great evil of ignorance, but rather tends to perpetuate it. It is a great mistake to think that simply the *desire* of voting would be a sufficient motive to induce the ignorant voters to learn even the rudiments of an education. Once having been disfranchised, they would become exasperated and embittered toward the government, and would be most dangerous to the peace of the country. But, must we not *totally* reject this plan when we consider that "our country is irrevocably pledged and committed to strictly universal suffrage"? All persons who conduct themselves as well-behaved citizens, whether ignorant or not, have a *right* to a voice in the country's government. The virtuous have no inherent right to govern the vicious, nor the educated the ignorant. If we do deprive the ignorant of the ballot, and still subject them to the laws of the country, we make the United States as much, if not more, of a monarchy to them than England or Germany would be.

Let us next consider the second design. First, what do we understand by compulsory education? and second, has the State a right to enforce it?

It will be borne in mind that this is not so much a compulsion of the parent or child as it is a *protection* for the child; because the parents have no right to withhold education from their children, — "no more right to starve the mind than to starve the body." The children have their rights as well as the parents, none the less so because they do not know them. The State should furnish such means for education that poverty would be *no excuse* for keeping a child from attending school. Education in our republic should be as universal as suffrage; for, in order to maintain the success and reputation of our government, they must go hand in hand.

But has the State a *right* to enforce education? It has been remarked by an able English writer, that "when the education of children is wholly dependent upon the parents, the selfishness, indifference, or intemperate habits of many, would cause a considerable number to be entirely neglected, or only partially educated." This is undoubtedly the case in many, many instances in the United States. Thousands of parents keep their children from school in order to utilize their labor, even at the expense of all their future happiness. "Life, liberty and education are the primal rights of man, and they must be secured by the State."

It is universally admitted that ignorance on the part of the citizen is death to the State; now, if the State has a right to exist, it has a right to make *sure* the conditions of its existence, and the only plausible method is to educate the masses.

The future success and reputation of our government depends wholly and unconditionally upon the intelligence of the people as a nation. A purely secular public school system, enforced and supported by the State, is the only feasible plan to obtain the universal instruction so much desired and so generally needed.

THE TEAMSTER'S STORY.

Level and smooth the prairie lay,
Clear was the bright blue overhead,
Boundless the green-sward stretched away,
While the soft light of an autumn day
Over the scene its beauty shed,
Flooding the plain with its mellow light,
As if to atone for approaching night;
And the air was free from a passing breath, —
A somber silence akin to death
Reigned o'er the prarie vast and still,
Except for our teamster's cheery shout,
As he guided our oxen meek and stout,
Or the far-off note of a whip-poor-will.
For five whole days we had journeyed on
Over this level sea of grass,
With nothing above but the blazing sun,
With nothing beyond but the same to come.
Wearisomely the time did pass, —
Until this night around the fire
The teamster told us, at our desire,
As sad a tale as ever we heard.
The dull red brands of the fire we stirred,
'Till all around us the dusky light
Seemed only to make more dark the night,
When the rough old teamster then began;
Something like this his story ran: —
"You see that dark spot over yon,
Just to the left of the wagon there?
No? your sight don't come up to one
Who's lived all his life on the prairie lone;
Well, it's plain enough by daylight fair,
And more than fifteen years ago
A house stood there, where now they show
Only a spot all bleak and sear,
Which the wind sweeps clean with a rustling drear,
For the place is bare as your naked hand;

And I never go by the spot at night
But what I feel a sort of fright,
Although I was born and bred in the land.
Temple Lee was the owner's name.—
At least he was known by that full well,
Tho' no one knew whence he was or came,
But whether or not, 'tis all the same
In the short story I have to tell.
Here on this prairie far away,
Twenty miles from the flats, they say,
The queer old man and his daughter stayed;
And many a night the gray wolves bayed
Around the cabin fierce and long.
And his daughter? Afraid? Well, I guess not.
Hers was a face not to be forgot,
Even though fifteen years are gone:
Handsome and lithe as a prairie flower,
Nut-brown hair, and a laughing eye,
But a will to do, and a heart to die,
Whenever her God might bring the hour.
Lovers she had, quite a number, too;
But among them all there was only one
Who could well be called a lover true,
Or who ever learned the art to woo.
He lived on the flats towards the rising sun.
Somewhere, it seems to me, I've heard
Of a chap who used to swim a stream,—
To see his sweetheart, — it may be a dream;
But it always reminds me of Andy Hurd.
Up from the flats at close of day
Fifteen or twenty miles he'd ride,
Counting the distance only play
For his fleet-foot horse of iron-gray
If he only saw his future bride.
Well, one wild night he started out
On his faithful horse so fleet and stout,
And yet he had several miles to go,
When along the broad horizon low
A line of flame leaped out on the sky;
And halting his horse, he heard a roar
Like the mighty surge on the ocean shore.

As the wind blowing full in his face went by.
He knew that ominous roar full well,
And a moment only he sat like a stone,
As if subdued by some horrible spell;
Then, dashing his spurs to his horse. with a yell.
Onward he rushed with despairing groan.
That was the wildest fire that night
That ever I had to flee or fight;
And I've seen a good many fires in my day,
That were something more than children's play.
'Twas nearly a week before the men
From the river towns passed by this place,
And they found, of course, not a single trace
Of the lonely house as it once had been;
But just a little off there to your right,
As they wandered aimlessly about,
They stumbled upon a terrible sight, —
Two skeletons lying ghastly white!
And whose they were there could be no doubt.
You see, he had reached the spot at last,
And they two had probably turned to flee,
When the raging buffaloes thundered past,
And trampled them down in their terror, as fast
As wave follows wave in a boisterous sea.
And then the fierce flame with its terrible roar,
Driving the living mass before,
Had swept right along in its merciless path,
Remorseless and greedy of all in its way,
Making death and destruction a sport and a play,
Like the flaming sword of the Lord in its wrath."

* * * * * * * * *

This is the story the teamster told.
While the fire sunk low and the air grew chill,
As we listened, with many a start and thrill,
To the hungry wolves, grown strangely bold,
As they howled around with savage stare,
But slowly withdrew from their wished-for prize
When the fire, renewed, threw wide its glare, —
And we laughed when we saw the sun arise.

C. M. S.

HOMERIC ETHICS.

Among the many elements which, combined, form a masterpiece of epic poety, one of the most important is the moral condition of the people whose deeds are therein set forth.

A careful study of the Æneid, of the Iliad, or of any great epic, will show to us the moral condition of the age in which the poem was written.

When inquiring into the morality of the Homeric age, the first question that meets us is, Did the Greeks of that time have any fixed and unalterable standard of morals? Was there anything that regulated their conduct toward their fellow-men more than a far-sighted self-love?

When we reflect how difficult it is to keep the moral standard high, even after religion has furnished a Divine example for men to follow, how can we expect to find any great degree of moral excellence before any such example has been provided? In reply to our question, we may say that the Greeks *did* have a standard by which their conduct was regulated; and we know how Homer looked upon those actions which were contrary to this moral code, because he always employed certain words expressive of evil in describing actions which we recognize as wrong, and another set of epithets to describe those which we consider just and right. In support of this we could bring forward numerous examples; but space forbids.

We see, therefore, that the Greeks did have a fixed moral standard, and we notice that the motives which influenced them to rectitude were three: —

The first was a conscience speaking within every man's soul.

The second may perhaps be best expressed by our phrase, "Public Opinion."

The third and most important was the desire of having their deeds approved by the Gods. The overruling power of the Gods seems, also, to have been constantly present in their minds. In the fifth line of the first Iliad we find the line which would be, when translated into our idiom, "And Divine Providence was being fulfilled." When Telemachus, in the second Odyssey, exhorts the Ithacan princes to declare against the Suitors, he appeals to each of these motives: to a "self-judging conscience," to "public opinion," and "fear for the Divine wrath." He says, "Let your just indignation be shown forth; be likewise mindful of your neighbors who dwell around you, and shrink from the anger of the Gods."

In considering the morals of the Homeric age, the *position occupied by women* is a question of much interest to us; for, in comparison with other ages, it seems to have been remarkable. Nausicaa furnishes an example of the freedom of woman, and her treatment of Ulysses reveals the kindness and dignity of the maiden and her freedom from petty control. Although in later times the wishes of the maiden were not consulted in the choice of a husband, yet in the Heroic age we find that the ties of marriage were entered into with a free will by both parties. In the character of Andromache we see the anxious and affectionate wife portrayed in language that has not been surpassed by any writer of any age.

Numerous are the instances in which the relations of husband and wife are full of dignity and attachment. "The women of the Heroic age do not suffer by comparison with those of the Old Testament, and nowhere do we read of an Achaian Jezebel."

While the poet glorifies the national virtues, he does not sanction the national vices.

Temperance, practiced by the Greeks at home, and taught by the precepts of the seers, we find disregarded by them in the war against Troy.

We find that the Greek respected old age, was ready to care for the stranger and the poor; that valor and bravery were everywhere encouraged by him; in him the ties of family affection were unusually strong and lasting; by nature hopeful, yet easily rendered despondent; as a warrior quick to avenge, showing no pity, yet never wantonly cruel, jealous of rivals, yet faithful to the utmost in his friendships.

But the *morality* and the *religion* of an age cannot be separated; and to *Polytheism*, with its unfounded speculations, is due the low moral standard of the Greeks of the Heroic age. For, to quote the words of one who lived long ago, "Why should a mortal man attempt or pretend to be more virtuous than the Gods?" R. H. C.

"IT IS THE BRIGHT DAY THAT BRINGS FORTH THE ADDER."

UNDER the stimulus of a small majority in both branches of Congress, State Sovereignty is again upon its feet and striding through the halls and corridors of the Capitol. It has not the ghost-like appearance of a murdered sophistry. It is no brainless apparition that pushes us from our stools, or will not down at our bidding. It is not the weakness of Republican eyes that has bodied forth this cockatrice. Shall we say that it is an honest ghost? I think history will compel such an admission. State Sovereignty has sprung from a respectable source; in fact, it had its origin with the Constitution. The States were jealous of their rights and with great difficulty found a common ground on which they could unite. The Revolution bred a brotherly affection and bond between the States that made possible the adoption of our present Constitution, with its many checks, balances, and compromises. That the States were sovereign up to the adoption of the Constitution of 1787, is admitted by nearly all. The one brilliant exception is the great Story, of Massachusetts, who escapes many difficulties by proving to his own satisfaction that the States were never sovereign bodies. Motley is a better historian than Story; he says they were, and all the historical evidence is on his side. The States, then, were sovereign up to the formation of the present Constitution and its adoption. Now, a fair interpretation of that instrument, in the light of a knowledge of the spirit of the times, and the discussion that was made by each State convention to which it was submitted for adoption or rejection, gives ample ground for the State Sovereignty structure. Virginia adopted the Constitution on conditions that certain amendments be made. If they had not been made, would she be bound according to the laws of compact? All the Fathers call the Constitution a compact. Samuel Adams opposed the adoption on the ground that Massachusetts would lose her sovereignty; but he was met by the same arguments that James Madison used to unarm the opposition of the great and glorious Patrick Henry, — namely, that such was not the plain intent of the instrument or the intention of the convention that framed it. And he spoke with full knowledge, for he was a member of that convention.

Patrick Henry said "it squinted towards monarchy," and he feared that the time would come when they would be deprived of their rights by implication. Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party, has left us ample evidence of his opinion of the nature of government. Can any one doubt his patriotism? Calhoun, the great apostle of State Rights, is said to have been an ardent lover of his country— certainly one of the choicest spirits of his age. He maintained what he believed to be the true Constitutional doctrine. He thought State Sovereignty not only consistent with the Union, but necessary for its preservation. He thought that it would produce such moderation and just treatment from the national government that the bonds of union would be continually strengthened. Webster's magnificent speech that gave him the title, "Defender of the Constitution," brought forth a masterly reply from Calhoun, which must have been very satisfactory to his party. Mr. Webster attempted no answer, and it is said that he modified his views after that discussion. War has washed out with torrents of blood the foul curse of slavery from our land, but the great principle that underlay the whole conflict still lives.

Previous to the war northern statesmen laid much stress on the commercial relations between the States as a bond of union. Seward said, speaking of that, "They are links of gold riveted with iron and never can be parted," but a few years showed how little of the prophet was in him. Can this Union be cemented by the blood of its citizens shed in civil strife? Calhoun's writings are used as text-books in the southern schools. The young men of that section are sure to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors, and keep alive the sacred flame in their Temple of State Rights, which no amount of war or centralization will extinguish. It is no argument to say that the logical outcome of their opinions is disunion, a separation of States: if their position be the Constitutional one are we not bound to maintain it? We, as students, should become more familiar with our own institutions, not stop our investigation when we have read the preamble to the Constitution. "We, the people of these United States," as the preamble begins, does not settle this great question of the source of our national power. That preamble first read, "We, the people of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, (&c.,) for the purpose of forming a more perfect Union," and it was changed by "the Committee on Style" to the present form, for they did not know how many States would adopt it; and it is well known to us all that Rhode Island and North Carolina did not adopt the Constitution when it was submitted to them, and placed themselves in the same relation that any foreign power would sustain towards us. This makes it clear that the source of our national life is the States, as such, not the people. D.

THAT INSTITUTION OVER THERE.

The summer term had come again,
With all its toil and all its joys,
And with it came Professor Pray,
Who pleases with his tricks the boys.
He was announced one morn at prayers,
And 'mid a long and loud applause
Arose, made an apology,
For which there was no real cause.
"It is my custom," so said he,
"To visit high schools, colleges,
The deaf-and-dumb establishments,
Insane asylums, poor lodges.
And I propose, this afternoon,
To give you all a chance to see
The way the juggler does his tricks,
And how the balls are tossed by me.
The entrance fee is very small,
For folks will come from everywhere, —
From Punchard High School, Abbot's halls, —
Yes, pretty Fem Sems will be there.
And then, besides all these and *you*,
If there are any seats to spare,
A few will come from — well, you know, —
That institution over there."

The weary, dreary day passed on,
A drizzling rain began to fall ;
But nothing daunting, school dismissed,
The school-boy rushed from room and hall,
To get the most convenient seat
Beside the pretty Fem Sem fair.
But see, there sits a Theologue,
From th' institution over there.

Without delay, at half-past four,
With all the pomp and all the grace
Of an old champion "ball-tosser,"
The skilled professor took his place.

Before him sat the saucy "cads,"
Upon his left the maidens fair;
Behind these sat the clergymen
From th' institution over there.

The tricks were numerous and good.
To mention all it would be vain;
So we will only mention one, —
Now try to see it o'er again.

The juggler took a quarter bright
And held the metal up in sight,
Then asked some honest gentleman
To mark it, and to mark it right.
Up sprang a sober Theologue,
With fierce mustache and jet-black hair.
Who came from, — well, you all must know, —
That institution over there.

The piece of silver soon was marked
And placed within a handkerchief;
The "The'logue" held a Derby hat,
A small boy held the handkerchief.
Professor P. then took his stand
Midway between the man and boy;
A pause, — then flew the silver coin,
And in his hat, with looks of joy,
The "The'logue" spied the quarter bright.
Which glittered soon upon our sight.

* * * * * * * * *

In laughing, clapping, stamping hard,
The time passed quickly to us all,
Then many took their joyful way
To dormitories, Abbot's Hall,
To pleasant homesteads, through the rain;
And some, though they were very rare.
Betook their way to — you know where, —
That institution over there.

J.

EARTH'S BATTLE-FIELDS.

WHEN we turn over the pages of the world's history, we are amazed at the great number of terrible conflicts that have taken place, resulting in so much bloodshed, misery and wretchedness, and we are sometimes tempted to ask ourselves the question, " How can such things be ? "

When we reflect that in every war right exists only on one side, and when we consider how many innocent lives are offered up to gratify the passions and whims of ambitious men, we can form some idea of the barbarity of war.

The names of Marathon, Waterloo, Gettysburg, and hundreds of similar engagements, bring before our minds scenes of the utmost horror and devastation: almost entire armies, either killed at once or shockingly maimed and mutilated; homes made desolate; farms and orchards turned into battle-fields; wives made widows, and children orphans.

Such are some of the terrible effects of war.

But there are times, perhaps, in the history of nations, when war is justifiable; when a love of liberty fills their hearts, and a longing to be free urges them on to victory, or when some great wrong is to be righted, when the sympathies of a people compel them to lend their aid to those who are grievously oppressed; then there may be an excuse for war, and very often in such cases right prevails over might.

Among the many controlling circumstances that attend a great victory. perhaps the most important are perseverance and a certain other quality which has been aptly termed the "knack of doing the right thing in the right place."

What examples of these qualities are given us in our own Revolution. How many times in that war, when it seemed almost impossible to hold out against such overwhelming odds, and the colonists were well-nigh discouraged, did their little army win some victory that encouraged them to fight on, doing their best for freedom. believing in their cause and leaving the rest to God.

But there are other battles fought, other victories gained, and other defeats suffered, than those which are visible to our eyes. Every heart is a battle-field between right and wrong. Sometimes the effects of these battles have been seen, and posterity has either blessed or cursed the one who has fought these battles with his conscience, as the result has been good or bad. But few can understand how great a struggle took place in the breast of Martin Luther ere he determined to appear before the Diet of Worms, but every one can see in some measure the effects of the great victory he won; and as we think of the character of Benedict Arnold, and the warfare that was raging in his breast, and which came so near betraying his country into the hands of the enemy, we see the result of a battle where wrong was triumphant, and now his memory is detested alike by friend and foe. And many are the battles which we are each called upon to fight in our every-day life; but however severe the struggle may be we need not be discouraged, for we are sure of the help of One who is "mighty to save," and who will in the end bring us off conquerors. S.

TRANSLATION OF LINES 125–156, BK. I., VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

"One of my first efforts, Andover, 1824." — *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The god looked out upon the troubled deep
Waked into tumult from its placid sleep;
The flame of anger kindles in his eye
As the wild waves ascend the lowering sky.
He lifts his head above their awful height,
And to the distant fleet directs his sight,

Now borne aloft upon the billow's breast,
Struck by the bolt or by the winds oppressed;
And well he knew that Juno's raging ire
Frowned from those clouds and sparkled in that fire.
On rapid pinions as they whistled by
He calls swift Eurus and Zephyrus nigh:
"Is this your glory in a noble line,
To leave your confines and to ravage mine,
Whom I — but let these troubled waves subside:
Another tempest, and I'll quell your pride.
Go, bear our message to your master's ear,
That wide as ocean I am despot here.
Let him sit monarch in his barren caves,
I wield the trident and control the waves."
He said, and as the gathered vapors break
The swelling ocean seemed a peaceful lake;
To lift their ships the graceful nymphs essayed,
And the strong trident lent its powerful aid;
The dangerous banks are sunk beneath the main,
And the light chariot skims the unruffled plain.
As when sedition fires the public mind,
And maddening fury leads the rabble blind,
The blazing torch lights up the dread alarm,
Rage points the steel and fury nerves the arm,
Then, if some reverenced sage appear in sight,
They stand, they gaze, and check their headlong flight,
He turns the current of each wandering breast,
And hushes every passion into rest, —
Thus by the power of his imperial arm
The boiling ocean trembled into calm,
With flowing reins the father sped his way,
And smiled serene upon rekindled day.

HEROISM.

Plutarch remarks, "There is no soil so barren that cannot produce great men." We may as justly say that there is no age, no occupation, no nation, which cannot bring forth its heroes.

Noble deeds. nobly done, have been the inspiration of poets and historians from the earliest time: remove from classic literature its heroes, and there will be little left that is either pleasing or instructive. We lose the educating power of that literature if the great ideas of Freedom, of Beauty, of Valor, and of Spiritual Energy, have not kindled our soul. Many a life has gained purpose by the contemplation of the heroes of the past, by drinking deep of their mighty spirit. Modern civilization owes many of its noblest and most permanent triumphs to that heroic spirit of freedom exemplified by the brave sons of Greece and Rome.

In the struggles for liberty and country the names of Leonidas and Epaminondas can never be forgotten. We may walk among the crumbling monuments and temples of Greece or Rome, we may think that the ravages of time have wasted all the glory of the past; but the memory of their heroic sons is graven on more durable tablets than those of marble, — tablets which the lapse of years only tends to render more legible.

> "Their names are watchwords to the earth:
> When man would do a deed of worth
> He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
> So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head."

In the mind of the ancients heroism had no other field than that of war to win for itself lustre: other occupations were looked upon as tame, affording no scope for the exercise of virtue and manhood, and therefore only fit to engage slaves.

We cannot too much praise and emulate the ancients in their heroism. Yet we may go further, and show that every pursuit produces its noblemen; for "the heroic essentially consists in being ready to do and to suffer, but especially to do and to suffer what is painful and disagreeable." It is in truth a beautiful sight to see a noble ship sail out to sea with streamers flying and white sails bending to the breeze; but it is far more inspiring to behold her after she has wrestled with wind and waves, as she comes into port, mastless, perhaps, yet with all her crew and cargo safe.

History honors only here and there a name among the nameless multitudes who have lived and died, nor should we expect that the heroes of private life should have their names thus honored. It is enough for them that they have assisted their fellow-men in the path of virtue, — that they have ennobled human life. "When the mind proposes honorable ends, not only the virtues, but the deities also, are ready to assist." The reward of true virtue is not so much the praise of others as the inward satisfaction of having acted well our part. It is, then, of the highest importance to have and to cultivate an earnest spirit of heroism; for entering upon our duties with such a spirit we shall accomplish more and better work, we shall have no place for the destructive idleness which renders useless the lives of many who might be true men.

The work given us to do is to build up manhood, which consists not in the amount of our knowledge, but in the broad and noble principles of which knowledge is the foundation and inspirer. This work requires the mustering of all our powers, and the steady, persistent energy which has faith in victory.

Every department of life calls for true men, heroic in honor, heroic in virtue, heroic in integrity, firm in the midst of disappointment, triumphant even in defeat.

″ΕΚΒΑΣΙΣ.

Sing, O Goddess, the wrath of our Greek Professor, the destroying wrath which placed countless woes upon the members of the Second Division in Greek, and sent many doughty Seniors before the expiration of the hour to their respective domiciles, and left the members of the First Division a prey to anxieties and every fear (yet the will of the professor was being accomplished), from the time when, as you know, at the very first, these two quarrelled and had a difference, — namely, the Second Division men, who arose and tried to give the Attic for ἄειδε, and the Greek professor. Who then, pray, of the Gods brought these two together to contend in strife? The shade of Hadley, the relative of Boise. For, being angry at the Second Division on account of their dullness, he mixed up the different forms in their brains, and the Seniors were continually going out of the door of No. 9 because they had neglected the work in the Junior year, the year of toil and trouble. For they came to the room on that eventful morning having in their hands the edition of Boise on Homer, and the work of the grave-closer, Hadley. And they stood up one by one and tried earnestly to give the principal parts of ἄειδε and of other words. Then all the rest of the class shuddered audibly, and the second seat from the back row shook with laughter. But it was not pleasing to the professor in his mind, but he dismissed them harshly, and added thereto a gruff rebuke: "Let me not see you staying in this room, or coming hither again, for fear lest your previous good standing in the Middle year may be unable to protect you from a condition. I will not hear you recite. Sooner may you go to your rooms and learn the Attic for ἄειδε."

He spoke, and the Second Division feared him and obeyed his command. And out of the door they went full of shame, and wrath, and confusion. And out of the door went the men who represent Brown University. And out of the door went the man who was cramming his best for old Dartmouth. And out of the door went one who started before he was told to.

Thus they toiled at these verbs throughout the First Division. But the Second Division departed, going alongside the deserted campus, angry at heart. And stretching out their hands over the wide expanse they prayed earnestly: "Oh, shades of the great departed Boise and Hadley! if ever we have burned the midnight oil over your tear-stained pages, may the First Division atone for our tears by a similar dismissal!" Thus they spoke in prayer, and the shades heard them, and sent a vender of lemons at only twenty cents a dozen to appease their sorrow. And then they dismissed one of their number, a quick and nimble servant, to a certain eating-house for the sweet-tasting sugar and the frigid ice. And another drew near with a long, shadow-casting lemon-squeezer. And then they, as you know, prepared a feast; they feasted; nor was the desire of an equal portion wanting in any respect. And they drew off the nectar from a large water-pitcher, dealing around the cups to the left. And inextinguishable laughter arose as they thought of the First Division sweating and puffing over the irregular verbs. Thus all the rest of that day they feasted; and when next day with rosy-fingered Dawn arose, they went into No. 9 and relaxed the spirit of the First Division, and were superior to them in all respects.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

"In that unceasing march of things which calls forward the successive generations of men to perform their part upon the stage of life, we, at length, as editors of the Philo Mirror, are summoned to appear." And it is not altogether without fear and trembling that we take up the editorial pen. Our fear arises from several causes. First, it may be owing to the newness of the situation. Secondly, lest the Mirror does not come up to the expectations of the students. And this is natural, for we find it extremely difficult to obtain any item, humorous or otherwise, which has not already appeared in the columns of our young and enterprising neighbor, the "Phillipian." But still we believe it to be our duty to present a brief review of the leading events which have occurred this term, even though most of it will be a "twice-told tale."

The Spring term opened Wednesday, April 2nd, and it was befitting, inasmuch as we had just left home with its domestic and *other* endearments, that the following day should be spent in fasting and prayer. Although we have the greatest respect for the wisdom of the faculty, still, at times, they "move in a mysterious way" and altogether inscrutable to the minds of the students. Now, their requiring the students to return Wednesday and spend next day in fasting here, when we might as well have spent it in feasting at home, did seem to some, at that time, as one of those mysterious movements just alluded to. Many, however, did not appear till the following week.

We would call the attention of our readers to the translation from Virgil, found on page 23. It was written by Oliver Wendell Holmes while in the Academy, and was, as he says, one of his first efforts. Though the translation of the passage is rather "free," yet the interpretation of its spirit is excellent. The original copy is in the hands of Mr. Bancroft.

We had fondly hoped, on our return at the beginning of the term, to find the frost out of the ground and some appearance of the approach of spring. But alas! we were "doomed to walk this earth" for a period of three weeks longer, equipped with rubber boots, on account of the mud. These are indispensable to those who spend winter and early spring in the classic town of Andover. It has often been a matter of wonder to us why the inhabitants of this town have not enterprise enough to lay a few planks along the principal thoroughfares for the comfort of pedestrians. This could easily be done if each one would see to the part "over against his own house."

On the first Monday of the term a *Starr* performance occurred in Academy Hall. The star was not one of the first magnitude and consequently attracted little attention. Although the closing scene was a decided *take in*, still, upon the whole, it was a most interesting and instructive performance. especially to those who saw the *point*. A few of the students who heard his suggestions in regard to ventriloquism seem to imagine that they "know how" though they can't make others imagine so.

On the 14th of April we were entertained in the Chapel, after school, by Prof. Pray. a professional juggler. In his remarks before the students, in the morning, he said that his entertainment was considered of great benefit to the insane. The faculty was willing that we should witness the performance. He informed us that he had a certificate from the Keeper of every insane asylum in the Eastern States, and, by the way, he has one from our Principal. We have not learned whether those who went had their mental state improved to the amount of ten cents.

Several meetings of Philo have been omitted this term, two on account of the entertainments of the Senior Classes. The first of these was the long-looked-for concert by the Harvard Glee Club. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the evening, a goodly audience was in attendance, sufficient at least to defray expenses. Few of the young ladies from the sister Academy were present, but those who did attend felt amply repaid for venturing abroad on such a night. The other entertainment was a select reading by Prof. Churchill. It is entirely unnecessary to make any comment on this gentleman's performance. Suffice it to say that the house was packed by an highly appreciative audience.

Prof. Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveller, made, a few weeks since, his annual visit to Andover. He discoursed to an enthusiastic audience in front of the Academy. His subject was "Moral Harmonious Discipline," and was interspersed with songs and recitations of an highly interesting character. But we fear that the conduct of the students was not such as to "harmonize" with Daniel's feelings, as he was frequently interrupted, and at last was compelled to descend from the "Rostrum" to seek his hat among the crowd. During his stay in town he preferred the table of the Shawshin Club to that of the Mansion House.

Yale receives the largest number of the graduating class, viz.: Chang, Cornish, Corwith, Gardner, Knowlton, Morton, Phelps, Parrot, Rogers, Southworth; 10 in all. Amherst comes next, with 8, viz.: Byington, Fairbank, Fitts, G. B. Foster, G. W. Foster, Hatch, Manning, Warren. Brown University receives Gile, Hathaway, Simonds, Sheldon; 4 in all. Hewitt, White, and Beach go to Harvard, and Bierwirth, next year; Love, to Hamilton College; Ho and Newton are undecided, while Fleming expects to enter the University of New Jersey.

John H. Flint, Esq., has recently presented ten handsome specimens of plain and ornamental penmanship, done in colors, by pupils in the Academy last century. Mr. Flint found them among his father's papers. One of them was written in 1794, by Hon. Stephen Longfellow, LL.D., father of Henry W. Longfellow, and though addressed to the ancient poets, it may be regarded as prophetic of the renown of his son. It reads as follows: —

TO THE ANCIENT POETS.

Hail! bards triumphant! born in happier years;
Immortal heirs of universal praise,
Whose honors with increase of ages grow,
As streams flow down, increasing as they flow.
Nations unborn, your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found.

Perhaps it is not generally known that one of our prominent students had a narrow escape from death a short time ago. But yet the circumstances were so ludicrous that we cannot forbear relating them. The young man is accustomed to go home frequently on Saturday, and stay over Sunday. A few weeks since, he was returning on Monday morning. He was clad in a new suit, made to order, and donned only the week before. His thoughtful parent had furnished him with a small jar of honey, which he was carrying on his left arm. At Lowell Junction he ventured to cross the track before the oncoming train. and for some reason he fell. And, oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen. He quickly arose, however, with the honey, instead of being on his arm, pretty evenly distributed over various parts of his body. His coat and another part of his vesture, which we will forbear to mention, received a good supply. And, strange to tell, the liquid honey had flowed down upon his boots. They certainly never took on such a polish before. He arrived at Andover, and, as he walked up the hill, met many of the young ladies from the sister Academy, who were enjoying their morning walk. We will not attempt to describe his feelings in this trying situation. He marched boldly past them, however, and, indeed, we thought he looked remarkably *sweet*. He has had the stains removed from his clothes; but he vows he never will cross the track again when a train is approaching.

What system of discipline will bring about the highest welfare of the student, both mentally and morally? This is an important question. New measures are frequently adopted. The last was the Landlady's Bill. But there is one plan which, so far as we know, has not yet been tried, and which might be found quite successful. It is the same as is in operation in Abbot Academy and in the Theological Seminary, placing the students on their honor. Results show that it works well in these institutions. Here is an illustration from the former. A young lady has been guilty of some grave misdemeanor; she of course informs upon herself; is called up before the whole school and severely reprimanded, and, with sobs and tears, promises never to do the like again. Here is an example from the Theological Seminary. Theologue has had an essay assigned him for preparation two months beforehand. He willfully neglects it until within a week or two of the time. He then absents himself from all recitations, confines himself to his room, but emergeth therefrom every day just as the last recitation is over, and betaketh himself, bat in hand, to the base-ball ground. At the end of a week the said Theologue is called up to report. "You have been absent all week, sir," says the Prof. to him; "excusable or inexcusable?" "Why, excusable, sir, by all means excusable," replies the Theologue. "Very good," says the Prof., "that will do." And the Theologue walks off with a serene smile of conscious rectitude upon his face. With these facts before them, our instructors must be impressed that there are incalculable advantages arising from the *honor* system, and we would earnestly commend it to them for adoption in Phillips Academy.

The Draper Prize Speaking came off Friday evening, May 30. The evening was beautiful, and consequently there was a crowded attendance. The speaking this year was remarkably excellent. The first prize was awarded to Hugh R. Belknap, the second to Francis J. Phelps, and the third to H. Conrad Bierwirth. The decision appeared to be a most equitable one. Dr. Gulliver, in awarding the prizes, spoke in high terms of the good work Prof. Churchill was doing, not only for Phillips Academy, but for the country. The tedious interval which usually occurs between the last speaker and the awarding of the prizes was, on this occasion, made very interesting by another award of prizes. We refer to the Greek prizes, for which Mr. Joseph Cook presented a fund to the Academy last year. Mr. Bancroft announced the decision of the judges, who were Prof. Tyler and Prof. Mather, of Amherst College. The happy men were Henry Fairbank, first prize, of fifteen dollars; Moses Gile, second prize, of ten dollars; and William Gardner a diploma for excellence in his work.

We regard it as a great privilege to have heard Rev. Mr. Taylor preach in the Chapel on two Sundays. He has a wonderful command of language and knows how to use it. His sermon on Isaiah was, in a rhetorical point of view, one of the finest productions we ever heard from the pulpit.

The Abbot Academy Semi-centennial draws on apace, and every one is looking forward to it with high hope. And when we read the illustrious names of those who are to participate in the exercises, we feel assured that the greatest expectations in regard to it will not be disappointed.

The winter is past; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come; and the base-ball bat is heard in our land. We are sorry to say that we cannot record many victories for the Phillips nine, up to the time of going to press, at all events. With the help of the Theologues, however, we beat the Quincys, 25 to 2. It is a generally admitted fact that our nine is weak this year. Whether this is owing to the lack of good material in the school or, as many think. because the best selection has not been made, we are unable to say. But if the latter is true, we must say that the directors of the Athletic Association have acted with a shallow and short-sighted policy. In matters which concern the reputation of the school, as a whole, all personal preferences should be laid aside, and those men selected who are the best fitted for the place. We trust, however, this report may be without foundation.

The MIRROR would be incomplete without some mention of the Chapel choir. We beg leave to inform the public that, notwithstanding the removal of the choir to the back part of the Chapel, and a large addition to its numbers, we fail to discover any permanent improvement in it. And notwithstanding the fact that the leader has only a few pieces he ever selects from, it seems to be a hopeless task for the organist to play them correctly or for the choir to sing them in time. The singing reminds us of the line in Virgil, "*Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen.*"

Blodgett is filling, *pro tem.*, the office of Secretary of Philo, left vacant by the departure of Noble. Parsons has been elected to take the place of the same gentleman as class prophet.

It is said that the average age, height, weight, mental and moral calibre of the graduating class is unusually high. Such being the case we are tempted to ask, "How is this for high?"

We suppose the existence of parties in a state must be looked upon as a necessary evil. But the existence of parties in a school like this, and especially in a society like Philo, is an evil quite unnecessary. Every member of Philo ought to have an earnest desire for the welfare of the society, and not for the advancement of individual men. If Philo has been weak this year the cause is not far to seek. For the larger portion of the time there have been two parties which, instead of working in co-operation, have pulled against each other. And when one party obtained the majority, the other withdrew from the society altogether. We trust that for the future all members will unite to raise Philo to a higher excellence than she has yet attained. With this wish we close our editorial labors. Let the curtain fall.

CLIPPINGS.

Until the college examinations are over, " Farewell the tranquil mind."

A young man was overheard to remark the other day that the thought of leaving the Shawshin Club filled his mind with the most sweet and tender recollections.

One student to another, at one of the Senior parties, while young ladies are preparing to go home : " I say, Jack, how far are you going ? " Jack, in a tone of sadness, " To the Fem. Sem. only."

The young man who could not decline *ἰχθύς* the other morning in the class-room found no difficulty in declining it when he reached the Shawshin Club at noon.

" There's music in the heir," sang Jones. Jones has a brand-new baby at his house.

" *Merrill-y* we roll along," sang the Seniors on emerging from recitation in Geometry, when fifteen propositions had been assigned for next lesson.

The young man who could not tell how many square meters make an are, says he doesn't think much of that are (ere) system.

Instructor, measuring the town map : " It is a quarter of a mile from the Academy to the Fem. Sem." Innocent student, thoughtfully : " It doesn't seem so far."

He used to call his girl " Revenge,"
  Cognomen rather neat ;
For when one asked him why, he'd say,
  " You know revenge is sweet."

— *Crimson.*

They were eating apples together. He : " Wish I'd some cider." She : " Oh, all you will have to do is to squeeze an apple ! " He : " That's so." She : " Let's eat the apple first ! " — *Ex.*

" I verily believe," exclaimed an exasperated delinquent at the Shawshin the other day, " that if I were in a desert I could get more to eat ! " " Yes : you probably would get more dessert," observed in the distance a wretched aspirant to punnological notoriety.

A Senior was darning his stocking;
His chum sat insultingly mocking;
When the Senior got mad,
And with words that were bad,
He darned both his chum and his stocking.
—*Brunonian.*

Student: "Can we come into chapel if we arrive after the bell has stopped tolling?"

Prof: "No: never."

Student: "What? never?"

Prof. (slightly embarrassed): "Well — yes— perhaps so — but almost never; unless circumstances arise —— — which alter cases. Of course there might be a unique case." — *Ex.*

Oh, sea! oh, mighty, mighty sea!
That gives the stomach-ache to me,
That spoils my appetite for tea;
Oh, sea!

Oh, deep! oh, mighty, mighty deep!
I gave thee what I could not keep,
And o'er thy waters wept a weep;
Oh, deep!
—*Tablet.*

Pretty Jennie came to me,
Earnest, seeking information;
"Cousin, darling, will you show
What is meant by oscultation?"

What could mortal man as I
Do in such a situation?
Father, mother, no one nigh,
Liberal views, a great temptation!

Jennie is my cousin, too;
So to please my young relation —
* * * * * *
"Ah! you horrid thing, there! now!
I referred to occultation."
—*Yale Record.*

The Academy has recently had a narrow escape from fire.

"I wonder if Noah had a cord long enough to subtend his ark," remarks a comtemplative geometrician.

It is very dangerous to make up your judgment concerning a young lady's weight by measuring her sighs.

Why is grass like a penknife? Because the spring brings out the blades.

A member of the Homer class speaks of "Chalcas as by far the sharpest of the augurs."

The statement that "Dido et dux" is by many regarded a creditable intimation that she could catch fouls.

Life is but a span. Marriage is a double team. Youth wedded to old age is a tandem. A cross old bachelor is single and all sulky.

It is suggested that the genius of the Shawshin is Chaucer.

It is pretty tough, but about twice a week on those premises a frier is burned to the steak.

A painter's apprentice fell off a scoffold with a pot of paint in each hand. He was taken up insensible, but as soon as restored to consciousness he murmured, "I went down with flying colors, anyhow."

"I hope you will prosper in every line," says a Senior to a departing friend; "if you are buying up old clothing, I hope you will prosper on the clothes-line; if an apiarist, in a bee-line; if a cobbler, on the tow-line; if a soldier, in the line of battle," &c., &c., in an infinite series of *reductio ad absurdum.*

At a recent performance in the New Haven Opera-house, as a number of students left their seats between the acts, a good lady was heard to observe, "Ain't it too bad those fellows have to go home and go to studying?"

One of the Preps' mother determined to ascertain his progress at school the other day and asked him to read a little. The youth came upon his own name (that of the first martyr), and being unable to pronounce it, he spelled it out, "S-t-e-p, step, h-e-n, Step-hen." The mother is satisfied that the boy is progressing.—*Ex.*

A young man amused the Middle Class the other day by informing them that Alexander was the greatest general of antiquity, with the exception of *Cannibal.*

PERSONALS.

Lou Cheong, P.A. '82, after a sickness of three months, was taken to Hartford. After staying there a few weeks he went to California, where he is now staying. He will probably continue his education in this country at the expense of his uncle.

Pratt, '82, after several weeks' absence, on account of sickness, has returned.

Whetmore. P.A. '82, has gone home on account of ill health.

Thompson, P.S. '79, after a short vacation granted by the faculty, has returned.

M. Brown has not yet altogether recovered from the effects of the injury which he received in his knee last fall.

Hutchinson. P.A. '81, is round again.

Foreman was in town a few days since.

Noble, P.S. '79, has been obliged to go on account of business.

Hughes, M.P., again enlivens the club with his presence.

Campbell. P.S. '80, has returned to his home in Ohio, much to the regret of his friends.

Haskell, P.S. '80, has been obliged to leave school on account of rheumatism.

Bierwirth, P.A. '79 sails for Germany June 19th. He is now an American citizen.

EXCHANGES.

In looking over our exchanges, the first which demands our notice is the "Williams Athenæum." Two issues have come to hand. The most important feature of the first is the Graves Prize Oration, on the "Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri." This is a very good specimen of English composition, but if we had more space we might criticise it more fully. Some parts of it are rather highly wrought up and convey the impression that the writer must have "toiled over it." Still, upon the whole it is written in a powerful and vivid manner and is replete with noble sentiments. The next issue contains a two-page tale from the "Niebelungenlied," which, though well written, looks as though it were put in to "fill up." The next piece is on the "English Novel in Sócial Reform," and is not without merit. Altogether the "Athenæum" is an enterprising paper. which. besides many jokes of its own, contains numerous items from other college papers interesting to students.

We now turn to the "Morris Avalon," two issues of which are before us. The "Avalon" is conducted with the energy and enthusiasm incident to youthful enterprises. The last issue contains a few "light. amusing" articles, as it is pleased to term them. Of one of these we fail to perceive the lightness, — the one on "Our Comic Algebra." Algebra, indeed, is a heavy subject, and little adapted for a comical dissertation. This piece struck us as occupying more space than it is worth. The article on Cæsar is youthful.

We have received from Indianapolis the "Tyro," which seems to be conducted with western enterprise.

The "Greylock Monthly" displays considerable energy and talent.

We will refrain from criticising the "Phillipian," and rather congratulate it upon its success thus far. We would suggest, however, that it would be more interesting to outside readers if greater variety of subjects characterized its pages. Much as is said about the Shawshin Club, we think the "Phillipian" derives much of its support from this source, even though often a source of complaint. And while congratulating the "Phillipian," we also congratulate ourselves that we still survive, — though it was predicted that the Mirror would die a speedy death when the "Phillipian" was ushered into being.

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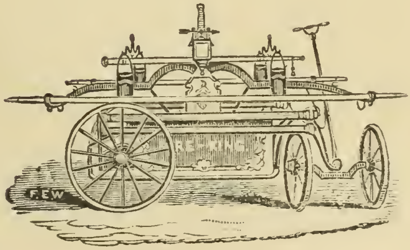

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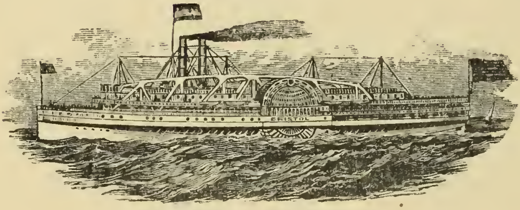

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XLVI - 1

SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE

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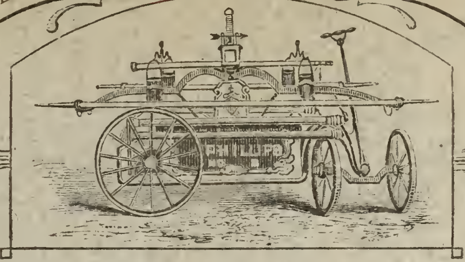

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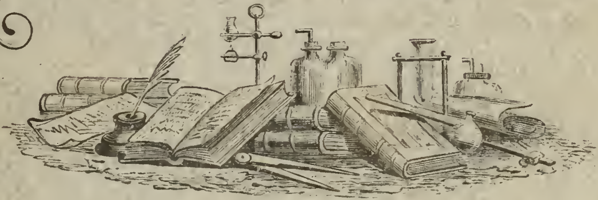

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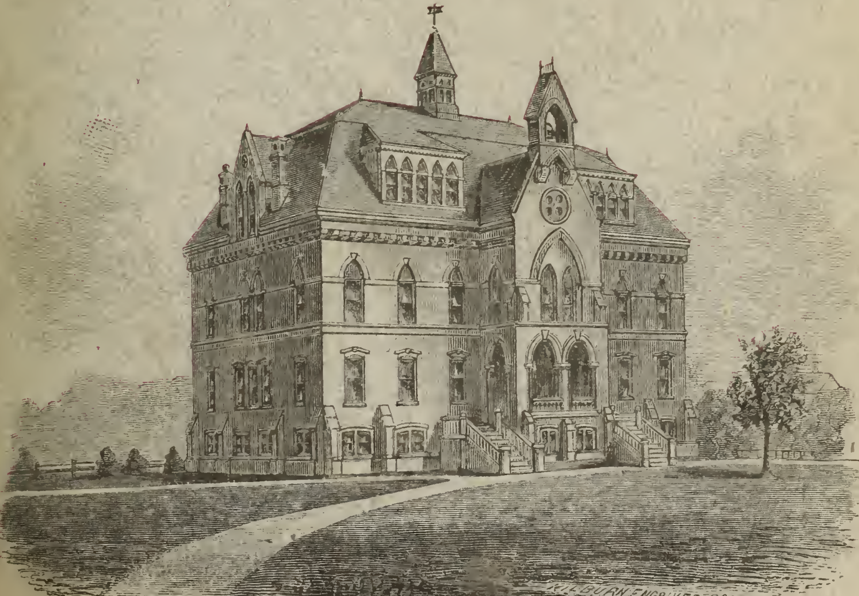

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Vol. XXVI. No. I.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE

PHILO MIRROR.

DECEMBER, 1879.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

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THE MIRROR.

F. Ladd, '80 P.A.
C. Yan Che, '81 P.A.
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VOL. XXVI. DECEMBER, 1879. No. 1.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

If there is one man in the country who has been more intimately associated than any other with the political history of the last quarter of a century, that man is Benjamin F. Butler. Long before most of the men who have attained prominence in the affairs of Massachusetts or the nation had planted their feet on the first round of the ladder of fame his name had become a household word throughout the land. And for the past decade it has been more than a household word: it has been to the multitude a synonym for every species of knavery to which the vocabulary of wickedness gives a title. If it is not an unpardonable sin, let us cast one impartial glance upon a life in which obloquy and honor are so strangely blended.

General Butler was unfortunate at a very early period of his existence in being born at a distance from Beacon Street. Had destiny kindly altered the place of his nativity, he might be both Governor and Governor-elect of Massachusetts to-day. As it was, his boyhood was spent amid anything but ease and luxury. In the stern school of poverty he learned well the lesson of labor, and it has proved the most valuable of his life.

His industry is unparalleled; and if we assume the converse of the old adage, that the devil has plenty of mischief for idle hands, it will be difficult to regard the General as anything but a saint.

He obtained a collegiate education, and was admitted to the bar in the city of Lowell at the age of twenty. The limits of this article will not allow us to follow his brilliant career during the succeeding twenty years. The opening of the civil war found him firmly established in a lucrative practice, with a reputation as a lawyer and advocate that extended beyond the limits of his own State, and with flattering prospects of a yet brighter future. But when the Macedonian cry of help echoed through the startled nation, he was not the last to throw down the toga and assume the sword. Was this the act of a traitor, or of a patriot? It is not the fashion of the day to extol General Butler's military record. But no more complete refutation of the aspersions that have been cast upon it could be given than the vote of thanks which the people of Massachusetts through their legislators conferred upon him for his services in their behalf on the field of battle.

Since the war General Butler has been almost constantly a member of the House of Representatives of the United States. Five times have the party lately ranged in almost unbroken array against him sent him to represent Massachusetts at the national capital. It would be interesting to know wherein he so suddenly forfeited their regard. Do men leap without a warning from the heights of virtue into the depths of sin?

The chief charges against General Butler as a man are as absurd as they are cowardly. How often have we heard his opponents reiterate the worn-out humbug that embalms the story of the spoons. When we ask what spoons, or demand evidence of the theft, we are met with the assertion, repeated with greater fervor and in a more emphatic tone, "He stole the spoons." But the story of the spoons is a myth, and, beautiful as it is, it is better adapted to grace the pages of Mother Goose's Melodies than to mould the judgments of rational men.

In fact, the only charge that can be urged with any degree of plausibility against General Butler is that of ambition — the sin by which the angels fell. Doubtless he is ambitious; doubtless his ambition is, to a certain degree, unrestrained. But the brightest pages in the history of the world — the pages upon which are chronicled the grandest victories in the wavering warfare of human progress — glitter with the record of words and deeds prompted by ambition. Examples would be superfluous. Nor is General Butler's ambition, as we think, that of a Cæsar or a Burr. He has espoused, it is true, the cause of the people as opposed to the cause of the "untitled" aristocracy — the cause of the many as opposed to that of the few. Yet it is not the lower class alone that follow his standard. No more *distingué* a family than that of Phillips exists in Massachusetts. And the most illustrious of the many honored men who have born that name — New England's greatest orator — a king alike by lineage and nature — is not ashamed to be reckoned among his followers.

The last gubernatorial campaign in Massachusetts witnessed the resurrection of slanders that had lain in the tomb for years. Those who were loudest in their denunciations of General Butler were the very men who conferred upon him positions of honor and trust when these slanders first walked the earth. Can a man by changing his political creed alter the record of the immutable past? Assuredly, this is their assumption.

The services and character of General Butler are not likely to be soon appreciated. He has committed himself irrevocably to a position far in advance of his time. But the advancing generations will come up with him, and to the verdict of impartial history his record is submitted. In the forum and on the field, in the courts of law and in the halls of Congress, the traditions of his victories will long survive. But this is not his truest fame. His exertions in behalf of human equality — the equality that levels alike the distinctions of color, wealth, or caste — transcend all the rest. And linked to that cause, whenever and wherever it finds a champion, his name shall be inscribed as a watchword upon its banners.

CONFUCIUS.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

THE history of this famous sage and philosopher, whose memory is cherished by five hundred millions of people, and at the sound of whose name one-third portion of the continent of Asia echoes and re-echoes with his praises, is, I regret to say, very little known in the new world. Now, since we have gathered from all parts of the globe to these classic hills for the purpose of obtaining a liberal education, to study the works of renowned men and their history, it may be well for us at this point to devote a few leisure moments to the history of this remarkable man, whose life is without a blemish, and whose precepts and examples are certainly worthy of our admiration and imitation. It is impossible, in the narrow limits in which I must circumscribe myself, to relate the career of his noble and useful life in minute detail. Nearly the whole surface of the "Flowery Kingdom" is the scene of his labors, and the arena of his struggles against social and political corruption, against barbarism,— in fact, against every debasing and degrading influence of this world. This brilliant star, so to speak, appeared in the year 550 B.C., a time when China had passed far beyond the zenith of its glory, when social discord and political dissension was at its height, when wars and oppression, famines and pestilence, were making terrible havoc and causing indescribable sufferings among the people. "He appeared," said a Chinese biographer, "at the crisis of the nation's history. The world," he continued, "had fallen into decay. The right principles had disappeared. Perverse discourses and oppressive deeds were waxing rife. Ministers murdered their rulers, and sons their fathers. Confucius was frightened by what he saw, and he undertook the work of reformation."

Thus we have before our view the legions of evils which that one single *human* being had to face. Did he shrink from them?

No: like a true and noble-hearted man he presented a bold front to them all. He was well aware that the prevailing disorder required his most strenuous exertions. Keeping this fact in view, he went from kingdom to kingdom, endeavoring to elevate the people from the degradation and degeneracy into which they had fallen, and to lead them to a full realization of their true condition. The fame of his strict morality and unsurpassed wisdom soon became known; and on account of his many accomplishments, and his skill in the art of government, as well as his purity and uprightness of character, he was often made magistrate, but as often he was defeated by the schemes of envious and wicked men. But defeated, as he might be, he would always maintain the cause of the people, and was ever true to his humane and righteous mission.

After he had been refused as master and adviser by the rulers of many peoples, he betook himself to his native state, where he was received, and at first made magistrate, then minister. Then he again began his work of social and political reformation. Under his wise administration that country became very prosperous and powerful, and "he," a writer said, "became the idol of the people, and flew in songs through their mouths."

But soon the bright promises ef evident success flitted from his vision, and the reward of his labor and integrity was again embittered by sad disappointment. Unprincipled and unscrupulous men had allured the king from his successful and right course to the fascinations of worldly pleasures, and Confucius, being unable to persuade him, left him to his own folly.

At the age of sixty-nine he again returned to his native state. There he devoted the rest of his life in completing his literary works, and in instructing his disciples in the art of government and other branches of learning. He had three thousand followers, three hundred of whom were always with him wherever he went.

In the ensuing year he lost his son, which affliction he bore with equanimity. His wife had died some years previous to this, and his mother left him when he was a young man. He mourned over her death for three years, according to the Chinese custom, and was said to be the first man in China who raised a mound over the grave of his parents, so that he might be able to recognize their resting-place.

After the death of his son his heart was again filled with bitter lamentations and mourning over the death of two of his favorite disciples. The great sage himself felt that his own end must soon come. Historians tells us that early one morning he was seen walking near his dwelling musing,—

> "The great mountain must crumble,
> The strong beam must break,
> The wise man must wither away like a plant."

He had a dream the night before, presaging his death. He took to his bed for the last time, and not long after passed away from among men. "His death was melancholy. Disappointed hopes made his soul bitter. No wife or child was by to perform the last offices of affection. His disciples buried him with great pomp, mourning as for a father for three years."

Thus ended the life of that wonderful man, whose great efforts have saved a nation from anarchy and ruin, and whose influence has, I need not hesitate to say, kept bound together many petty states into one mighty empire for more than twenty centuries — an empire destined to be one of the greatest that has ever existed. His literary works, his precepts and examples, rival any of the wisest philosopher of antiquity, and his golden rule, "What you do not like done to yourself, do not to others," is akin to that of the great Master and Saviour of the whole world.

It would be impossible for me to do justice to his truly great name. He rightly deserved the title given to him by his grateful countrymen, "The most sagely ancient teacher. The all-accomplished, the all-informed king."

No age can ever wipe out his sainted name from the pages of history. Posterity will ever extol it to the skies. They will utter increasing praises for his supernatural virtues and his pure patriotism. Even as dear as the sacred memory of Washington is to every true American heart, so dear is that of Confucius to every one of his countrymen. There is an exceedingly small number among those five hundred millions who would not heartily and enthusiastically repeat the following lines: —

"Confucius, Confucius, how great was Confucius!
Before him there was no Confucius;
Since him there has been no other.
Confucius, Confucius, how great was Confucius."

EXERCISE.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

In treating this subject we will consider, as far as our limited space allows, the exercise of the mind and affections as well as that of the body. It is known to all that the mind gathers strength by study and discipline of various kinds, and that if one thing is pursued with more vigor than another the mind will be less capable of grasping so great a variety. For instance, Cicero, the greatest orator and advocate of antiquity, who for years devoted himself to the study of Rhetoric, History, Literature, and Philosophy, did not understand Mathematics and Physics. The affections, moreover, grow by cultivation and use. The person that makes love of money his ruling passion has no thought of anything else, and as years roll on his love is changed to greed, and how often he dies a miserable miser! If good and true affections are fostered, elevating and noble motives entertained, how beautiful is the old age! how noble the object of life! Is not the same true of the intellect? If in youth one begins to study and cultivate the mind, if one exercises the memory through adult life and old age, will not the intellect remain unclouded till the final hour? General Hooker was an illustration of this fact. Was not John Quincy Adams a giant in intellect until the hour of his death? Glance at a person who has cultivated one passion only, that of money. One of San Francisco's wealthiest men, Michael Rease, died worth millions. But how? A miserable death, caused by crawling through a fence into a graveyard to escape the payment of five *cents*.

We have seen by examples how the mind and affections may be cultivated. But we ask, need our affections and intellects be cultivated and sustained at the expense of our bodies? When the mind can only attain its strength and force by mental exercise, can the body reach its form and symmetry in any other way than through physical exercise? Most truly did Theodore Sedgewick say, "It is the man of robust and enduring constitution, of elastic nerve, of comprehensive digestion, who does the great work of life. It is Scott with his manly form. It is Brougham with his superhuman powers of physical endurance. It is Franklin, at the age of seventy, camping out on his way to arouse the Canadas, as our hardiest boys of twenty now camp out in the Adirondacks or on the Miramichi. It is Napoleon, sleeping four hours, and horseback twenty. It is Washington, with his splendid frame and physical strength. These are the men who make the names which the world will not let die. Miserable is the philosophy and the practice which fail to recognize the importance of the animal part of our complicated structure."

Compare, if you will, the firm-set, handsome forms, ruddy glow, and erect carriage of the country boys and girls, who are engaged in active exercise many hours a day, with the soft flesh, delicate and imperfectly organized structures, pale and semi-transparent skin, sickly countenances, and stooping, irregular gait of our city aristocracy, who sit hour after hour in their heated, darkened rooms, reading a yellow-cover or fondling a pampered lap-dog. Again, the broad-shouldered, handsome mechanic and day-laborer with the man of sedentary habits. Mark the manly beauty of the one and the effeminacy of the other. Why, in this enlightened age, will not our young men and women turn from their ruinous habits, and cultivate their bodies which their Creator has given them ? Let us give up our foolish habits, and frequent the play-ground and gymnasium.

Although our gymnasium may not be the best in the world, it is better than many have, and will furnish ample means for the development of our physical frames. So, too, do our sports afford splendid opportunities for manly exercise. How often do we hear of many bright and interesting students called away from school on account of ill health, and that caused by simple disregard for the wants of their physical natures. There is one deplorable barrier to many sports, especially with ladies, and that is *fashion.* Because a few silly women say this is fashion, should a whole community suffer ? Ought all of us to hold up our heads in holy horror if a lady engage in out-door work ? Have not women the same right to God's sunlight and air that men have ? All can see at a glance the wide difference between us and our forefathers, and a greater between them and the ancients. Where on the face of the globe ever lived a more powerful race than the Spartans ? Were they confined to heated and darkened rooms ? Did they do without exercise ? Their customs are too well known to need mention. The result of their manner of living was that a handful of resolute men withstood a host of Persians at the pass of Thermopylæ.

Says a distinguished writer, " Rothstein truly remarks, that we employ a scientific horseman to train a valuable horse, but let the development of the human body go ! Such is the wisdom, or rather folly, of this day, especially in the United States, a land claiming superior civilization and Christianity ; and we are now receiving the just penalties which inevitably follow such neglect of our physical bodies." " O," then, " for a touch of the Olympic games, rather than this pallid effeminacy ! O for a return of the simple Persian elements of telling the truth and hurling the javelin, instead of the blooodless cheeks and fleshless limbs and throbbing brains of our first scholars in Harvard, Yale, or Princeton! . . . . No school or college with any pretentions to be level with the spirit of the age ought to proceed upon the old system of drugging the intellect to satiety with knowledge, and leaving the physical and moral powers comparatively uncared for, since only as all the capacities are harmoniously unfolded can any one of them attain its maximum of strength, usefulness and happiness. The ancient philosophers can yet teach us many a lesson of high wisdom; but they can give us no more significant symbol of the fine balance of their systems than the lovely walks of the gymnasium, the arena of active sports for innumerable youth, musical with voices of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ARTHUR HARRISON BURNHAM.

Now he sleepeth white and still,
  Death's cold seal is on his brow.
His face is pale, his heart is still,
  And he knows no trouble now.

Ah! the grave how sad, how drear!
  Yet Christ's own shall sweetly sleep.
Drive away each falling tear,
  'Tis God's own will, we should not weep.

On earth we pick the choicest flowers —
  How quick they fade, how soon they die.
God picks the rose from sunniest bowers,
  But passes thorns and thistles by.

He placed his every hope in Christ,
  To Him he fled when sin was nigh;
And if we all thus trust in Christ,
  It will indeed be sweet to die.

Young friend, your life was very brief,
  Your work was o'er e're you began.
May we, as ripe and well-filled sheaves,
  Meet you in Heaven when life is done.

FRANK C. BRUCE.

FOOT-BALL AT PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

Phillips Academy put a foot-ball eleven in the field for the fifth consecutive year this autumn. As usual, great expectations of success existed at the outset. The expectations were but partly realized.

The object of this article is to point out the defects in the history of the game here, to deplore the attitude of the school in the matter, to praise the faithful workers, and to say a few words which may correct and render impossible the defects and mistakes seen to have existed. What does history tell?

In the autumn of 1875, Phillips Academy played her first match game of foot-ball. It was with the best eleven Adams Academy ever had. The game as a game was almost unknown to Phillipians. The game was won by Adams by 1 goal and 1 touch-down. The touch-down was made by Nickerson, P.A. '76, in the last half of the game. In 1876 the return game was played at Quincy. There was a part of the elevens of the preceding year on both sides. Phillips Academy won by 1 goal and 1 touch-down to Adams Academy's zero.

This was the first defeat Adams Academy had ever undergone. Phillips' success was due in a great measure to a feeling every member of the eleven and school possessed. The feeling was, as near as words can express it, " I must do my share in order to insure success.'' To be sure, the Harvard Freshmen eleven defeated us by the same score. But this was when substitutes played for us and the school first began to feel what it has never yet ceased to feel, namely, " If the eleven is beaten it's none of my business.'' 1877 saw us with an eleven of which one man only had played in a match. It was beaten by the Resolutes of Boston by 6 touch-downs to 0; played a tie with the Harvard Freshmen, 0 to 0; was beaten by Adams Academy, two goals to 0; and won a game with the Tufts Freshmen eleven, 1 goal and 14 touch-downs to 0. Last year, 1878, five of the eleven with six new players went to Quincy, in order, if possible, to regain the lead. The school must needs be disappointed, for the game was Quincy's by 1 goal and 4 touch-downs to 0. Brown Freshmen were defeated by 2 goals and 11 touch-downs. The first game ever played between Phillips Exeter and ourselves was to our credit by a score of 1 goal and 5 touch-downs to 0. Harvard Freshmen, however, were victorious, the score being 2 goals and 4 touch-downs to 0. This was a good eleven, but every eleven can be and must be beaten by elevens better. This autumn, practice was begun earlier than usual, and the school seemed, at such a rate, to hope to carry everything before it. When Quincy left us defeated in the first match, we had 0 and they had 4 goals and 4 touch-downs. The school pride was roused by this, and for one night only some big strappers came out to show what they were capable of doing. Evidently thinking, "The Lord will provide," or perhaps saying, "The Devil may care," no power on earth could induce them to appear again on the field. So, when the eleven was called upon to sustain the reputation of the school at Exeter, they were able merely to be beaten, 1 goal and 4 touch-downs to 0. Although this was one touch-down less than they were beaten last year, what a disgrace it was! The Newtons, of Newtonville, were our next, and, as it proved, last opponents. The game was ours and the score 1 goal, 2 touchdowns, to 0. It is fair to think that we should have been able to win the game with Harvard Freshmen, which was twice prevented by the weather. Now what has been the cause of failure?

In 1875, insufficient preparation.

In 1876, the decree of Fate.

In 1877, disinterestedness and laziness.

In 1878, the same.

In 1879, all the above, only a great deal of the last-mentioned.

There is excuse for the first. The second was unavoidable, and the next two unpardonable, and this last "almost damnable, as it were." True, but two of the present eleven ever played a match before this season. This year's eleven was too light.

It was the heaviest possible, as no heavier fellows would risk their precious bones. And this brings us to the point. If you care for your school, play foot-ball in the season. Do not plead that you are this, or that; that you do not know how; that you do not care for the game or anything akin to it. You ought to care. You ought to know how. You ought not to be this, that, or the other. Every man of us should be alive in the matter, and not contented with giving a few half-dollars. On the contrary, every man should appear on the campus, day after day, week after week, and withal, lend some of his strength to help along one of the school's institutions. We will not say that there are none who know their duty and do it. For there are a few who do their duty and much more. To these the school owes all possible thanks. We do not say that no good players have been at Andover. If we should, the records of Bradford, of the Princeton fifteen, Nickerson, of the Harvard fifteen, Eaton, of the Yale fifteen, Ruf. Frost, Gregory, Parrott, Corwith, Bliven, and Parsons, would refute it. Now what should be done to make the foot-ball season of 1880 a success?

The school should be in dead earnest with regard to the workings and minutiæ of the matter. No one should be a member of the eleven unless he be willing to train, and appear five afternoons out of the week for practice. Class games should be played. There should be players trained to such a degree of perfection that any vacancy could be filled at a moment's notice. Above all, drop-kicking should be practiced unceasingly. This, and a fine system of passing, with a good basis to start from, will ensure success. The basis we have. The result to be attained requires hard work. Is the school willing to do the work required?

P. T. N.

AN EPISODE.

When all around was silent
  Beneath the midnight sky,
Some honor-loving students
  A vineyard went to try.

One of the honored body,
  More cautious than the rest,
Took for his aid a huge air-gun
  Concealed within his breast.

Before the Shawshine Club they slipped,
  Across the fields they passed,
And there before the luscious grapes
  Panting they stood at last.

"Say, fellows, I won't go in there,"
  Out spake the timid one;
"I would not," said the other boys,
  "We'll have the grapes and fun."

This was too much; he jumped the fence,—
  What horror seized his soul,
As from behind a large grape-vine
  The dreaded farmer stole.

With one high bound he cleared the wall,
  And sped with wondrous speed
Across a soft and swampy field
  Whose mud he did not heed.

He turned in here, he turned out there,
  He ran with all his might;
But turn which ever way he would,
  That farmer was in sight.

The farmer shouted as he ran, —
"I guess I'll find out soon
The one who steals my concord grapes
On nights without a moon."

"Oh, how I wish," the student said,
"That I was in my bed!
I'll never steal another grape,
Unless I loose my head.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I shall be caught!
The pistol he may fear!"
He drew the weapon from his breast,
The farmer being near.

"Stop, stop!" he cried "I'll shoot, I'll shoot!"
And waited for reply;
But saw the farmer lift with care
A pistol to his eye.

"I know you well," the farmer said;
"You've stole my grapes before,
And if I get a hold of you
I'll thrash you 'til you're sore."

"Within my vest," the student thought,
"There is a dollar bill.
I think I'll buy the farmer off,
And have him keep it still."

"Oh, sir," he to the farmer said,
"If you will keep this hid,
I'll pay you all the cash I've got,
And anything you bid."

"My grapes are gone, so are the boys;
I guess a bill will pay
For all the grapes that you have had,"
He heard the farmer say.

The student's fear was slightly quelled,
Out came the stated sum;
And all the frightened student said
Was, "Please, sir, keep it mum!"

The farmer took the dollar bill
And put it in his vest.
"This makes me square with you," he said, —
"I'll go and catch the rest."

The student freed, he left the spot,
And set out for his room;
By walking very rapidly,
He reached it very soon.

And as he crawled within the sheet,
"Let others steal," he said,
"But as for me, I never will
Unless I loose my head."

. . . .

The farmer started for the rest,
Who, strange to say, stood still;
And as he was approaching them
He cried out with a will, —

"Hey, fellows, I have got the bill
Which you to him did loan!
The fellow's nearly scared to death;
I thought I heard him groan."

"But come, let's have a jolly spread
Upon the poor Thing's bill;
For truly, for the want of food
I'm feeling rather ill."

So, in a certain dim-lit room,
Those students had a spread;
But what they had I'm very sure
Cannot, to-night, be said.

J.

THE TOURNAMENT.

The Phillips Athletic Association of Andover held its second Annual Fall Games on the Campus, Wednesday, Oct. 29, 1879. In spite of the cold wind many spectators gathered to witness the efforts of the numerous competitors.

At exactly 2 P.M. the men representing P.A. '80 and P.S. '81 took their places for the first tug-of-war, which was won by P.S. '81 after a short, sharp pull. With no delay the competitors for putting the shot took their places, and after a few trials J. W. Howard, P.A. '81, succeeded in covering the greatest distance, 26 ft. 9 in.

In the 100 yards dash, Symons, J. N. Roe, Madill and Farr came to the mark. All got away together, and for the first 50 yards kept well together. Here Symons and Roe commenced to draw away from the rest. By some accident Roe fell leaving Symons an easy winner. Time, 11 sec.

The second tug-of-war followed, P. S. '80 *vs.* P.A. '81, and was won by '81.

Allen, Howard, C. H. Greene, Porter and Snook started in the sack-race, which was highly amusing, to say the least. Although Snook and Howard came in ahead of the others, Allen was given first place, and Porter second, for they were the only ones that kept entirely within the sack. The 220 yards run was started with Lincoln on the outside, Farr next, and Selfridge at the pole, who immediately took the lead, and finished winner, in 29 sec. The standing broad jump was easily won by Symons, who cleared 11 ft. 7½ in.

The next tug-of-war was a victory for P.A. '83 over P.A. '82.

The mile run was contested by Nickerson, Yan Che, and Ferris. Each led at different times, but Nickerson's staying powers stood the test best, which made him winner. Time, 6 min. 16 sec.

The slowness of the time of this race, as well as of the other long races, was due to the unevenness of the track and the strong wind that the winners had to face for more than half the distance.

Nichols won the standing high jump, clearing 4 ft. 4$\frac{3}{4}$ in.

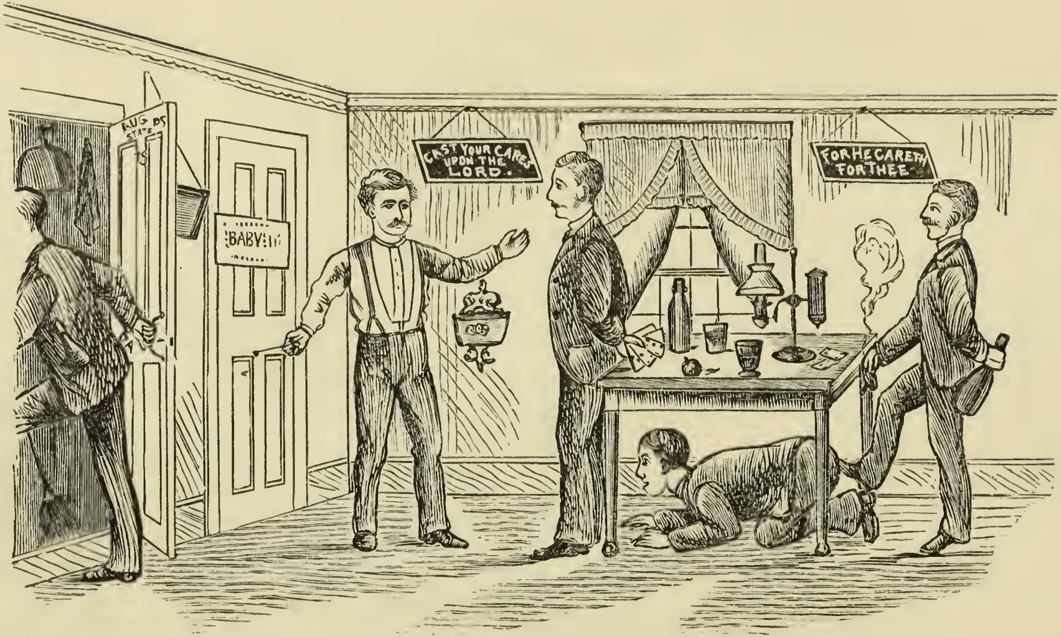
The Middle Class teams, captained by Strong, P.S. '81, and W. W. Smith, P.A. '81, came to the mark. For nearly two minutes the white mark on the rope scarcely moved from the centre crease, but the superiority of the Classical boys was clearly proven before five minutes had expired. The three-legged race was a mistake. Good luck won it, not merit. Baldwin and Taft were certainly the best, but had the misfortune of falling and having Nichols and Greene fall on them, which left Lincoln and Nickerson a clear field, and made them easy winners.

Symons won the running broad jump, clearing 17 ft., Roe second.

The quarter mile run was a walk-over for the winner, A. J. Selfridge. Time, 1 min. 5 sec.

The last tug-of-war decided that P.A. '83 was the strongest class in school.

The programme was finished with the hurdle race, which was the best contested and prettiest race of the day. Roe, Greene, Madill and Symons started at the same instant, and kept together until the first hurdle was cleared. Greene commenced to lead, closely followed by Madill, who fairly flew over the flights in hot pursuit, and by the time the 9th hurdle was reached was within a foot of Greene, and they rose for the last flight at the same instant. For some unexplained reason Greene ceased to exert himself, seemingly contented with second place, leaving Madill winner in 20 min. 34 sec.


AUG DS
STATE
BABY!!!
CAST YOUR CARES UPON THE LORD.
FOR HE CARETH FOR THEE

A "SURPRISE" PARTY.

A COMMON SCENE

AT L. C. 5.

The night was dark, the sun was hid
  Beneath the western gray,
And not a single star appeared
  To shoot a shining ray
Within those dark and dusky rooms
  Where roguish spirits prey.

The Old South Church had tolled the hour,—
  Eleven o'clock at night,—
When from the fifth house came a sound
  Of revelry or fight,
Which caused our creeping blood to chill
  Within our veins in fright.

But all at once the tumult ceased,
  The echoes died away;
And suddenly that midnight scene,
  From being very gay,
Was turned to sadness,—yes, indeed,
  Was turned into dismay.

For out upon the winding stairs
  Was heard a stately tread,
Which entered soon the middle room
  And found a man in bed;
But, at the foot his boots were seen,
  His collar at the head.

The figure turned and left the room
  To mount the second flight;
This being done, again it stopped,
  Commanded, "Strike a light!"
The light was lit, and ev'rything
  Appeared as if all right.

For that big man from Bingampton
  Had quickly fled away
To hide his visage in the dark,
  For he had been at play
Upon the stairs with sticks and stones,
  And other things, they say.

But thinking that some one was hid
  Within the bedroom's gloom,
The stately figure sought and spied,
  A sitting on a broom,
That monstrous man from Bingampton,
  And sent him to his room.

Across the hall that figure trod
  To enter one room more,
And there he saw a stranger sight
  Than he had seen before,—
A Ham across the table lay,
  A Platt-er on the floor.

The Platt-er sprang from off the floor,
  And popped, with one great bound,
Within a coal-closet near by,
  And sat upon a mound
Of coal — until he seemed to hear
  A gentle rapping sound.

Then from that cosy nook he came
  Besmeared with dirt, they say.
So thus the Platt-er, sad to state,
  Demerits had to pay
For being caught without his room
  And joining in the play.

'Twas thus that tumult there was stopped
  So suddenly that night;
'Twas thus the youths who roamed at large
Came suddenly to plight;
'Twas thus they got demerited,—
  But shall we say 'twas right?

J.

'63
PA'75
P.S'79
WELCOME
Cast not your pearls before Swine

EXPLORATION OF THE COAL-BIN.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

It is with the utmost diffidence that we present to the Society and School the present issue of the MIRROR. The class of '79 has passed off from the stage of school life, and, as we listen to the stately tread of their receding footsteps, we tremble for the fate of the enterprises which they were wont so ably to sustain. But if we shall succeed in forging one link, poor and imperfect though its workmanship may be, in the golden chain of PHILOMATHEAN MIRRORS that runs through the past quarter of a century, our expectations will have been more than realized.

The death of Arthur Harrison Burnham, a member of P.A. '81, which occurred in the early part of the present term, cast a gloom over his classmates, to all of whom he had personally endeared himself. Messrs. Dutton, Jones, Bruce and Symons were appointed a committeee of his class to attend the funeral at Essex, Mass. A beautiful wreath bearing the motto of P.A. '81 was carried by these gentlemen and placed upon the coffin, as the offering of the class. We append a copy of the resolutions which were presented to the grief-stricken parents: —

"Whereas, it has pleased God to remove from our number Arthur Harrison Burnham, of Essex, Mass., a member of the Classical Deparment of Phillips Academy, therefore be it —

Resolved, That we, the members of the Class of '81, express in this form our high regard for our deceased classmate and our appreciation of his strict Christian character and moral excellence; and be it further —

Resolved, That we extend to the parents and relatives of the deceased our heartfelt sympathies in this hour of their bereavement.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be presented to the parents of the deceased, and also to the *Phillipian* for publication.

J. E. DUTTON, *Pres.*, J. T. SYMONS,
A. FREY, *Sec.*, C. A. JONES,
Committee on Resolutions.

This term has witnessed the establishment of a novel marking system, which we do not hesitate to condemn unqualifiedly. In fact, we are unable to see how any man of ordinary abilities and of good intentions can long survive under such treatment. If he slips into eleven mistakes he is given no credit for that which he has learnt,— perhaps by severe and untiring application, and the inevitable *minus* begins to haunt his dreams. The Faculty have probably acted on the principle of taking away from him that hath not, even that which he hath.

The election at Inquiry occurred on the 11th of December. Two tickets — one green, the other white, both headed the "Regular ticket" — claimed the suffrages of the voters. The election was the most hotly contested which has ever occurred at Inquiry, and resulted in the election of the following officers: President, W. F. Wilcox; Vice-President, J. T. Nichols; Secretary, J. N. Tuttle; Treasurer, G. S. Haskell; Editors, H. W. Hyde, J. N. Roe, and A. L. Holmes; Executives, P. T. Wells, R. E. Smith, and J. L. Snook. The closest ballot was for Vice-President, which stood, Nichols 29, Selfridge 20, scattering 6.

Finding itself unable to support the foot-ball team, the Athletic Association returned the management to the school. A new plan was adopted to prevent any ill-feeling, which has worked admirably. The captain, Mr. Nickerson, has accomplished all that could possibly be expected from the material given. We present in another column an article on this subject, which we think is a fair presentation of the history of the game in the Academy.

We have received the following communication, with a request to insert it in the MIRROR.

EDITORS OF THE MIRROR.

Gentlemen,— I have had a dream so remarkable in all its details, and withal so full of warning to the wise, that I cannot refrain from making it public. I dreamed that I attended a meeting of Philo in the capacity of a disembodied spirit. But, alas! no familiar scenes met my eye. Instead of the well-remembered portrait of Dr. Ray Palmer, there hung over the President's desk a full-length representation of a sinewy prize-fighter. The meeting was promptly called to order, and opened by the rendering of "Forty-nine blue-bottles" by the entire audience. Next in order came a rattling of "single sticks," which reminded us of the frequent fall of the President's gavel in the days of yore. This concluded the last and most exciting exercise of the evening. A "go-as-you-please" was begun. I stayed as long as it is possible for spirits to stay; but all too soon the "glow-worm showed the matin to be near," and I left the contestants still on the track amid the eager applause of their partizans. I was tempted to exclaim, in the language of a New Haven lady who observed some Yale fellows leaving the theatre, "Isn't it too bad that the students have got to go home and study?"

At this point I awoke, and I have been reflecting ever since whether Philo, according to the laws of evolution, will ever reach the state I witnessed in my vision.

Yours, SOMNIATOR.

The Fem Sem has furnished those that are interested in Greek History and Art a very enjoyable and instructive lecture course. Our expectations have been more than realized by the beautiful pictures shown and the graphic description given by the lecturer, Professor Davidson.

Three entertainments have already occurred in the lecture and concert course instituted early in the term by a number of enterprising Theologues. Mr. Stoddard's lecture on St. Petersburg was of a popular character and highly appreciated. It is mere waste of words, of course, to attempt to do justice to anything that comes from the lips of Wendell Phillips, who delivered the second lecture. Suffice it to say that the matchless American orator rarely appeared to better advantage than on that occasion. His animated and forcible description of the peerless Irish agitator is not likely to be soon forgotten by those who had the good fortune of listening to it. The third entertainment was given by the Schubert Male Quartette, assisted by Miss Fanny Kellogg, and was a rare treat to all lovers of music.

The announcement of the committee appointed to examine the Means Prize Essays was made in Chapel Dec. 13th. The names of the successful men are as follows: P.A. '80, Nichols, Wilson, Ladd; P. S. '80, Manning; P. A. '81, Symons (of whom three pieces were accepted), Wells, Phelps, Mitchell, Jones; P.A. '82, Roe. The Committee of selection consisted of Rev. E. H. Byington, Arthur F. Skeele, and Moses Foster, Esq., all of Andover.

Before this issue of the MIRROR the election at Philo will have occurred. At present writing the result seems doubtful.

And now to one and all we say, like the Irishman in parting, "Take care of yourself" during the Christmas vacation.

PHILLIPIANA.

THE amount turned over to Dr. Bancroft as the profits of last year's *Phillipian*, and which the school voted to expend in filling with stained glass one of the *quatre-foils* in the Great Hall, amounts to $76.52. The work will be done by Mr. McDonald of Boston.

Middler (translating very slowly a well-known passage from Cicero).—"I seem to myself to see this city, the light of the whole world and the citadel of all races, suddenly falling in one conflagration. I seem — to see — the miserable — and unburned —" (comes to a stand-still.)

Prof.—"Well, sir, finish the conflagration and complete the burial."

The present Senior Class has attained quite a celebrity for bringing out beauties of thought and diction which have been the stumbling-blocks of translators of Virgil from Dryden down. One of its members recently described quite a remarkable journey of the Giant Polyphemus in these words: "His fleecy oxen accompany him. After that he had touched the waves, he went to the stars washing the blood from his dug-out eye." The same genius recently rendered the words, "Odora Canum vis," the strong odor of the dogs.

Perhaps a "Pinafore" quotation was never put to a more dignified use than when Dr. Bancroft, in mentioning the frequency of exceptions to rules of Latin Syntax recently, told the Senior Class that though it should be stated that the Latin infinitive never denoted purpose — *never! never!! never!!!* the assertion must nevertheless be qualified by a "hardly ever."

Our Latin Professor thinks that the Roman soldiers of the Asiatic army whose homesickness Cicero mentions were probably moved as much by *desiderio suarum* as by *desiderio suorum.*

Prof. to Senior in Geometry.— "Suppose a triangle were pivoted at each angle; would it be possible to change the sides of the angle by pulling at the vertices?"

Senior.— "No, sir, but you might stretch the sides."

Prof. (in Physics).— "Who discovered the law of the pendulum."— Student (confidently).— "Benjamin Franklin."

The Providence papers and the *Brunonian* announce the award of the additional second premium for excellence in preparatory Latin to Moses Clement Gile, P.A. '79, Brown '83.

"Physician, heal thyself," was the advice given the other day to a professional character well-known in this Academy who was endeavoring during recitation to assist his nearest neighbor.

Professor in the Latin recitation.— "Give the nominative singular feminine of plus."

Junior.— "Pla."

Prof.— "Give the neuter."

Junior.— "Plum."

Prof. (severely).— "That kind of fruit doesn't grow on the tree of learning. That will do, sir."

There are fifty Phillips boys at Yale. Of the Faculty seven were Phillips men.

There are at present in the Academy 224 students, representing 26 states and territories, 4 nationalities, and 3 races. 29, over an eighth of the entire number, are sons of ministers.

We have considerable cause for satisfaction in the victory of the Yale Freshmen at Cambridge, Saturday, Nov. 29th, as Parrott, P.A. '79, was captain, and three more of our men, Rogers, Corwith and Spring, played on the eleven.

H. J. Brown of P.S. '80, and a member of the editorial board of the *Phillipian*, broke his leg while skating on the rink, Nov. 22d.

Scene in class-room. Student translates at the rate of about a word per minute for a considerable length of time. Prof. (who thinks it has been going on long enough.—"I suppose, sir, that, like Lord Dundreary, you could converth thuth for howth togeth-ah. (Student collapses.)

Fairbank, P.A. '79, has been elected Secretary of the Freshman Class at Amherst. He also won the entrance examination prize.

Gile, P.A. '79, has been elected Vice-President of the Brown Freshmen.

Our heavy man of last year, "Polly" Parrott, has been distingushing himself nobly at Yale. In the rush, a few days since, he was placed in the front rank, together with Rogers, and in the wrestling match was victorious over his Sophomore opponent, "Chummy" Eaton, his being the only Freshman victory gained that day. Parrott has been elected captain of the foot-ball eleven, and was also invited to join the crew. Hurrah for Polly!

Some of the '79 boys were pretty badly treated at Yale. Most of our readers know that Phelps, Rogers and Corwith, who have rooms in the same house, have been twice visited by the Sophomores. The first time the Sophs made Phelps scan Algebra, and the second time they put them all three in the same bed and piled the furniture upon them, to keep them warm!

The following is from the Abbott correspondent of the *Phil-*

lipian: — "And now, before bidding a final farewell, may we ask one question. Is there any connection between the scanning of Algebra in Yale and Joe Roget's wish for a fit in mathematics in Phillips? We ask for information. Adieu!"

PERSONALS.

McDowell, P.A. '82, has left school.

Baby Fleming is captain of the Princeton Freshman foot-ball eleven.

G. W. Foster, P.A. '79, is on the Freshman fifteen at Amherst, and won the half-mile run in the recent tournament.

Woodruff, P.A. '80, had his collar-bone broken and has left school for the rest of the term.

Clough, P.S. '80, has recovered from sprained ankle.

Crocker, Messler, Phelps, Corwith, and Hutcheson spent part of their thanksgiving vacation at Andover.

Vosburg, P.A. '80, thought Quincy more congenial to his taste than the classic shades of Andover.

Smith, P.A. '82, has had his hair cut.

LaGrange has returned to Bingampton, N. Y., on account of business.

P. A. '80 has elected the following officers: — President, Ladd; Vice-President, Hyde; Secretary and Treasurer, Wolcott.

P. A. '81 has elected President, Ross; Vice-President, Bayless; Secretary and Treasurer, Halbert, — a remarkable coincidence, in that all these men come from the same town.

CLIPPINGS.

" Dear girl, when I am gone remember me, as the bee said when it alighted on a country maiden's cheek in mistake for a rose.

Amherst Professor.—" How dare you swear before me?"
Amherst Freshman.—" How do I know you want to swear before I do?"
The Professor retires in silence.

Junior, parsing.—" *Nihil* is a noun."
Professor.—" What does it come from?"
Student.—" It don't come at all."
Professor, quizzing.—" Doesn't it come from *nihilo?*"
Student.—" No, sir. *Ex nihilo nihil fit!*"
Professor settled.

NAUGHTY.

Somebody's lips were close to mine;
Thus tempted I couldn't resist.
Roguish and rosy, a sweet little mouth
Was suddenly softly kissed.

Somebody's eyes looked up and frowned
With such a reproving glance.
" If kisses were wicked?" I asked my pet;
Then the eyes began to dance.

And smilling, the little maid answered,
As I knelt there at her feet:
" They must be a little bit naughty,
Or they never would be so sweet."

A Freshman translated *Δέσποτα ὥρας 'Αρτεμίσιαν ὁς ἀγονίζεται,* " O, Lord, how Artemisia fights." The class occupied some time in expressing their approval of the rendering.

Freshman in French translates *que aille au diable,* " what ails the devil?" — *Ex.*

From a note picked up in a recitation-room: " If I get called up, give me one punch if the question is to be answered yes, and two punches if answered no."— *Yale Record.*

One of the questions in geography was, "What is the cause of the tides?" The sub-Fresh who gave as his answer "The Almighty," has concluded not to enter the university, but to go directly to a theological seminary.—*Cornell Review.*

Instructor.—"It is very warm on these mountains during the day, but at night it is necessary to have two pairs of blankets."

Student (*sotto voce*).—"Why don't he use three of a kind? That's better than two pair."—*Advocate.*

President.—"There are certain kinds of crystals, which, owing to double refraction, you may look through and see objects doubly."

Sophomore.—"There is a pane of French glass at home through which I have often looked and seen four moons. How do you explain that?"

President.—"That depends somewhat on the glass, but more upon the condition of the man."

They are discussing the law of memory, which gave rise to the following questions:—

Senior.—"Why is it that I can so easily remember the multiplication-table, and cannot recall the trigonometrical formulæ."

Prof.—"You never learned the latter."

A young lady to a gallant Senior.—"I wish you would be a little careful, Mr. X, and not kiss me in the eye."

A Senior, who boasts of his Scriptural knowledge, was recently dared to prove it by repeating the fourth commandment. With a contemptuous look at his questioner, he boldly began: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Observing the incredulous faces around him, he stopped, and began again: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

SCRAPS.

We heard the remark the other day concerning a gentleman not a thousand miles from Phillips Academy that shows some appreciation of the principles of Geometry. The gentleman to whom we have referred is not remarkable for his steadfastness in any one plan or project, and the remark was that he was a "regular polygon of an almost infinite number of sides."

Our respected Principal suggests the translation of "hot punch" for *calidos latices*.

A Middler recently astonished and amused the class by translating "ils s'excitèrent à la désobéissance et ils en furent punis." by the theological phraseology, "they were moved to disobedience and future punishment."

Prof. in Physics. — "How does a man balance himself when he walks?"

First Student. — "The pressure of the air is equal on all sides."

Second Student. — "By carrying a pole in his hand."

"That will do, sir."

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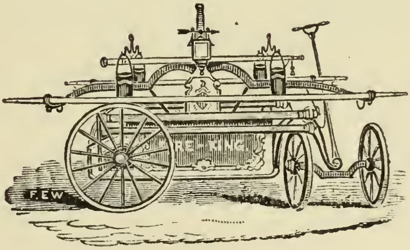

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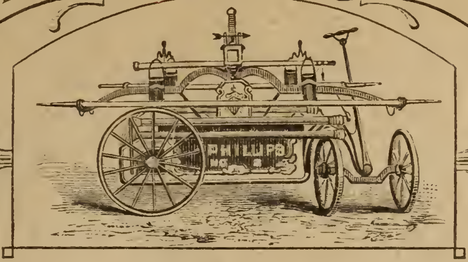

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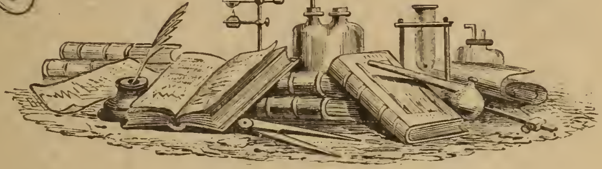

WINTER TERM, 1880.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

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No. 3 Coolidge Building, Bowdoin Square,

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Vol. XXVI. No. 2.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE
PHILO MIRROR.

MARCH, 1880.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

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THE MIRROR.

C. Ross, 81 P.A.
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CERVANTES.

Among the few who have left their individualities stamped upon contemporary history, no name is so enchanting in its associations, no life affords so fine material for study, as that of Cervantes. His life was a tragedy; yet a tragedy which his wonderful spirits have made one of the brightest of history. Born, as he was, under the soft Spanish skies, endowed with all the warmth and impetuosity of the Spanish character, tempered, perhaps, to a degree un-spanish, with a reasoning intellect, it is not strange that he found hidden under the fantastic exterior of Don Quixote a depth of pathos and beauty which the stilted romances of chivalry had failed to unfold.

The country gentleman of de la Mancha, encased in his antique armor, bestriding his rawboned steed, fighting his battles with giants and dragons, is a figure which belongs to all literatures. The caricatures in the current number of *Harper's Weekly* contain a likeness of this forlorn figure. Allusions to its deeds of knight-errantry and its tourneys are found in every newspaper issue. Its adventures form the text of discourses, of moralizing, of chapters of novels. To confess ignorance of this work, which all admirers, critical and un-critical, pronounce one of the world books, is to confess one's self wanting in taste or discernment. Written for the Spain of the sixteenth century, to caricature the blind devotees of the dying orders of knight-errantry, it is applicable to every age; in short, here is a universal book, a picture which reflects on its canvas the Don Quixote of every nationality and rank. For conceived in the truest humor, it found under the breast of the uncouth figure it caricatured those traits which bind all men in a common relationship.

The author, forgotten amid the splendor of his own life-work, stands the type of a brave, cheerful man, suffering much, complaining little, working his way through adversities. Gifted by nature with a strong, vigorous intellect, he found himself, even in boyhood, so shackled by the bonds of poverty as to be unable to satisfy his cravings for knowledge. Stories, vivid pictures of his ardent nature, remain of the boy stopping in his rambles to scan each stray bit of paper for the words it might contain. Its careful husbanding of opportunities had its effect, and made Cervantes at the time of his death one of the best-informed men on all subjects, from the flowery romance to the theological literature of his day. His knowledge is breathed forth in quotations, in allusions, on every page of Don Quixote. But not to his youth, valuable though it may be in its suggestions, must we look for the tints which colored the character of Cervantes. Nor is the Chamberlain of the Roman Cardinal but a passing stage which bound youth to the fuller life of manhood. In the soldier, bravely fighting and losing his left hand in the battle of Lepanto, the manhood of Cervantes began to develop itself. We catch a glimpse of it when he writes, "I would rather be again present in that prodigious action, than whole and sound without sharing in the glory of it." Five years were passed in serving his country; at last he was honorably discharged, and embarked for Spain with letters of recommendation to the King from Don John of Aragon. But the journey was never completed. The fleet fell a victim to the terrible Moorish corsairs who haunted the Mediterranean in those times. Cervantes was carried away to

Algiers, there to suffer a long slavery. His continued attempts to escape made him so feared that no punishment was considered severe enough to quell his daring spirit. But his spirit was never subdued, and the Dey declared he should consider his capital, his slaves, and his galleys safe, could he but keep "that lame Spaniard" quiet. At length the efforts of his mother and sisters procured his release. He returned to Spain only to find every occupation closed against him. As a last resort he enlisted in the Portuguese army. After some years of military service he settled in Madrid, and endeavored to procure a private position and some recognition for his dramas and other writings. But all in vain. The man whose memory Spain reverentially cherishes, recognizing in it one of her most precious heritages, was unable during his lifetime to procure the slightest recognition.

But sorrow and disappointment could not chill his cheerful nature. It was in prison, surrounded by every privation, which would have overwhelmed a weaker nature, that Don Quixote, "our joyfulest, and all but our deepest modern book," was written. As the end of his life approached his vitality and vivacity seemed to increase. Only a few days before his death he writes: "And so farewell to jesting, farewell my merry humors, farewell my gay friends, for I feel that I am dying, and I have no desire but soon to see you happy in the other life."

The sad scene closes, and a man whose immortality is coeval with that of Shakespeare and Homer passes unrecognized from the earth.

On the same day the world's greatest poet died in Stratford-upon-Avon.

So deep was the cloud which for a time reigned over Cervantes and his career, that his very resting-place has been forgotten. His sepulchre is marked by a niche in the Temple of Fame.

Long years have gone by. Spain is no longer the Spain of Cervantes' day. All is changed; the world, its science, its religion, the very method of its thought. But the deep underlying currents of human nature are not changed. Charles Dickens, finding under the rudest exterior the beatings of a tender heart, Daniel Webster, the defender of the Union, swaying the Senate by his eloquence, are all touched with the same enthusiasm which animated the genius of Cervantes.

C. R.

THE BICYCLE.

> Turn, turn, my wheel! turn round and round,
> Without a pause, without a sound:
> So spins the flying world away!
>
> — LONGFELLOW.

JUST one hundred years ago, the first attempt was made to aid locomotion by means of a man-propelling machine. Since then, improvement in no other direction can be more marked than that which produced the bicycle of to-day from the cumbersome contrivance which Blanchard and Magurier devised in 1779. Nothing can be more different than the heavy wooden affair which was pushed by the feet of the youth of olden time and the graceful light instrument on which the riders of the period disport themselves.

In 1868 the greatest change was effected towards the construction of the bicycle, and most of the credit is due to the French and English; the Americans being sharers in suggesting the rubber tire only. The machine is built with the utmost consideration for a natural position while riding, durability, lightness and speed. Though it cannot be ridden through deep mud or snow, it will run effectually on ice, and can be used with ease, pleasure and comfort where one drives with a horse and light vehicle; it surmounts a grade of 45°, and on a smooth level is driven at a rate somewhat exceeding twenty miles an hour.

With a ground base of about twenty-four inches, and the centre of gravity below that of magnitude, one can readily see that the state of equilibrium is sure and safe; the former enhancing the balancing capacity, the latter a stable seat when the machine is mounted. Not to mention the advantage it has over the old "bone-shaker" in being so much lighter, it is driven with one-half the expenditure of power and with treble the speed. As many remember, the old affair had its two wheels of nearly equal size, while to propel it the rider was obliged to attain an awkward position, and, withal, a fatiguing one,—muscular action being employed in pushing forward with the legs. On the contrary, when riding the bicycle one is in an upright posture, and the weight of the body is used in the driving power more extensively even than is the mere forcing pressure of the feet on the treadles.

Calculation has been made to the effect that thirty-eight foot-pounds are sufficient to propel the instrument on the level; when ascending a hill or against a head-wind, the case is different; but the bicycler can overcome such difficulties with a comparatively small amount of effort, as he is able to exert on the pedals not only his weight by treading on them, but double the force, as an equal power can be effected by pulling on the handles. Thus, supposing the rider's weight to be one hundred and sixty pounds, three hundred and twenty foot-pounds can be used in propelling him when mounting a steep acclivity or in a flurry of wind; and, though this cannot be continued long without exhaustion, it shows what an aid is at his disposal in such an emergency.

The rubber tire has numerous advantages over the iron; among others, it breaks all the jar occasioned by a rough ground, or the sticks and stones over which one must pass; and, moreover, it is perfectly noiseless.

No wood is used in the structure of the machine, the materials consisting alone of steel and rubber; and with all the attachments it rarely exceeds forty pounds avoirdupois.

There are two principal houses in this country where purchase can be made most readily and satisfactorily, — namely, Cunningham & Co., and the Pope Manufacturing Co., in Boston, the former importing English makes, the latter producing one of American device, styled the "Columbia."

It is difficult to distinguish between their different excellences, as both are built for American roads, and are essentially the same in point of construction. The most perfect machine, and one in which are combined the various improvements in individual bicycles of other makes, is called the "Harvard," and is the design of Bayliss, Thomas & Co., Coventry, England, who manufacture it expressly for Cunningham & Co. It is especially adapted to meet the deficiencies of our highways and the American necessities: there certainly is no better. The characteristic difference between this and the "Columbia" is in the driving wheels, the "Harvard" having sixty-eight spokes, while the other has but forty-eight; the greater number giving more strength to the wheel, it is claimed, though they are not so easily repaired when an injury is sustained, and they increase, also, the difficulty in cleaning the wheel. The light and graceful appearance in which it is superior to the "Columbia" compensates for these inconveniences, however.

An ordinary rider of the bicycle can outstrip a horse on a fair road, and thinks nothing of accomplishing from seventy-five to one hundred miles a day on a tour. Some remarkable distances have been traversed in wonderfully short time, all of which prove what can be done on these instruments; and, though the English and French have far exceeded our best endeavors, it must be recollected that we are, as yet, young in the use of the vehicle, — mere amateurs, so to speak. The fastest time on record is a mile in two minutes, thirty-six seconds. W. Cann, an English professional, rode 1,060.66 miles in six days of eighteen hours each, including short stops. D. Stanton, also an English professional, covered 100⅓ miles in 6.45 hours. Terront made the quick time of five miles in 14.20 minutes. The Baron de Graffenried and M. A. Laumaillé left Paris on the 16th of March, and during the time elapsing to the 21st of April, made a tour through the East, West, Centre, and South of France, Switzerland, and the North of Italy, running a distance of nine hundred leagues. They occupied thirteen days in sight-seeing, the remaining time in travelling.

Cann, again, ran 910 miles on his bicycle, against 969 miles made by Leon, the Mexican rider,— who had relays of nineteen horses, — in the same time. Many more feats have been performed, and they all go to show that the bicycle is a practical thing, and is not only a useful economizer of time, but of strength and exertion.

In comparison with a horse, the machine never runs away or breaks carriages; when once purchased, it requires but a pint of oil during the year for its bearings, and something to lean against when not in motion.

The careless alone meet with accidents, and but one death is recorded under this head thus far.

One hundred thousand use it daily in England; and considering the time it has been introduced in the United States, our ten thousand riders fully corroborate the fact that America is not slow in accepting a vehicle which experience acknowledges to be a safe, practical amusement for old and young.

It is a never-tiring pastime and recreation; manly and companionable, it benefits the health, is an ever ready source of excitement, and leads the tyro on with a fascinating enthusiasm, while it admits of an endless variety of evolutions, commanding the utmost skill.

There is a time coming when the bicycle will be generally called into use, not only as a means of enjoyment, but of health and business; and let all true lovers of the sport anticipate with eager pleasure the dawn of that Golden Age.

THE PHANTOM TRAIN.

A TALE OF '76.

NOT three years ago, if I remember aright,
I was wandering alone, on a dark wild night
Through the woods; where, the old farmers say,
The fast mail train from Boston to Maine
Was wont to speed on its thundering way.

Seven good miles from Andover town
I had tramped that night in the freezing cold,
Where the Old Colony Company put a track down —
If the tale was true that the farmers told —
Nearly twenty years ago.

A long level ridge where the road did run
Now only marks the famous old line,
O'er which many a swift express has spun,
And made the best of railroad time,
In the good old days gone by.

The mound here and there has crumbled away,
And left a deep chasm full many a yard wide,
To tempt, as it seems, the youth of to-day
To a feat, which, ever the school-boy's pride,
Is best performed by jumping.

'T was winter, I say, and as wild the storms
As ever old Boreas sported,
Were whistling through the tall gaunt forms
Of pines and oaks, with limbs distorted
By many a furious gale.

A small tin lamp at my belt was hung
To light me through that dreary wood;
Against it the stock of my rifle rung
As I grasped it in a frightend mood,
When I saw some ghostly shadow.

Smoothly over the drifting snow
Did my trusty snow-shoes bear me:
More wildly did the North wind blow,
And the thick brush try to tear me,
As if to turn me from my way.

When to a deep chasm I had come,
A thrilling chill struck me, I knew not why, —
Until, hark! far in the distance was heard a low hum,
And a blast of the gale did bear such a cry,
Like that of a soul in agony.

On this very night — for now I remembered
How oft it was told, but forgotten, I ween —
A train was here wrecked, the track being severed;
No wonder then so frighted I seem
At that identical gully.

The rails were cut by some murderous scamps,
Who, for certain rich freight that the baggage-car bore,
To accomplish their aim had disjointed the clamps;
And dire was the noble train's fate, as it headlong tore
To destruction — at sixty miles an hour!

What happened next, I am unable to tell;
Thank Heaven! the whirl of the storm was abated;
But that my lamp was out, I knew full well;
And alone in the darkness I stood belated,
While all things changed like a dream.

The rumbling grew louder, more distinct on the ear;
Thunder, as of a booming cataract, fell;
A loud whistle shrieked; then soon could I hear
How the death-tolling bell sent a deep-toned knell
Through the wide forest, ringing and clear!

First a glimmer, then a flood of red light
Shot thro' the dense glade far into the night,
While on came the roaring engine — oh, what a sight!
Like the swift-winged flight of a meteor bright
When hurled from its height, by terrestrial gravitation.

I was fixed to the spot; my hair stood on end
As near and yet nearer the phantom still came;
I yelled in wild frenzy my horror to mend,—
Tried to leap from the track — called on every name
Of men and Gods in vain — O dread hallucination!

Inumerable sparks with bituminous smoke
Burst from the dark smoke-stack tall,
While vast billows of steam the valve outspoke,
And covered the scene with a funeral pall,
As the huge heaving monster rushed on.

The ghastly face of the old engineer
Peered out into the maze before him;
In his cold glazed eye there was no tear,
But calmly he viewed the bright red rim
Of the reflector's light before him.

Far ahead on the track gazed this bold engineer,
Tho' his heart, no doubt, thought of another;
With one brawny hand on the throttle-valve laid,
On the Westinghouse air-brake the other,
Which he grasped to vere, the speed of the locomotive.

It was but an instant — a moment of time —
An horrible crash, a shriek and a shock!
The train leapt into the yawning mine!
While the resounding echos appeard to mock —
As into thin vapor the spectre flew.

This is all I can well remember:
But when bright Aurora dawned,
My *limbs* were none too *limb*er,
And gladly would I have pawned
My little finger — only to feel warmed.

Yes, the day found me in the depths of the ditch,
Deep in the snow — hemmed in between two drifts;
And tho' soundly sleeping in so cosy a niche,
It took some time, with laborious lifts,
To free myself once more.

A weary boy trudged home that morn,
With harassing thoughts of emaciation,
Whose empty soul with hunger torn,
Did much enhance flunking in Greek recitation,
That cold and wintry morn.

R.

SCHOOL POLITICS.

It is, we believe, by no mere chance that the boys in Andover live in the commons and boarding-houses all over the town, instead of in one, two, or three large dormitories, as is the case in so many boarding schools; but it is for the purpose of keeping the students separated from each other out of recitation hours, to some extent at least, and free from mischief.

This plan of boarding brings about another very important result, but in an entirely different direction. This result is the dividing of the school into two or more, usually more, parties or cliques, the division being made to a great extent by the part of the town in which a boy boards. These minor parties unite under two main heads in time of the elections at Philo, or other great events of a like nature, and the distinction between the two, in regard to feeling at least, is very decided.

Thus we have a system of school politics, for such they can be rightly called, on however small a scale they are conducted. Although the principles of both sides are the same, — or rather neither side have any, — the difference, as before stated, is very clearly marked in the feelings of the boys, and this party spirit brings to bear upon the school life many important influences. And these influences are constantly exerting themselves both for and against the best interests of the school. Let us glance briefly at some of the most important effects brought about by this means.

We will consider, in the first place, its advantages. In so far as it tends to make each side bring forward its best men to hold the school, society, and class offices, it is a very decided advantage to have some competition. There are nearly always some men who vote for whomsoever they think will best fill the office, without the slightest reference to his clique. This fact alone is enough to urge (to some extent at least) each party to bring out its strongest men, in order that they may get the votes of the neutrals; for often the sides are so nearly balanced that the votes of even two or three decide the day. Again, a very pleasant excitement is added by this competition to the different elections, which otherwise would be much more likely to be somewhat dull; and as every one, almost without exception, votes one way or the other, a fresh degree of interest is taken in the school affairs and society work, — an interest which in moderation is a benefit to both. Moreover, whichever side holds the offices feels bound to a certain extent to fulfil faithfully and well all the duties connected with them, and is also anxious to make the meetings in the societies as interesting as possible, in order that the next election may be as favorable to them as was the last, when the boys see how nicely everything goes on under their management.

We will now look at the other side of the question; and it cannot be denied that one of the disadvantages is certainly of very considerable importance. In causing those most suitable to hold the offices connected in any way with the school to be brought forward, two parties and some rivalry between them is beyond a doubt very beneficial and an excellent way to get the right men in the right place, so far as this is possible. But this rivalry between the sets can easily, and we are sorry to say often is, carried to such an extreme that it is just about as detrimental as it might be profitable, were it only kept within proper limitations. The bad results arising from this one evil, that of too much party feeling, are several; and among these there is great danger, as is proved constantly, that some will vote for a very inferior and sometimes even a worthless candidate, for no reason in the world than because he is in their clique; and very often, as a consequence of this, men get elected not nearly so well adapted for the position as their rival for the office. The desire to carry everything oftentimes goes to such an extreme length as to cause the boys to act foolishly, and now and then even meanly, as it has been proved to be the case more than once. We believe that a very large proportion of the numerous school troubles have their origin in this party feeling carried to an excess.

This one fault of not keeping party spirit within proper bounds is, it seems to us, the only objection to having two cliques, and even if it is not the only one it is certainly the chief difficulty. The question now comes, is our system of politics advisable or not? On the one side we have its influence towards bringing out the best men for the offices, the pleasant excitement and interest it creates, and finally the keeping up of the meetings of the societies in a creditable manner. On the other side we have the one fault of carrying party strife and feeling to too great an extent. Although our politics could be greatly improved by remedying this one fault, we think that on the whole, even in their present state, they are preferable to none at all, and if this one drawback could only be removed they would be, it seems to us, a source both of great good and interest to school life.

CANTON.

Of the eighteen provinces in China-Proper, Quang-tung-sheng, or the "Great Eastern Province," is celebrated for having the most energetic, courageous, and determined men. Officials who are natives of this province are sometimes so strict and impartial in the administration of justice, that the favor thus gained with the people often causes them to be the object of jealousy, and almost hatred, on the part of their rivals.

The capital of this great province is Canton, which is still more celebrated; it is situated on the banks of the Pearl, about eighty miles from its entrance into the China Sea, and at this point the river is a mile or more in width, and it is navigable for several hundred miles.

When viewed from the hills on the north, Canton appears to be little more than a large expanse of flat roofs, relieved here and there by tall trees, with two pagodas shooting far above everything, and a five-story tower of considerable height near the northern gate. Many, no doubt, have the impression that Canton is a filthy and disagreeable city like many in the Orient; on the contrary, it is one of the cleanest, healthiest and most opulent cities of China and Asia, and contains over seven hundred and fifty thousand souls.

The city proper is surrounded by a wall of stone and brick, little over twenty feet in height and thirty feet in width; it is entered through several openings which are closed at night with iron doors. Within, the city is divided by a partition wall which separates the "old city" from the "new city," the latter part being that quarter which was destroyed early in the present century by a great fire; without, are the suburbs and the beautiful island of Honam.

There are in the city over one hundred temples, belonging to the Buddhists and Tauists: the largest and most celebrated is a Buddhist Temple, on the bank of the river in Honam, and it is indeed a magnificent edifice; at the entrance is a small, ancient-looking arch, beyond which is a large open court, and farther on are small buildings serving as temples and open courts alternating with each other, and behind all is the grand structure in which Buddha sits and receives the sacrifices of the pilgrims. In an adjoining part are the sacred pigs, which are so old and fat that they are generally lying in a position which affords them the greatest ease. Back of all these curious sights is a garden of large extent, and in it is a beautiful tomb in which the ashes of all the priests are deposited. In a word, this "Honam Josshouse," as it is often called among the English, is of rare workmanship, and worthy to be the earthly habitation of the great Hindoo sage.

There are in all about six hundred streets and several canals; the streets are usually long, and averaging about fifteen feet in width, and in many cases crooked. The most wealthy have, in the summer, a net-work of bamboo and cane stretched across the street from roof to roof to keep out the heat, but at the same time it admits fresh air and light. It is curious to observe the vast difference between these streets and the streets of the United States.

Sedan-chairs are wholly used instead of carriages, and these are easier and certainly safer than hacks of America. It is only in this city and country of cheap labor that ordinary people could afford to hire these conveyances, as it takes two strong men to carry one.

The climate is most delightful. In the summer it is very warm, but the breezes from the large tropical trees are invigorating, and in the winter it is very comfortable though quite cold; the summer lasts so long that the most delicious fruits of every kind are brought from the neighboring villages.

The Cantonese, as a people, are very industrious, hard-working and ingenious; they are especially noted for their fine carving on ivory, some specimens of which were exhibited in the Chinese department at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia.

Strictly speaking, there is no drunkenness among the natives, and what little there is in the city is among the English sailors and merchants, who, though professing to be of a more civilized race than the Cantonese, surpass the men of that city in their wickedness and vices. Wine is used a great deal among the natives, but it is weak and taken in small quantities, and consequently drunkenness is never produced.

Polygamy, perhaps it is useless to say, still exists, and will exist with its misery and degradation, until the power of Christianity in this city shall be so strong that the formidable and ancient wall of this terrible vice will be broken down before its influence.

Canton is slowly adopting the modern civilization, and above all Christianity; and we have good reason to hope and to expect that it will, before long, be one of the leading cities of the civilized world. L. S. L.

ANDOVER NOT A BOATING SCHOOL.

We were surprised to see the following in the *Phillipian* for January 31, 1880: — "The Yale navy is ready and willing to present Phillips Andover with one of the many barges which are idle in their boat-house, if good, honest work will be done." We were surprised, because we knew that the Yale navy would never be called upon, or, in other words, because Phillips Andover is not a boating school. We will attempt to show why this is so, and also why it is well that things are as they are.

In the first place, there never has been any boating here. But that would amount to nothing, an opportunity for it being provided. No chance, however, exists, since there is no available water. The Shawshin, Pomp's Pond, Haggett's Pond, the Merrimac River, and Silver Lake are named at once. The Shawshin is too narrow and muddy. Pomp's Pond is too small. Haggett's Pond is too short, too far away. The Merrimac River, although too far distant, is apparently the most likely situation of all. But Lawrence is hard by, and "one who knows" has called Lawrence the modern Hades. The only possible place remaining is Silver Lake, North Andover; admirably adapted for the purpose proposed, it lies but a good training distance from ourselves: to wit, three and one-half miles.

Having now selected the most favorable place to be found, it proves to be very inconvenient. Before we receive our barge a boat-house must be built. This requires a large outlay of money. "Large," since the boat-house must be built on the shore of Silver Lake. Being given our boat-house and our barge, we are required to choose our captain and our captain's crew. Then "good, honest work" must be done. You say it is easy enough to get them and to do that, and forthwith you pick your crew; training is begun; the crew run to the lake directly recitations close in the afternoon, and have barely time to get back to supper, much less to take a "good, honest," practice pull. At that rate little pulling is to be expected.

Let us see what prompts this generosity on the part of the Yale navy. Evidently this: after having followed Harvard's crew down the Connecticut for three years successively, Yale dazedly awakes to the fact that the fun is not theirs. Searching for a remedy, they hit upon the plan of making Andover a training-school for their oarsmen. A very bad place for all hands it appears to be.

It still remains an open question, whether or not it is beneficial for a boy or youth to go through the training, toil and strain of preparation for a hard race, at the period when he is just shaking himself into form. There is a tendency and inclination, on the part of a greater portion of those who give their attention to the matter, toward the negative. This opinion is gaining strength daily. This, joined with the fact that such graduates of Phillips as Capt. O. D. Thompson, Capt. G. B. Rogers, and Polhemeus at Yale, and as M. Jacobs three years in the waist in Harvard's splendid crews, and others too numerous to mention, never handled an oar till they entered college, induce us to strongly favor the old plan. Untold harm is done by boys exercising without proper instruction. Money is needed in order to pay for instruction. The money cannot be obtained.

At the present day Phillips is unable to sustain, with due interest, its foot-ball and base-ball teams and its athletic association. If we cannot appreciate what we have, we wish nothing more till we can.

Phillips Andover is not a boating-school.

COXSWAIN.

THE MONEY QUESTION IN POLITICS.

First Means Prize Oration.

BY J. T. SYMONS.

THE "Money Question" has always been one of the questions of political economy which has drawn forth the best talents of legislators from the days of Lycurgus until the present. But unlike Lycurgus, modern economists have never tried to do without money, or practically to do without it, by substituting iron in its stead. Money is an indispensable evil, and when once in circulation the question becomes how to regulate it, what kind and how much of it is demanded. And first, let us, without quibbling upon definitions, define money as that which serves as a general circulating medium of trade. Under this definition we admit gold, silver, and the baser metals used in coins of the lower denominations, and paper money redeemable in gold or silver. It may be asked, "Why not admit as money paper designated as such by act of Congress?" or, in other words, to use the coined phrase, "fiat money"? We do not admit it as money for the simple reason that words cannot make money. Money represents value; and value is attached to money only by the amount of effort put forth in acquiring it, and by its purchasing power.

It has been proved by experience that gold is the best circulating medium of exchange, because of its intrinsic worth, its durability, and adaptability to trade. This is shown to be no modern discovery. Take, if you will, a coin of Alexander, and although the coiner, the conqueror, the peerless potentate long ages ago returned to mother earth, and his government passed away into shapeless ruins and faded grandeur, yet the coin is as eagerly sought to-day by the hoarding, avaricious countrymen of Achan, as the brightest ducat that ever jingled in the purse of Shylock, or the glittering eagle that passes current to-day.

But *greenbacks* have value only in proportion as they represent the power of the government to meet its demands. For instance, would a banker exchange his gold for promissory notes of Turkey or Spain with the same readiness he would for those of the United States? And so with bank notes. They have value only so far as they are secured by United States bonds.

The money of the country operates upon the same general plan. When it became possible to redeem greenbacks by an equal amount of gold, they passed current with gold; in other words, the gold became the bond or surety of the greenback.

Again, the amount of currency must be regulated by the demands of trade, and when once it has reached its mean the less Congress interferes with it the better.

It seems to us that much of the cry about the money of our land has its origin in the minds of scheming politicians, who, to gain the votes of the rabble and of the poor, hold out the allurements of an inflated currency; and thus, as they say, by making it plentiful, all wants may be supplied and prosperity will return. But all the ingenious theories in the world cannot do away with this fact, that "in the sweat of his face shall man eat bread.'' The earth yields her waving harvests only under the sturdy industry of her husbandman. The shining ore must be searched for, dug for, toiled for. The machinist must turn his lathe, the weaver must ply his threads, and all the busy hum of industry be heard throughout the land. There is no talismanic word to produce wealth — no "open sesame" to admit you to hidden treasure.

But whatever currency we have, let us have it honest. Legislators may force upon the country a piece of money stamped as a silver dollar and worth only 88 cents, but it cannot make it worth more than its value. All attempts to do so are in violation of every sense of justice. Were an individual to whittle down a piece of money worth a dollar, until it were worth 88 cents, he would be amenable to the penalty of the laws. And yet the government, which refuses to receive money at its post-offices with holes punched in it, compels the people to receive money with twelve cents punched out of every dollar.

We boast much of our free government, our public institutions, and justice presiding at our tribunals, but a nation which passes a Bland Silver Bill cannot at the same time maintain its integrity, its spotless integrity, or claims to honesty, any more than a Southern State which repudiates its debt.

ÆSTHETIC CULTURE DERIVED FROM THE CLASSICS.

Second Means Prize Oration.

BY FLETCHER LADD.

Amidst the many and splendid creations of Italian inspiration that adorn the galleries of the Vatican stands one statue of transcendent interest and deathless fame. From that temple of a nation's genius whose shrine has been enriched for centuries with the blended offerings of all the arts, the story of Laocoon inseparably associated with the sacrifice of the patriot, the glory of the sculptor still speaks to the deepest sympathies of the heart. Nor is the ennobling myth connected to the crumbling marble of Rome alone. In the enchanted realm of poetry, summoned to a new existence by the wand of Virgil, it is clothed in imagery not less heroic. Fraught with the grandest suggestions of the age from which it originated, it lives in both, and, immortalized by the double and kindred illustration of the chisel and the pen, it can never die.

The Laocoons of literature and of art are perhaps the most conspicuous illustrations of a well-established principle of æsthetics. The legend, clothed as it is in the right of its own inherent sublimity with associations of grandeur and of power, is exhibited with all the charm that sculpture or poetry can impart. It is calculated in either dress to inspire the same sentiments of awe and sympathy. It is the same thing in the Vatican or in the thumbed Virgil of the school-boy, a magnificent fable, an heroic sacrifice, a noble death. The beautiful and the sublime imparted by the hand of genius to the printed page, the marble or the canvas, minister to the same undying emotion in the heart of man. Literature and art go hand in in hand, bound by no servile ties, but each imbibing strength and beauty from the other. Hence it is that no country which has neglected literature has been celebrated for its art, that the little State of Greece has written on the scroll of fame names the most illustrious in both. Hence it is that the dust of Virgil and Da Vinci and Raphael mingle under the same Italian sky with the same historic soil.

How natural it is, then, that the literatures of lands so renowned in the history of art wherever it claims a votary should breathe something of the same spirit. "The power, the beauty and the majesty" of mythology found tangible manifestation in the songs of Greek poets, long before the earliest Greek sculptor had ever chiseled a form, at the dawning of that splendid era during which her art reached a pinnacle that to-day it occupies alone; it was to the traditions of the past preserved in the immortality of song that her artists looked for their fittest subjects. And the deepest inspiration of to-day comes not alone from Greek art, but from Greek poetry, not alone from crowded galleries of statuary and paintings in the eternal city, but from the immortal literature with whose impress they are indelibly stamped.

And yet the beneficent influence of the ancient writers upon all succeeding art is but a small part of their real claim to the admiration and gratitude of the world. History tells us that they have done more. The fancy and the feeling of the past are not confined to bygone ages and distant lands, they permeate the active, stirring life of this nineteenth century, and mingle themselves with the most distinctive scenes of our own America. They manifest themselves not in poetry and in art alone; they shed their radiance over the fireside and the forum, they pour their splendor into the gloomy study of the scholar, and glare amid the glamour of the stage.

It requires but a casual examination of the history of modern times to demonstrate the fact, that not only the æsthetic culture, but the elements of every branch of the civilization of the world, are derived from that which flourished in Greece and Rome. When the voice of returning culture bade the world's intellect to rise from the long sleep of ages, it was the genius of their literatures that formed the tastes and dictated the thoughts of

Europe. In every great battle that has marked the wavering progress of the race it has played a part. Twenty centuries have demonstrated its power, and by the blessing of Heaven its influence shall never cease till every monument of man has crumbled in the dust.

ACCIDENT AS AN ELEMENT IN DISCOVERY.

Third Means Prize Oration.

BY E. J. PHELPS.

The part which accident has played in the history of discovery naturally excites surprise, but there can be no question of the fact. Was not the discovery of the power of chloroform fortuitous? Yet this substance has become an immeasurable blessing to mankind. It is a truism in science, that the falling of an apple disclosed to Newton the law of gravitation; yet by it the theory of the whole universe has been revolutionized.

But does it not take something more than accident to make a power in scientific research? There must be the observant mind to see the seeming accident as something which may have a scientific meaning. It requires the presence of a mind ever on the alert for hidden forces. The falling of the apple had been seen by thousands before Newton, but till he saw it none had seen the whole of it. None had detected that mysterious affinity which drew the apple and the planet together.

Not the observant mind only, but the philosophic mind also must be present, that the apparent accident may be interpreted in full. Some one must look upon it who will ask the reason why. The thousands who had seen the apple fall had not reasoned upon it. It fell, and that was all. They remind one of Wordsworth's Peter Bell : —

> " In vain through every cheerful year
> Did nature lead him as before ;
> A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

It required the philosophic mind of a Newton to discern the reason of the phenomenon. Thus he discovered for all coming ages the law which moves the planets.

Some of our most valuable discoveries were known to the Orientals centuries before Western science found them out. But they existed in the Oriental mind as mere dead facts. It did not bring to them the eagle eye of European research. They had observed. They had not reasoned. They had seen the fact. They had not raised the question why.

Accident in discovery is qualified by another phenomenon which as is true and more vital to civilization. It is that many discoveries have been struggled for, through long years of disappointed labor. The power of steam to move machinery, and the adaptation of caoutchouc to the useful arts, are examples. The names of Fulton, Watt and Goodyear are well immortalized, but at what cost of painful and prolonged labor in poverty and disappointment. It is often claimed that a nation attains its highest point of eminence, in part, by the discoveries of its citizens, but in view of facts can any one tell us that a great nation becomes great by accident ?

History does not enroll upon its lists as a great man him who fails, yet he is often the pioneer of another more successful though not more able than himself. He has hewn out in toil and sorrow the pathway over which some other may tread smoothly on to fame and fortune. Are such as these in the eye of " Him who seeth in secret " not more worthy of commendation than those who, by some chance, have made discoveries which, to the eye of society, have rendered them illustrious ?

Once more, should we not omit an important factor in discovery, did we fail to recognize the hand of an overruling providence? We call an event accident. An old Spanish proverb has said, "There is no such thing in this world as a trifle," and we say more than this. In the history of the universe there are no accidents. Science knows no such thing as accident. There is a profound, a scientific truth, which the annals of discovery can ill afford to ignore, in the fact that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge. If not a sparrow, why an apple? True and far-seeing science knows no such thing as chances. In the history of discovery, therefore, there is nothing fortuitous. A supreme mind not only creates the observant and philosophic thinker where the world needs him, but provides the very accident which gives him material of his knowledge. Thus he who makes great discoveries on which the civilization of our globe depends is but an unfolder of the great plans and purposes of a great God. To a human mind they may be accidents till now unknown; to an eternal mind they are eternal and benevolent designs.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Delivered before Philomathean Society, March 19, 1880.

BY WILL. E. FREER.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY:

THE time has come for me to lay down the office with which you have honored me. I wish at this time to thank you, both as individuals and as a society, for the uniform kindness and courtesy you have shown toward me, and to acknowledge your unfailing earnestness and fidelity to the work assigned.

The results of the term may be summed up in a few words. The society has almost doubled in membership, having now the unprecedented number of one hundred and thirty-eight members. Every meeting of the term has been well attended, the order unexceptionable, and the debates well-sustained. There has not been a single cut. There have been a larger number participating in the work than at any time during the past five years, probably as large as at any period in the history of the society.

In quality, as well as in quantity, the work will compare favorably with any performed in the five years of my connection with the society. We have taken steps for the improvement of our library, an action for which there was great need. We have listened to two excellent addresses from members of the Theological Seminary, a custom which, I think, may be continued with profit to both institutions. After one of the most closely fought elections on record, the opposing parties have come together, accepting the situation, and laboring in perfect harmony for the advancement of the society. This has not always been the case, and the example deserves high commendation.

A public mock trial has been held, and proved a complete success. I cannot learn that this has ever before been attempted. These exhibitions have formerly been held in the chapel, and a few outsiders invited. Similar entertainments were also formerly given, under the auspices of the school, as a part of the exercises of graduation day, but they were very brief, and not a point of chief attraction. Just here let me speak of two dangers with which this success threatens us. The public have expressed their high appreciation of the trial, and it is not unlikely that we may receive an invitation to repeat it for the benefit of the sidewalk fund. It seems to me we should be very slow to accept such a proposal. One of the strongest elements of our success was the complete originality and freshness of our work. We had a large audience, the best part of the town. In a place of this size we could not hope for another house, a majority of whom had not attended our first exhibition.

To a large part of our audience, therefore, the freshness, and hence much of the zest of our entertainment, would be wanting. If we wish to assist the sidewalk enterprise let us do so, by presenting a superior entertainment at the close of next term, and charging a suitable entrance fee.

Again, the success of this entertainment has revived the periodical agitation of a dramatic club.

If there is any lesson which the success of this mock trial emphatically teaches, it is that Phillips Academy has no need of a dramatic club. Leaving out of the question the difficulty and expense of such a club, this one argument should be decisive, to every lover of Philo, viz., that a dramatic club would tend to draw away much of the talent and interest that properly centre around the Philomathean Society.

It is the boast of Phillips Academy that she has just the right number of societies, — a religious association, an athletic association, and a general literary association. The attempt to found others has always resulted in a temporary injury to all these, followed after a little interval by their complete recovery, and the ignominious failure of the new organization. The rules of Philo are so liberal that under them a mock trial, lecture, dramatic entertainment, public exhibition, or anything else which the society deems advantageous, may be presented, and our experience fully proves that one such entertainment during a term is all that we can find time or means to present. Let us not, then, increase the number of our societies, but the scope and effectiveness of those we have.

I have summed up these results of the term, not for any purpose of self-glorification. I am fully conscious of the defects of my administration. Whatever of success may have attended it is due wholly to your cordial co-operation and earnest efforts. I do not, on the other hand, wish to stir up a boastful spirit in the society. But I am convinced that self-depreciation, and a too low estimate of the value of our work, has been an element of weakness among us. I have therefore endeavored to find in a fair statement of facts ground for encouragement to even greater efforts in the future.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The Philo Mirror has been in existence for now something like a quarter of a century. The boys who first identified themselves with its interests are gray-haired men. During this twenty-five years of existence, though conducted by so many editorial boards, the Mirror has retained the same uniform character. Each issue has been marked by the regularity of its appearance, the heaviness of its principal articles, mingled, perhaps, with a few philosophical observations upon school life. Of late years, the changing aspect of the school, the growing importance of athletics, and above all the advent of the *Phillipian*, have changed somewhat the character of the elder periodical. Never were the duties which ought to be fulfilled by the Mirror broader or more complicated. In its pages articles, weighty in their length and importance, first see the light. In its pages the higher types of school wisdom find a medium for reaching the students. The present board of editors, if the present issue falls below the expectations of the school, can offer no more ample apology than the statement of these facts.

The term work of Philo has been unusually good. Each member has fulfilled to the best of his ability the duties assigned to him. The cutting-list hardly contains a name. If the work of the term is a prophecy of Philo's future, the benefit to be derived from a connection with the society cannot be too highly estimated.

The mock trial was in many respects the event of the season. The guests of the society found their expectations more than realized. We do not know to what member of the committee the credit for the make-up of the witnesses should be assigned. It was particularly fine. Miss Flyrte, with her Fem Semmish ways, quite true to her name, Bridget, a rather broad caricature, the Widow Gammage, the man with the peculiar oath, the unique Theologue, the students of Phillips named Brown, were a few of the best character touches. The Jury, with intelligence enthroned upon their brows, must not be omitted. The lawyers of both sides displayed a great deal of legal tact in their cross-examinations. All in all, the mock trial could not be bettered.

Athletics have been for the winter term a comparatively unobserved factor in school life. But "quiet streams flow the deepest,'' and athletical interests have been steadily progressing. At the gymnasium much individual work has been done, aside from the work of the practising eighteen. Boxing has been cultivated by a few. At the approaching tournament the progress made in the manly art will probably be shown. As spring opens the interest in sports seems to be reviving, and on every suitable afternoon a few men may be seen playing ball on the campus. The tournament of the athletic association will probably be the turning point, and during the spring term athletics will again usurp the popular interest, and Philo return to her normal membership.

No longer will the weary Phillipian drag his wearied limbs to the post-office, to business Andover, or to the depot, through lakes of mud. The inhabitants of Andover, notwithstanding ancestral prejudices against the innovation, have turned out *en masse*, and patronized an entertainment which is to bridge the abyss of mud. Home talent deserves in this case a compliment which home talent seldom receives, that of giving an entertainment where the "hitches" which generally characterize amateur efforts were very rare. The tableaux, and in particular the reading portion of the entertainment, require no comment. The only criticism that can be offered is that the walk is to be situated upon the side of Main Street least frequented by Phillips students.

In the last issue of the *Phillipian* was a very pertinent editorial upon the subject of church attendance. Whether the "portents in the air'' presage anything tangible or not is something which we have failed to ascertain. Phillips from its foundation and surroundings is, if any school, under decided religious influences. We can assign no other reason to the policy pursued by the Faculty, of compelling Church attendance twice on the Sabbath. It is something so manifestly like imposing very burdensome tasks upon the only day in the week in which three-fourths of the students enjoy any relaxation.

The three successful Means Orations are published in this issue. The speaking was very fine. The decision of the Judges seemed to afford general satisfaction. P. A. '81 is represented in the first and third prize men.

The animated discussion which has been stirring the Seniors concerning the class portraits seems to have somewhat subsided. The only honorable solution of the difficulty was triumphantly maintained by the majority of the class, while a small minority chose another photographer.

Phillips' title of a Yale Preparatory School is to be maintained by the present Senior Class, a great many of whom expect to spend their next four years in the classic city of New Haven. Harvard receives at least three men, and the remainder will probably be divided among Amherst, Williams, Princeton, and Brown.

The second winter meeting of the Phillips Athletic Association came off on the 17th of March, and was on the whole a great success. Music was furnished by an excellent band, and the parts were filled with credit to the competitors and the association.

First came the parallel bars, in which there were four contestants. This exercise was short, the winner being C. O. Howard.

No. 2 was the light-weight wrestling; and after three rounds, at different times in the afternoon, C. Yan Che was the best man, his opponent being E. J. Phelps.

The first round of light-weight sparring came next, and was between McDowell and Lasell. The latter won both over McDowell then, and Sands later in the afternoon.

Then came the horizontal bar, in which J. W. and C. O. Howard took part, and this exercise was perhaps the prettiest of all. The contestants were brothers, and performed, not for a prize or winning, but to add to the interest of the exhibition.

The middle-weight sparring was capital and very exciting, but resulted in a draw between Kennedy and Reymer, to be decided by the Athletic Association.

Then followed the first round of heavy-weight wrestling, in which neither Nickerson nor Thompson won a fall. At the end of the three rounds, which occurred at different intervals through the afternoon, Thompson was the winner, having gained two falls.

Pratt and Peck took part in the club-swinging, and the former was victorious. He swung the clubs remarkably well, and showed the result of much practice.

The vaulting was contested by J. W. Howard and E. M. Green. Neither was troubled to clear the bar until it was considerably above the head of either, but in the end Howard got over the highest.

Although not a great deal of science was exhibited in the heavy-weight sparring, it was very entertaining, for both the men boxing were heavy and strong. The contestants were P. Hanna and M. Brown, Jr., and the former won after some pretty heavy blows had been given on both sides.

The judges were Mr. Harleston Parker, Mr. F. F. Dole, and Mr. Merrill. The latter gentleman took the place of Mr. P. F. Ferris, who was not present.

PHILLIPIANA.

EVENTS OF THE TERM.

THE Gym has been well patronized this term.

There have been two or three days of "bobbing" on School Street, and that is all.

The Society of Inquiry attended Philo's regular meeting of Jan. 22d.

Prof. Churchill's readings, of Jan. 16th, were a rare treat. His selections embraced the Grave-digger scene from Hamlet, Miss Burnett's "Surly Jim," Schiller's "Diver," and the inimitable "Charity Dinner."

A petition has been in circulation throughout the school, as also in many other schools and colleges, praying Congress that justice may be done to the Ute Indians of Colorado. It has been signed by nearly all the teachers and students.

The Senior Class is divided for the term in two divisions, one reading "De Senectute," and the other the "Georgics."

On the evening of Feb. 5th a portrait of Peter Smith Byers was unveiled in the great hall.

Ten new fellows have joined the Academy this term. Two, singularly enough, have entered the Senior Classical.

The committee, consisting of Harding, P.A. '80, Robinson, P.S. '80, and Strong, P.S. '81, have picked out twenty men as candidates for the base-ball nine. All have been, or have been supposed to be, practicing four days per week.

A French student comes upon these words, "Et deniche de sa barbe le gland qui s'y etait refugeé." The second word stopped him. "'Dislodge,' from 'de' and 'niche,' meaning a niche," explained the professor.

Student (resuming): "And he dislodged from his beard the acorn which had sought refuge there!"

At Yale, Morton, Gardner, and Cornish are among the Andover men in the first division.

The Senior Class of Abbott Academy gave a reception at Abbott Hall Feb. 24th. No Phillipians!

Phelps, P.A. '79, calmly sustains his honors as editor for '83 of the Yale *Record*, and can be seen daily wandering about the campus in search of items.

The Middlers have been struggling with the mysteries of a French novel, Picciola. The volubility with which some of the translations are given is remarkable.

All but one of the men of P.A. '79 who went to Amherst are in the first division.

Professor (to a student who has just translated the phrase "Lucifer almum," "radiant Lucifer"): "What theological significance has the word "Lucifer"?

Student says something about "Lucifer matches," and when the laugh has subsided the professor says its reminds him of a scripturally learned young man, who, when asked what were the most famous diamond mines in the world, answered, "The Mines of Golgotha."

Sheldon, of P.A. '79, Brown '83, has lately written a thrilling story entitled, "John Sterne," for a Rhode Island newspaper.

The Philomathean and Inquiry Societies have each appointed a member to serve as a standing committee, together with the librarian of both societies, to have full power in filling out the deficient sets of books in the associate library.

This from the Middle Scientific. Prof. in Physics: What is the principal use of the metal cobalt? Student (unhesitatingly): "To make the lines of a pinafore." (Pianoforte.)

The faithful efforts of Mr. F. F. Dole in the art of boxing are plainly evinced in the rapid improvement made by his pupils, and should be commended. He deserves credit for his endeavors, and the hearty patronage of the school: we take pleasure in recommending him heartily to all.

BRIDGE OF SUSPENSION.

Some more unfortunates,
  Gone to their doom,
Being importunate,
  Leaving too soon.
—*Hood* (*adapted.*)

BRIC-A-BRAC.

There are, in the United States, 422 colleges; of these, 20 are in New England, while the state of Missouri has 23, and Pennsylvania 29.

The Roman pronunciation of Latin is used by 22 colleges, the English by 18, the Continental by 1, and a mixed pronunciation by 2. All the Roman Catholic institutions use the Continental.—*Ex.*

At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in, — her wit is of the sort that comes in flashes, — "and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.—*Ex.*

Pleasure and business. Lady. — "A pretty sight, isn't it, doctor? I have n't seen any of your little ones here! I hope you don't disapprove of juvenile parties?" Dr. Littletums (famous for his diagnosis of infantile disease). — "I, my dear madam! On the contrary, I live by them!" — *Punch.*

"Where is your mother?" said a worthy man to a little street miserable. She answered diffidently, "She is dead." "Have you no father?" "Yes, sir, but he is sick." "What ails him?" continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, sir." "Indeed?" "Yes, sir." "Why don't he cut it off, then?" "Please, sir, he haint got any money to buy a knife."— *Evening Post.*

A Boston girl speaks familiarly of the common ground-worm as the *Lumbicus Terrestris.—Ex.*

"Pardon me," said Bob, when he stepped on the girl's foot in the dance. "Don't apologize," said she, "beaux on the shoes are fashionable, and we can stand anything for style."—*Ex.*

The best records made in the Harvard field sports were: Quarter-mile run, 54¾ sec.; running broad jump, 18 ft., 8 in.; Irish run, 5 min., 25½ sec.—*Ex.*

A student in physics thus moralizes: "When I bid a girl goodbye, I am a lever of the third kind, my arms are for a moment waisted, and there is more or less friction at the point of osculation."—*Athenæum.*

In respect to throwing the ball, eight colleges have made the following records: Trinity, 360 feet; Bowdoin, 332.3; Yale, 326.7½; Dartmouth, 318.11; Marietta, 315; Virginia, 313.11; Syracuse, 300.—*Ex.* [In correction we would say that Dartmouth's best record is 353.9.]—*Ex.*

A Senior, after vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair inamorata, said, "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clearer." "Suppose you pop it?" whispered the blushing damsel.

The Bicycle Club at Harvard now has eighty-nine members.

Massachusetts has one college to every 230,000 inhabitants, and Iowa one to every 70,000 inhabitants.—*Ex.*

Trinity students celebrated Washington's birthday on Monday night at 12 o'clock, with fireworks and Greek fire. The professors were locked in their rooms to prevent trouble. During the celebration the old reading-room caught fire, but the flames were soon extinguished.—*Ex.*

Mr. L. H. Bagg, of the class of 1869 of Yale College, has had printed *The Yale Index*, a list of the names, residences and occupations of 561 living graduates of Yale College. There are included also the names of 158 Yale graduates who have died. The list shows that out of the 719 graduates named, 295 have become lawyers, 108 ministers, 103 have entered mercantile callings, 40 have become farmers, 88 teachers, 38 physicians, 25 journalists, and 12 have entered the civil service.—*Ex.*

Michigan University has 1367 students,—the largest number of any school in the country. Harvard, with 1350, and Yale, with 753, rank next in the number enrolled.—*Ex.*

Beloit College is in ecstacies over a new $1400 microscope lately presented to it, and an expert is now at work with it, trying to detect adulterations in their club hash.—*Ex.*

Professor.—"Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Senior.—"The sense of touch." Professor.—"Give an example." Senior.—"My chum can feel his moustache, but no one else can see it."—*Ex.*

Dartmouth has 124 scholarships, and Cornell 128, but the average of each is less than $100, while the average of Harvard's scholarships is over $200.—*Ex.*

At Harvard, tutors are paid $1000 a year; assistant professors, $2000; professors, $4000. The salaries of the latter are to be increased to $4500 and the sub-professors to $3000 a year .—*Ex.*

"Bar-maids" is what an exchange calls female lawyers. A terrible argument against co-education! — *Ex.*

"The last tear Socrates ever went on was when he drank the hemlock, and that settled the old boy." So said a festive Junior as he was zigzagging across the yard.—*Ex.*

The number of American Indians is estimated at 275,000, of whom 56,000 receive rations from the Government.

Logical sequence,— a comfortable reflection for the *indisposed*, — a lazy boy is better than *nothing*, *nothing* is better than a studious boy. *Therefore* a lazy boy is better than the studious boy.

A class of eighty young ladies at the Boston Latin School is fitting for the Harvard Annex. Whew!

The average annual expense of a student at Harvard, Yale or Columbia, is $800; Princton, $600; Amherst, Bowdoin, or Dartmouth, $500; Hamilton, $450; Michigan University, $370.—*Ex.*

Can I translate "*Acto Equus Temere*," "A horse acting at random"? Prof. — "Your *horse* has certainly acted at random, Mr. B."—*Ex.*

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," as the small boy remarked while emptying a jar of sweetmeats in his mother's pantry.

Great Britain sends ten students to Berlin, and America thirty-three.

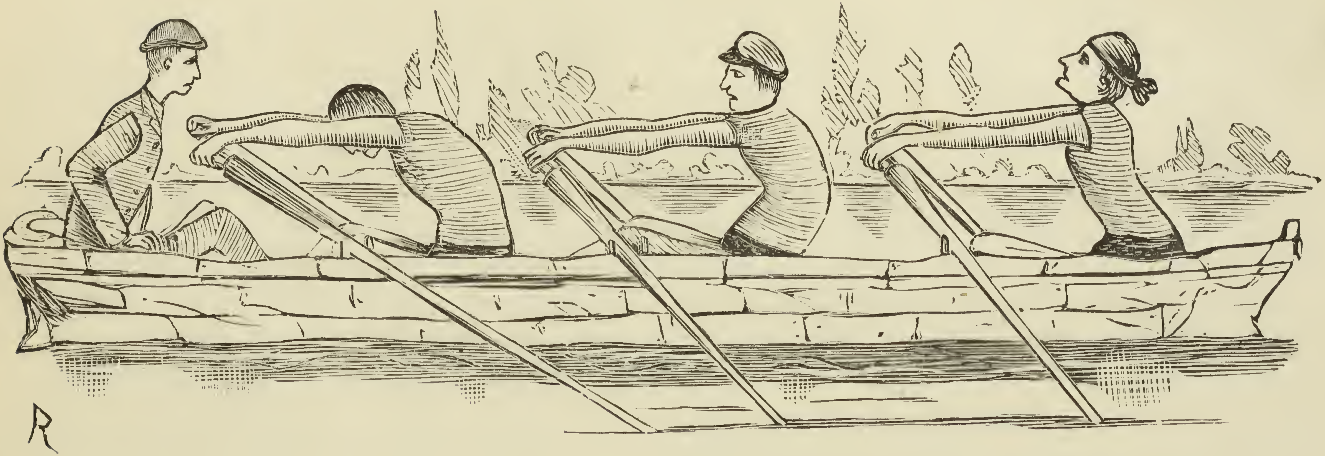
Scene: Sophomore's room in Thayer.— (Soph., just returned from town, is struggling with his Spanish). Enter serious Junior.

Soph.: "Well — hic — this is the blankest, meanest language — I — hic — ever saw. And — of — all — the blankity blank blank dictionaries this is the worst! — hic — but guess the grammar's worse! have'nt been able to find a single word!" (Junior calmly points out that it is difficult to do Spanish satisfactorily with a German dictionary and a Greek grammar. Exit Sophomore to bed). — *Ex.*

One of the long-disputed passages of Homer at last solved by a member of '80.

III. 386. — νεηὶ δέμιν εἴκυῖα παλαινενέι . . .

"Like an old woman following an old man."



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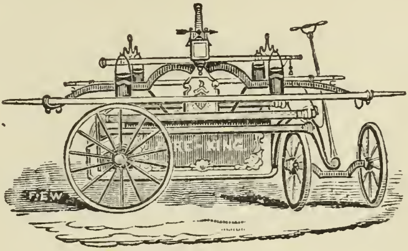

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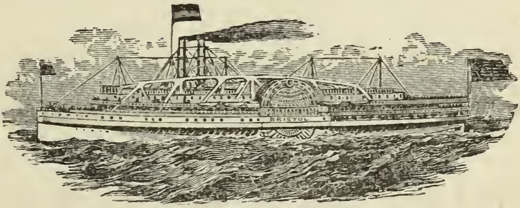

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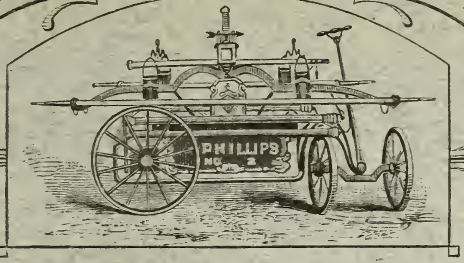

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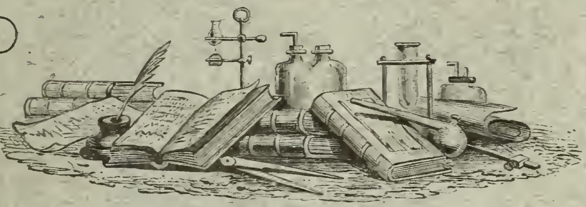

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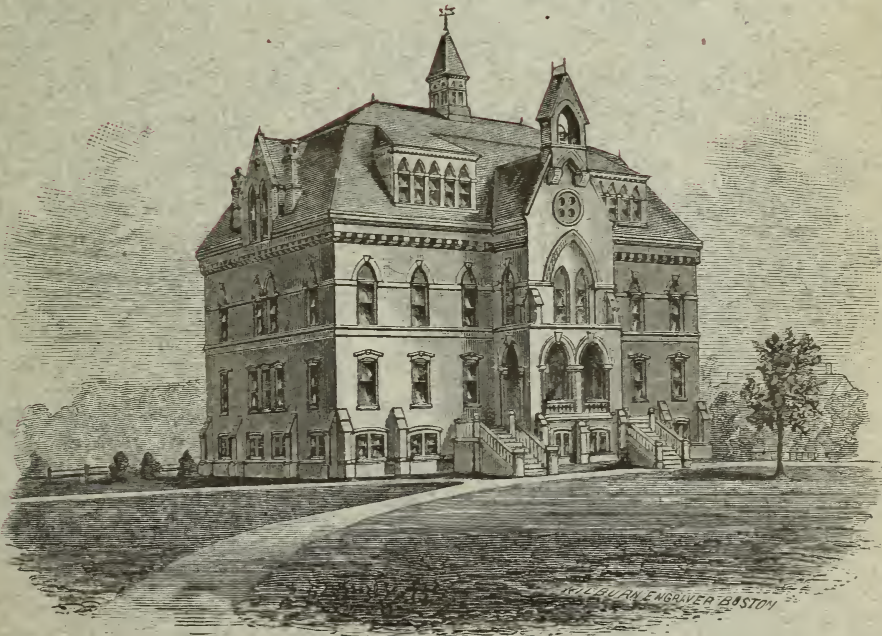

PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

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Vol. XXVI. No. 3.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE
PHILO MIRROR.

JUNE, 1880.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

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THE MIRROR.

J. B. Wilson, '80 P.A.
H. W. Hyde, '80, P.A. } *Editors.*
W. F. Willcox, '80 P.A.

VOL. XXVI. JUNE, 1880. No. 3.

GEORGE PEABODY.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

In a house still standing on the northerly side of Washington Street, Peabody, formerly Danvers, was born, Feb. 18, 1795, the subject of our memoir, George Peabody.

His means in early life were quite limited, and all the education which he received could be easily included in what is now generally acquired in the humblest common school.

Mr. Nehemiah Cleveland has traced his ancestry back to that illustrious family of Boadie, a king of the Britons in ancient times, who came to the assistance of Queen Boadicea, in the year A.D. 61. After her defeat, he retreated to the Cambrian Mountains, and continued to make sudden incursions upon the inhabitants of the lowlands. Thus he and his descendants for a long time inspired much fear in the breasts of the neighboring clans and peoples. "Boadie" signifies "man;" and "Pea," meaning "mountain," was at this time prefixed, giving us now, by phonetic decay and other changes, "Peabody." The name of Peabody is also found in British Heraldry, among the knights of the Round Table in King Arthur's reign.

The subject of our sketch began his business career in a grocery store near the Institute which now proudly bears his name. Remaining here three years, he then spent a brief period with his grandfather in Thetford, Vt. Coming back, he entered as clerk his brother David's store at Newburyport in 1811. Soon a fire destroyed David's business, and George was compelled again to rely on his own resources. Without a single dollar in his pocket, but bearing letters of credit in Boston, by which he was enabled to obtain two thousand dollars' worth of goods, he made what he afterwards considered as his first successful start in business.

In 1812, in company with his uncle, he went to Georgetown, D.C., where the two carried on mercantile transactions together for two years. At the end of this time, though only nineteen years old, he entered into partnership with Mr. Elisha Riggs in the wholesale drapery business, Mr. Riggs furnishing the capital and Peabody the business talent and enterprise. Three years later the firm removed to Baltimore, and in 1822 they established branch houses in New York and Philadelphia. In 1830 Mr. Riggs retired, and another gentleman of the same name took his place. Mr. Peabody made many voyages to Europe; at last he resolved to adopt London as his future home, and commenced his world-renowned career as banker and broker Feb. 1, 1837.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon his almost unparalleled success. The whole world knows it by heart. But how did he gain it? He was honest; he was prompt; he was ready to meet his obligations at the appointed hour, and expected the same of those who sustained business relations with him. Though he possessed enormous wealth, yet his private life throughout was characterized by extreme simplicity. Occasionally he delighted to give great dinners to his friends and prominent Americans who then happened to be in London. After he made the "world's metropolis" his home he returned to America but twice; once in 1856, and again in 1866. Having amassed his immense fortune, he set about carrying out those acts of benevolence which he had so long cherished. Instead of waiting as most men do to have their executors fulfill their desires and plans, he resolved to be his own executor, and was thus permitted to see many of his charities in healthy operation.

The following is a list of the more important of his princely gifts extending over the latter period of his life: To State of Maryland, for negotiating loan of $8,000,000, $60,000; to the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, including accrued interest, $1, 500,000; to the Southern Educational Fund, $3,000,000; to Yale College, $150,000; to Harvard College, $150,000; to Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, $140,000; to Phillips Academy, Andover, $25,000; to Peabody Institute, Peabody, $250,000; to Kenyon College, Ohio, $25,000; to Memorial Church, at Georgetown, Mass., $100,000; to homes for the poor of London, $3,000,000; to Libraries in Georgetown, Mass., and Thetford, Vt., $10,000; to Kane's Arctic expedition, $10,000; to different sanitary fairs, $10,000; to unpaid moneys advanced to uphold the credit of States, $40,000; total $8,470, 000. He left an estate valued at $4,000,000. He also made various bequests ranging from two-hundred and fifty to one thousand dollars.

Before Mr. Peabody sailed for America in 1866, a proposal was made to confer on him a baronetcy, or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath; but he refused to accept either. On being asked what gift he would accept, he answered, "A letter from the Queen of England, which I may carry across the Atlantic, and deposit as a memorial of one of her most faithful sons."

The following is the letter of Queen Victoria: —

WINDSOR CASTLE, March 28, 1866.

The Queen hears that Mr. Peabody intends shortly to return to America, and she would be sorry that he should leave England without being assured by herself how deeply she appreciates the noble act of more than princely munificence by which he has sought to relieve the wants of the poorer class of her subjects residing in London. It is an act, as the Queen believes, wholly without parallel, and which will carry its best reward in the consciousness of having contributed so largely to the assistance of those who can little help themselves. The Queen would not, however, have been satisfied without giving Mr. Peabody some public mark of her sense of his munificence; and she would gladly have conferred upon him either a Baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, but that she understands Mr. Peabody to feel himself debarred from accepting such distinctions.

It only remains, therefore, for the Queen to give Mr. Peabody this assurance of her personal feeling, which she would farther wish to mark by asking him to accept a miniature portrait of herself which she will desire to have painted for him, and which, when finished, can either be sent to him to America or given to him on the return, which she rejoices to hear he meditates, to the country that owes him so much.

The miniature, which the Queen had painted for him upon gold, costing nearly $75,000, also other valuables, such as the gold box containing the freedom of city of London, and gold medal presented to Mr. Peabody by act of Congress for his beneficent promotion of education at the South, can be seen in the vault in Peabody Institute at Peabody, Mass.

His last public appearance was at the National Peace Jubilee held in Boston in 1869. He soon began to grow ill, and decided to return to England, thinking that in his old city he would regain health and strength. But his days on earth were drawing to an end, and death, which breaks down all distinctinctions of rank, seized hold upon him. His latter end was at hand. Finally, near midnight of November 4, 1869, while surrounded by his friends, his soul took its upward flight. Quickly the sad intelligence sped from nation to nation, and continent to continent, that the great philanthropist had passed away. It was Mr. Peabody's wish that his remains should be laid with his mother's in the tomb which he had built in Danvers. Accordingly his body was embalmed. Before its removal, to gratify the public wish, funeral service was performed in Westminster Abbey with the consent of the executors. The finest ship in her Majesty's service, the "Monarch," conveyed his remains to this country, escorted by the United States man-of-war "Plymouth."

Arrived at Portland, the remains were removed to City Hall, where they lay in state until they were brought to South Danvers (Peabody), and, after lying in state in Peabody Institute, the funeral was conducted in the Old South Church. Among those present were the Prince and his suite, the Governor of Massachusetts and his suite, and other dignitaries. Thence the remains were borne to Harmony Grove and placed in a massive tomb beneath a granite Mausoleum.

Rugged rocks bound the spot in a slight recess on the southern slope of a hill. A green hemlock overshadowing ever serves to keep fresh in the mind of the passer-by the noble work and benign example of the illustrious dead.

Though his name may never be associated with Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, distinguished slayers of men, yet his memory will linger in the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands with the truest affection and joy, that even royalty itself might envy, but never obtain.

Whatever may be said of other benefactors and other lovers of mankind, it can be truly said of George Peabody without any hesitation, that he first taught the world how to give. He has left a noble example, not alone to his own country, but to the whole civilized world. Men on both sides the sea are now following in his footsteps. The lesson he set and the work he accomplished will never die until sun and tide shall cease to rise and every monument of man has crumbled in the dust.

THE STUDY OF SHAKSPEARE AS COMPARED WITH THAT OF HOMER AND VERGIL.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

It seems to us that an utterly disproportionate amount of time is devoted to the study of Homer and Vergil in our schools, as compared with the amount of time given to Shakspeare. In many of our most prominent schools absolutely no time is given to Shakspeare, while Homer and Vergil occupy the greater part of the time for months and months. What is the result? The graduate goes forth with full ability to translate and appreciate the value of a page of Greek or Latin as presented him by Homer or Vergil; but give him a little good, pure English in one of Shakspeare's plays, and it would present great difficulties to him. From this neglect of English and pursuit of the classics it would seem as if our language contained no works equal to those found in the Greek and Latin. This is certainly far from the truth. No author has given rise to more extensive comment, criticism and persevering literary research than Shakspeare, and none certainly has any better claims to every illustration which philology and philosophy can afford. Then let us turn to consider Shakspeare himself. We regard the name of William Shakspeare as the greatest in literature. It is by no means extravagant to say that to every one who speaks the English language, his genius has made the world better worth living in and life a better thing. And even among those who do not "speak the tongue that Shakspeare spake," many are studying English mainly for the purpose of understanding him. How he came to be what he was, and to do what he did, can never cease to be interesting wherever his works are known and the power of thought in any measure developed. It was in and for the stage that his multitudinous genius was developed and his works produced. He made the temple of the drama a noble place, and it was while working quietly in furtherance of his end that he proved himself "the greatest, wisest and sweetest of mankind." Shakspeare alone is of no age; he speaks a language which thrills us in spite of the separation of over three hundred years. His thoughts, feelings, fancies, all are of this day, as they were of his own, and his genius will be contemporary with every generation for hundreds of years to come. In no other author do the characters stand forth as in Shakspeare. In no other author do we see such perfected art. He alone, when the object requires it, is keen and worldly and practical; yet without changing his hand or stopping his course he scatters around him as he goes all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, peopling them with spirits of glorious aspect and grace. He is far more full of imagery and fancy than those who, in the pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk from intermingling with their fancy passion and horror. He alone has poured out from the richness of his own mind, without restraint or effort, those delicate and beautiful imageries which fall like gleams of sunshine on old rocks and ruins and brighter elements. By him the most exquisite poetical conceptions and descriptions are given out with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn without loading the sense they accompany: all his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together, and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. The feeling by which Shakspeare seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of nationality. He has represented the heroic and glorious period of English history during the conquests in France in a series of dramatic pieces which possess all the simplicity and livelihood of the ancient chronicles, but equal in their ruling spirit of patriotism and glory the most dignified and effectual productions of the epic muse. The genius of Homer has been a topic of admiration to almost every generation of men since the period in which he wrote. But his characters will not bear the slightest comparison with the delineation of the same characters as they stand in the "Troilus and Cressida" of Shakspeare. Homer's characters are drawn with a laudable portion of variety and consistency. But his Achilles, his Ajax, his Nestor, are each of them a species rather than an individual, and can boast more of the property of abstraction than of the vivacity of a moving scene of absolute life. The Achilles, the Ajax, and the various Greek heroes of Shakespeare, on the contrary, are absolute men deficient in nothing that can tend to individualize them. The champions of Greece and Troy, from the hour in which their names were first recorded, had always worn a certain formality of attire and marched with a slow and heavy step. No poet till Shakspeare had ever dared to force them out of the manner which their epic creator had given them.

He first supplied their limbs, took from them the classic stiffness of their gait, and enriched them with an entire set of those attributes which might render them completely human. Almost the same that we have said by way of comparison between Homer and Shakspeare will apply to Vergil and Shakspeare. Then can we afford in our schools to neglect our immortal bard of Avon, for Homer and Vergil, who, while certainly grand and beautiful, do not equal Shakspeare? Neither should we permit his immortal works to be hastily passed over, for in all works of merit, and especially in works of original genius, there are a thousand receding and less obtrusive graces which escape hasty and superficial contemplation and only show their beauties to patient and careful observers, — a thousand slight and harmonizing touches, the delicacy and the power of which are imperceptible to careless eyes and which can only be recognized by those who have studied carefully and worshiped patiently at the shrine of the author.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

The value of literature has been so often and so ably presented at every stage of its history, that any praise from us would be the most foolish presumption. No one can deny that a familiar acquaintance with the works of the great masters of thought and style, and above all with those of one's mother tongue, forms one of the most important branches of a complete education. Yet, while its worth is conceded, who can deny that in such a school as ours this department is more uniformly slighted than almost any other? All acknowledge its value, but few act up to their knowledge. Latin and Greek and Mathematics occupy the time to the exclusion of our noble English. No one pretends that among the classics which we read can be found nobler poets than Milton or Shakspeare, profounder philosophers than Bacon, more discerning historians than Macaulay, more cutting satirists than Junius or Swift, or orators of higher rank than Burke. Add to the intrinsic worth of these English studies the comparative ease with which we grasp their meaning, and we see no reason why the classics should be allowed so to crowd out our own tongue from the school.

Perhaps it is necessary, but certainly it is deplorable, that we be put to work on Vergil and Homer before many of us can appreciate Milton and Shakspeare. If we cannot see the beauties of English poetry, how can we divine those veiled in the mysteries of a foreign tongue? Let us not be understood as disparaging the study of Greek and Latin. Far be it from us to oppose what has so stood the test of time, and has so established its claim to recognition. But in what respect is our own tongue inferior to that of Greece or Rome that it should be relegated to such a minor position? Is not this course a relic of the Dark Ages, when the ancient languages were the only ones possessing a literature worthy of the name? We think that some of our rival schools have taken a step in the right direction, and one quite worthy of our imitation; and we find in the recently issued catalogue of Exeter that English is studied even in the so-called classical course, in seven of the twelve terms. Is it right that four centuries of development and unparalleled literary activity should result in more scientific methods of teaching merely, with no recognition in the class-room of the immortal works born of modern thought?

Aside from the intrinsic importance of our own literature, what an inadequate opinion of it one is liable to form who devotes himself so exclusively to the ancient tongues. All the thoughts aroused by his school work gather around the dim and distant past, until, by constant study, he grows perhaps to be the enthusiastic admirer of an effete and outgrown civilization, and belittles proportionally the importance of the age in which he lives. It is against just such exclusively classical training as this that the revolt of recent years has been directed, which has forced such a revision of the curriculum in the various colleges and universities of the land.

Again, how many of the non-professional college graduates keep up their familiarity with the classics after entrance upon the active business of life? Their college pursuits are too often thrown aside like an outgrown garment; more time than can be spared from their work is requisite to keep up these studies. Thus is seen most clearly the advantage of the study of English. For with what zest and enjoyment does the man of business turn at intervals from his labors to refresh his mind by communion with those writers for whose works he formed a taste in his youth.

It may be said that every student is supposed to have a taste for English sufficient to lead him to apply himself to it without its being made a part of the regular course. But is this correct? And if it were, is there not as much need of such critical study as the school is designed to promote, so as to discover all the beauties of Shakspeare or Milton as to discern those of any classic bard?

Another advantage, better gained by critical reading of English standard works than in any other way, is the improvement of one's style. The common English which we hear around us every day, and find echoed in the press, is but a small part of this noble language of ours. To an acquaintance with this must be added a knowledge of the words and expressions of the masters, if we desire to heighten the effect of our thought by our expression. Who can read the glittering antitheses of Macaulay, the easy, graceful sentences of Addison, the terse, vigorous English of Bacon, the vivid word-paintings of Scott, the polished lines of Pope, or the flowing periods of Burke, and not have his own style insensibly improved thereby?

We feel confident, therefore, that the time will soon come, as we are very sure that it should, when some familiarity with

English literature will be as essential for admission to college as a knowledge of Latin and Greek is at present, and that, in this grand old school of ours, the masterpieces of English thought and style will occupy a position equally honored with Cicero and Xenophon, Vergil and Homer.

ON AUTOGRAPHS.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM, BY A FRIEND WHO HAS JUST WRITTEN IN FIVE OTHER ALBUMS SENT PREVIOUSLY BY LADY FRIENDS.

I WONDER if those noble Greeks
Who lived so many years ago,
Who had so many curious freaks,
Who knew so many things to know. —
I wonder if they used to laugh.
When asked to write an autograph.

I wonder if the Roman girls
Who went by numbers, one. two, three.
Who wore their hair in graceful curls.
Who did not bang it horribly, —
I wonder if the young Romans
Would write for them their cognomens.

I wonder if the sturdy Gauls
Who lived in such barbaric glory.
Who ate and drank in princes' halls,
Who are the theme of song and story. —
I wonder if they used to have
An album called an autograph.

But wondering will not help me much
To solve these several queries here.
My sentiments, you see, are such
As in the following lines appear:
I'll write a dozen epitaphs,
But do not ask for autographs.

C. M. S

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

There have been fought, it is said, fifteen decisive battles, pre-eminent on account of their own enduring importance and influence on the social and political condition of the world. And of that fifteen, few have been fraught with greater consequences, or exercised a more important influence on the fate and fortunes of mankind, than the total defeat of the British forces at Saratoga. All the elements of hope, despair, freedom, slavery, converged toward that battle, in which American valor and manhood were vindicated before the jeers and contempt of the nations of Europe. *After* that battle, the British but "struggled to retard their downfall."

Before endeavoring in the least to apologize for the unfortunate man whose name is always synonymous to American minds with treason, there should be a thought of the extraordinary importance of that conflict in which he was an element of success, — greater than the number of troops he handled, far greater than the despicable commander whose conceit and jealous enmity were so obstructive.

Says Lord Mahon, "Even of those great conflicts in which hundreds of thousands have been engaged, and tens of thousands fallen, none have been more fruitful of results than this surrender of thirty-five hundred fighting men at Saratoga. It not merely changed the relations of England and the feelings of Europe toward those insurgent colonies, but it has modified for all time to come the connection between every colony and every parent state."

And can there be any doubt that, in place of a mighty American power, in place of the fruits of American genius and fearless energy which have been added to every science and every art in every field of action, there would have been but a poor substitute in a spiritless dependency and the stunted productions of a people brought forth in even a mitigated servitude? Such, then, stand the results of that wonderful contest. By what power on the patriot side was it won? Was it by any deed or quality of the selfish, intriguing commander, who but reaped the fruit of nobler men's endeavors? who did nothing but deter the victory as long as possible? His foolhardy generalship displayed in his subsequent Southern campaigns forbid our giving the credit to General Gates.

Saratoga was won by the inspiring hope and desperate resolve of men fighting for all that was dear, and by the skillful generalship, the heroic courage, of Arnold, — ay, of Benedict Arnold, — the traitor, — neglected and rejected by Congress, thwarted by supercilious and envious superiors. and cast down from the command which he had so well earned by victories won and wounds received. On that day he sat alone in his tent in loathsome idleness, while all around raged the tremendous conflict pregnant with such lasting fruits for the world. He saw the hostile forces stand firm, and every hour bring nearer the anticipated and dreaded junction of two great armies; but forgetful of injuries and injustice, of everything except the great facts before him, he pushed headlong forth, and with brilliant skill and maniacal courage gained for an almost unwilling country the victory. He was rewarded, however, with a recognition so reluctant, a grace so ill, that it must have been most harrowing to a spirit proud, jealous, and keenly sensitive to slight. What would have been the result if Arnold's services on that day had been lost to the cause of Liberty!

In the light of these and other achievements, Arnold was one of the bravest of soldiers and best of generals in the American army. In the development and planning of a campaign he had little opportunity to display skill; but in battle, with a fiery impetuosity, yet with a brilliant adaptivity to and cool appreciation of circumstances, he hurled his troops against the enemy with an irresistible shock. And he could equally well guide the retreat of a starved and defeated army in the dead of winter through difficulties almost overwhelming. To be sure, the possession of these qualities entitles him to no extraordinary exemption from criticism. Cataline is said to have been as brave a soldier as Leonidas, and a much better officer; but Arnold's talents, even to the moment of the conception of his treason, were exercised in his country's cause, and that, too, with an earnest and zealous patriotism which still burned brightly under wrongs, indignities, and neglects which would have overcome a far less impetuous, jealous, sensitive spirit than his. If he had been as pure a man as he was a brave and skillful general, Arnold would never have been stigmatized with the hated name of traitor. But without a sustaining Christian principle, — a thing which would hardly have held in check many a less turbulent spirit, — can it be wondered that if, blinded by his own wrongs, he doubted whether a cause which so rewarded some of its noblest, most efficient adherents, was indeed a cause to claim from him his allegiance? that he was finally stung to turn against it? Shall his name, then, be ever branded with the odium of that one desperate deed, which did have and could have had no influence on the issue of the conflict already decided by his own brilliant genius and patriotic bravery? Shall he for this be condemned to eternal infamy? The mighty principles which he so valiantly helped to enunciate *protest.* America's genius, progress, civilization, protest. Every nation who enjoys, every nation who pines for, the free, wholesome government exhibited in our own country, protests.

Let, then, the name of this wronged though frail and faulty man be rescued from the abyss of ignominy and dishonor into which it has been plunged by malignant or misguided biography, and let it have its deserved place on the record of those illustrious characters who have been the instruments of God in working out His mighty schemes. G.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY A MEANS OF EDUCATION.

Not unfrequently is the remark made by students, "We have no time for literary work; the tasks of the class-room demand all our time, and we do not care to devote our leisure to the Debating Society."

It is not our purpose to put rivalry between the class-room and the Debating Society. The work of the class-room is first, —it must be attended to; did you not come to the Academy to get education? But how are you to get this education? By faithful work in the class-room you will attain to scholarship; but ought not a distinction to be made between scholarship and education? The latter word is broader in its meaning, and contains more than the former.

The student who studies with a single eye for marks may gain the reputation of being the finest scholar; but it does not therefore follow that he is the best educated man in the class. So important do the Faculty consider the Debating Society as a means of education, that they set apart time from study hours to be given to society work, if the student chooses. The student who ignores the Debating Society, and will give no time to literary work, cuts himself off from one of the most efficient aids to an education, and so far forth defeats the very end for which he came to the academy. It is a mistake to suppose that the time given to the society is so much taken from the class-room; scholarship is helped by the quickening influences exerted by mind upon mind in the Debating Society.

Those who have neglected this work, regret it when too late; the ones who have done good work, wish afterwards that they had done more; and all who have entered into it with any zeal, declare that it was to them a delightful relaxation, and a most valuable discipline.

Emerson says, "We send our sons to the schoolmaster, but the scholars educate them." Do you wish for proof of the statement? Let us suppose a young man enters the academy to be fitted for college; he has never been away from home before; now he mingles in a current of life entirely new, and at first somewhat bewildering. At home he had been Sir Oracle; his father petted him, his mother bowed down to him, and his sisters stood in awe. He is the tyrant of the household, and, of course, a spoilt boy. He enters the academy at a disadvantage; he is ill-balanced, self-important, and must be taught some lessons which his parents neglected to inculcate. Now watch his progress. He has ability, is ambitious, gets his lessons, and satisfies his instructors. The primary object of the class-room is being reached; our youth gives promise of scholarship. But the boy needs education; that he gets from the boys, and this is the way they teach him: He joins the Debating Society; having always been in the habit of giving free expression to his opinions, and usually successful in gaining his point, when at home, it is quite natural for him to engage in debate. Now he meets with "foemen worthy of his steel," and to his chagrin with vigorous opposition. It is a new thing for him to listen to an opponent who denies the truth of his assertions, ridicules his arguments, and, worst of all, turns the laughter of the house against him. He sets that man down as his enemy, for he has not learned yet to distinguish an attack on his arguments from one on himself. He is very indignant, — feels he is not appreciated, and intends to withdraw from the society.

When some of the older members try to sympathize with him, then his weak points become still more apparent, and his friends conclude to leave him alone till he is cured of his conceit. Nobody takes much notice of him, and soon the indifference with which he is treated acts on him like hunger on a wild colt, — it tames him. He begins to wonder why he is so unpopular, and is vexed over it. Meanwhile his eyes are opened to the fact that the students are all on a footing of social equality; that his father's wealth and his ideas of his own importance are nothing to them. He sees that if he would be popular, he must be gentlemanly, and that to be appreciated in the society, he has merely to do something worthy of appreciation. He does not leave the Debating Society, but attends and observes how others take as well as give, and he, too, learns to sit and hear his arguments demolished, and can even bear an opponent's ridicule without losing his temper. The boys have taught him two most important lessons, — respect for others, and mastery over himself.

Another educating influence is the parliamentary practice gained in such societies, which fits one for the public duties of American citizenship. To know how to put motions and amendments, and to decide common points of order, will add to a man's influence, because such knowledge will enable him to discharge with credit a duty which he is liable at any time to be called on to perform. The knowledge of parliamentary law and practice acquired by students who, from week to week, see public business done, and participate in it, is sufficient to enable one to preside over a meeting of citizens, in such a way as to avoid the confusion and waste of time occasioned in public meetings, when the chairman does not know how to maintain order and secure progress. And better than this, it teaches him, in his youth, respect for law and order.

R. M. H., P. A. '76.

THE EXTEMPORE AND THE DEBATE.

Of the various parts on the programme of the Debating Society, each affording discipline distinctly its own, we select two for special notice, — the Extempore and the Debate.

To deliver an extempore, and do it well, implies much labor on the part of the speaker. The gladiatorial element which gives so much interest to the debate, an interest which the speaker himself does not wholly create but gets the advantage of, does not come to the assistance of the extempore, — the speaker has both to create and sustain the interest. This calls for careful preparation. The idea of the extempore is often misunderstood. It is not simply that one speaks without notes, for the speech may have been written out and committed to memory; it is an oration then, not an extempore. Should the speaker write out his thoughts, and commit the language, in substance, to memory, trusting to a few notes to aid him, the true idea of the extempore is not carried out. In neither of these methods is there so much giving and getting carried on between the speaker and the audience, as when the true idea of the extempore is faithfully followed. The audience always feels the cut-and-driedness of the memorized piece. However meagre the notes employed, they check enthusiasm, and are like a dead weight carried through the whole race. The speaker can't both run and read notes; when his mind warms with the work he does not know his own handwriting, and cannot take the hint which a single word was meant to give. If he keeps cool, his notes are of service; if he grows eloquent, they are useless, and must be thrown away, or else his delivery will be a series of ridiculous spurts and stops.

The true idea of the extempore is, to know what you are going to say, but not how you will say it. It has a plan, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. The plan once decided on, is adhered to; but as the speech is not written out, the language does not crystallize, but remains fluid and changeable, admitting of continuous improvement up to the moment when the speaker takes the floor, and even during delivery. The extempore speaker is more dependent on moods and feelings than he who speaks memoriter; but on the other hand, he is less liable to confusion and utter failure. On the memoriter principle, the speaker is dependent on words; if he forgets one important word, he loses the connection, and is brought to a stand-still; but on the extempore principle, the speaker depends on thoughts. From the method followed in composition, the phraseology is flexible; he has a choice of words under the stimulus of delivery; the mind chooses the most fitting one, which is sometimes new and more felicitous than any previously used, and by as much as thoughts are less likely to be forgotten than words, by so much is the risk of failure lessened. Even should some thoughts be forgotten, the speech will only be so much shorter, and the audience will not notice any gap.

The extempore prepared on this principle admits of great variety in style, and freedom in delivery; it may be conversational, or oratorical; a smile of humor, or a flash of wit, may enliven it; satire may mingle with argument, and preserve it from monotony; if the speaker warms up, he may make many gestures, and they will be expressive, — they will be natural, or they will not be made at all. Unlike the memoriter, the extempore is fresh to the speaker as well as to the hearer; this calls forth more sympathy from the audience, which reacts on the mind of the speaker, affecting his sensibilities and his language, so that the whole speech becomes tinged with the rich prismatic coloring, genuine spontaneous feeling, one of the charms of good extempore speaking.

THE DEBATE.

If the exercises of the class-room train men to habits of reflection, debating gives the power of ready and effective utterance. In societies where the members are not students, the tendency of debate is to develop glibness, a certain fluency of speech without good form or depth of thought; but where the members are students, brought into contact daily with scholarly men, and are made familiar with the beautifully expressed thought of the best minds of the past, this evil is not likely to assume dangerous proportions. The debate helps one to form a vigorous style; in the heat of debate he forgets style, is eager only to make a point, and makes it. Unconsciously, too, he learns what might be called literary perspective, — how to put things in favorable lights, and to make others see them from his point of view. He learns how to make a practical use of all he knows, — what he reads, what he hears, what he learns in the class-room, what he gets through conversation, and what he thinks out for himself.

Debating stimulates the power of rapid thinking on one's feet; it gives facility in quickness of decision while speaking. When the thoughts come fast we must decide at once what we shall use and what reject; thus the judgment is exercised and strengthened.

The popular test of a man's ability is the power of speaking in such a way as to interest the hearers. Debating is admirably adapted to develop this power. Professors may look on a student as a prodigy because of his high scholarship, but when he faces an audience, if he cannot interest them, his brilliant scholarship will not atone for his dullness as a speaker. However excellent the quality of a man's brains, he must learn how to make them marketable before the public will set a very high value on them. Debating will help him to this by enabling him to make the most of all he knows. The rough-and-ready conflicts, by first revealing his weaknesses, will strengthen his powers and fit him for the real battles of life.

R. M. H., P. A. '76.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

Dear Mirror,—

Has it occurred to you that Andover is the one place in this country where boys and girls may acquire a broad and thorough education? If not, we will tell you what some of us have discovered.

First of all, it is easy to study here, for the very spirit of book-lore has haunted the place for more than a century. The life of many a great man and noble woman spreads a halo around our institutions, inspiring us by the thought that what has been learned once can be learned again, and implanting in us a desire to be up and doing, that the world may be better for our having been in it.

Mental improvement, however, is not encouraged at the expense of all other progress. To the contrary, we are physically strengthened. We may come here from the city so accustomed to the conventional sidewalk that it seems impossible to start off independently into the wide world ; or from some country home so primitive that Main Street and its occupants will have great attractions for us. In either case common sense generally gains supremacy, and the worthless idea that recreation consists in being the observed of all observers is crowded out by an impulse to know something of our surroundings. Off we go for a long tramp, and great is our delight to find our knowledge of languages increasing from day to day. Eagerly we listen as a sturdy grape-vine tells us how it hopes to make one place beautiful by gracefully draping the wall upon which it leans ; the dainty ferns whisper that their mission will be accomplished if, from their slow uncurling, earth-folk will learn to be more patient ; the rich crimson clover, bending beneath the weight of the marauding bumble-bee, breathes out the wish that we would be helpful to others, though with cost to ourselves ; while daisies and buttercups, gaily nodding in the grass, speak only of contented lives. Birds and brooks add their merry voices, and on our way home we question, —

> "What is so rare as a day in June ?"

But the third and greatest factor of our school-life — the opportunity for soul culture — should not be forgotten. We have a treasure in this which perhaps we do not realize. Faithful are the endeavors, both in school and pulpit, to lead us to seek *first* the kingdom of God. As we think of the possibilities of the life before us, let us determine that its web shall be woven out of the best threads of our threefold nature.

Kindest wishes for the MIRROR, and those whom it represents, from "A. A."

A PARODY ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THE MEMBERS OF SHAWSHINE CLUB IN THE FUTURE.

Not a bell was heard, not a grumbling note,
As the food to their stomachs they hurried,
Not a student now opes his hungry throat
O'er the grave where the ding-bats were buried.

They ate their meal quickly at six of night,
The toast with bright *silver* forks turning,
By the struggling moonbeams misty light,
And the Shawshine's, dimly burning.

No useless complaining filled their breast,
No griddles or buckwheats had found them,
But they ate like a warrior doing his best,
With luxury all around them.

Few and small were the crackers they took,
And they spoke not a word of sorrow,
But they steadfastly gazed on the face of the cook,
And they pleasantly thought of the morrow.

Each thought, as he made up his narrow bed
And smoothed down his only pillow,
Of halibut white and mackerel red,
Not caught long ago on the billow.

Slowly and sadly they'll all leave town
From the Shawshine grown ancient in story;
They carved no tough meat, and they found not a stone,
But leave Shawshine alone with its glory.

W.

ATHLETICS.

If any of the readers of the Mirror have ever tried, they can bear witness to the fact that it is a difficult matter to write upon the state of athletics in our school, for the simple reason that it is such a hackneyed subject.

For two or three years the Athletic Association has been in existence. The question that now presents itself to us is, has it been a success? and if it has not, why it has not. Before we maintain that it *has not*, it will be well to examine with care the circumstances of its formation.

At the time when it was started the entrance-fee and term-tax alone were sufficient to exclude many of the poorer boys of the school from joining; but notwithstanding this, a goodly number presented themselves, and the interest in athletic matters increased visibly. The society, however, enjoyed only a temporary success.

Since that time our association has been on the steady decrease, and those of us who have been in school since its formation can *testify* to this. So long as it kept its existence, and did not interfere with the rest of the school, we may call it *not* a failure. But when the Athletic Association was formed, was it not an understanding that it should bear the expense of athletic matters? This it unquestionably did for the first year, but during the more recent it has as unquestionably failed. Are there ten men in school who are willing to claim that our Athletic Association, last fall and this spring, has been a success?

Since, then, we cannot consistently claim for it success, nature compels us to take the alternative, however unpleasant may be the thought. And reasons for its failure can be summed up in few words: "Lack of funds," "lack of interest," "lack of proper management." On looking at these facts, what is the inference? Were there insurmountable obstacles to its success, we might offer some excuse; as it is, we cannot. With regard to the first, we would say to the members of Phillips, join the association, and help fill its treasury. You can do it if you will, for both entrance-fee and term-tax have been lowered for your benefit.

With regard to the second, we would say, be not content with joining and paying your taxes when due ; enter your name for some sport, and do your best in it; this is all any one asks or expects of you.

Now, as concerns the third statement, that our association has been improperly managed may be challenged by some. But is it not a fact, as we look back upon it, that our association, this last year, has been managed by *eight or ten* men, whom you could lay your finger upon ? Is it not indispensable to success that the same board of officers should not be elected for more than one term ? Yet we find the names of certain persons who have been directors every one of the three terms in our school year.

Do we not find that the same president was elected for two terms ? In view of this fact, can we blame certain members, both of school and association, for declining to lend the association their assistance ?

These, in brief, are the reasons why our Athletic Association has not come up to the expectations of all of us. But are these insurmountable barriers ? There is not one of them which cannot be removed in three months' time, by taking the proper course. Since we cannot deny that this is so, let us all lend a helping hand, and make our association what it should be, the best association in one of the best schools of New England. It lies in our power.

E. J. P.

THE HORSE.

A COMMENCEMENT-DAY ORATION.

(Handed in for inspection by a Senior.)

THE HORSE is a noble animal. It is a quadruped. It has four legs like all other quadrupeds. There are many kinds of horses, — the brown horse, the black horse, and horses of other colors. Horses can trot, can gallop, can canter, and can kick, — but not so well as a mule.

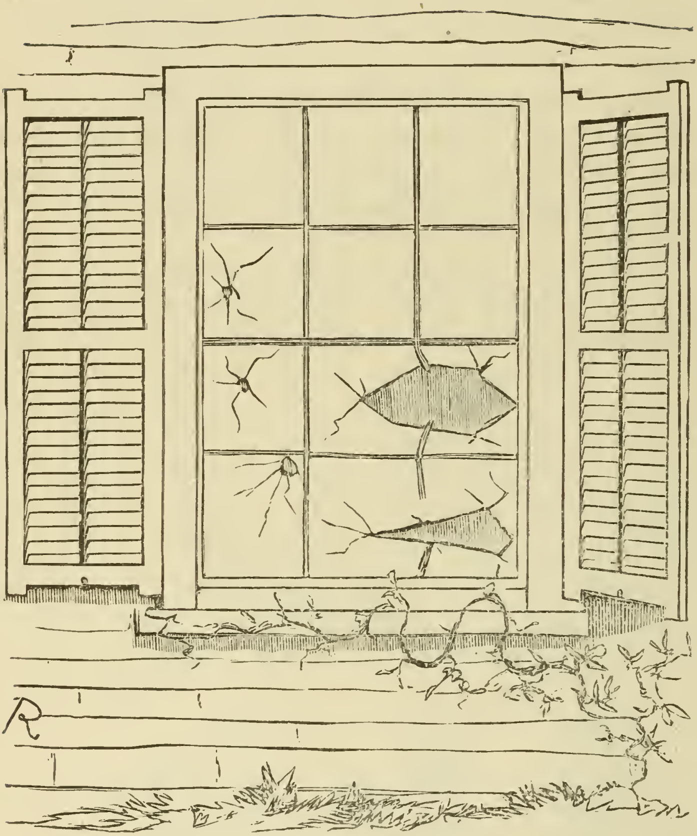
Horses are very good-tempered, but some are very bad-tempered. A horse does not bark, like a dog; he does not mew, like a cat; he does not roar, like a wild Lion of Africa: he neighs.

Some horses like other animals sometimes. My brother once had a horse who liked a white cat. My landlady's cat killed fourteen chickens last night. We are glad of it. We like chicken.

James once had a horse. He was kind to his horse. James used to ride his horse every day. One day he gave a boy a ride. Was it not kind in James? James's horse loved James. Why did James's horse love James? Because James loved his horse.

Do you not wish that you had a horse like James? It is very nice to have a horse. Some people like horses. I like ponies.

THE SCIENCE OF BOTANY. P. S. '31.



A TERRIBLE SOCIAL CRIME.

(Find the penalty.)

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The approach of the end of the term, the warm weather, the discussion of the merits of the various colleges, the preparation for examinations, the souvenirs which are being collected, all tend to deepen in our minds the thought that we are soon to finish our course, and it may be return no more forever. Yet, as is ever the case with youthful minds, the future seems exceedingly hopeful.

We would not close our duties with a school with which our relations have always been so pleasant and agreeable without endeavoring to meet the expectations of the public and of those who placed us in this important and responsible position as Editors of the Philo Mirror, in giving a lucid and attractive account of the events of the term. We shall clip as little as possible from the columns of the Phillipian, since many of our readers have long since perused its pages.

The fourth series of piano recitals, together with the benefit tendered to Mr. Perabo, given at Abbott Academy Hall under the direction of Prof. S. M. Downs, have been of a character that would challenge criticism. The performers who officiated at each recital were as follows: —

1st. Mr. W. H. Sherwood, assisted by Mr. Alfred Wilkie.

2d. Mr. Ernst Perabo, assisted by Mr. Wolf Fries.

3d. Mad. Constance Howard, assisted by Miss Lizzie Colton and Miss Lilla Means.

4th. Mr. Ernst Perabo, assisted by Mr. Bernhardt Listeman and Mr. Wolf Fries.

Artists of so great merit need no laudation. They ably sustained the great reputation they have acquired.

The select audience that assembled on each occasion proved itself to be an appreciative one by the repeated encores given. Should these artists return to Andover at a future period, they will find a warm welcome awaiting them.

Frazier, Stryker, and Thompson, P. S. '80, go to Sheffield, Yang and Sharp go to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Yung Fo to Institute Technology at Troy, N.Y., Kennedy, Columbia School of Mines, New York.

The Senior Class will be divided as follows among the various colleges: Yale, 14; Amherst, 7; Princeton, 3; Harvard, 2; Dartmouth and Bowdoin, each, 1; undecided, 1; no college, 3.

The only male inhabitant of Abbot Academy, who, as many may remember, was engaged in profound astronomical meditation during the latter part of the night and early morn, on the dome of his prison-house, a year ago, was suspended on Sunday morning recently beneath the arch of elms in the Seminary grounds, much to the amusement of Theologues and Phillipians who were taking an early walk in that vicinity. It is now generally thought among the students of the three respective schools that "death does *not* end all."

The Senior Class Concert came off Friday evening, April 23. The programme consisted of singing by Miss Barton, solo whistling by Miss Chamberlain, and selections by the Eichberg Quartette (violin and 'cello) of Boston. The first two were fairly good, especially the solo whistling, which was very clear and pleasing. It is hardly possible, however, to speak too enthusiastically of the performance of the Quartette. We have never heard better or more delightfully rendered music in Andover, and the completely unaffected manner of the performers added no little to the pleasure of hearing them. We regret to notice that the audience was small, and the concert financially not a success.

Wednesday noon, April 21, Mr. Pratt, G. A. T., lectured to a large number of students. The subject of his lecture was "The Genius of Language." He delivered it in his own characteristic and powerful manner, with copious allusions to history and men of the present day. At certain intervals he rendered some popular songs, attempting to gratify the wishes of all his audience. He was unanimously nominated for President. We would say that while "Uncle Daniel" was with us this time he did not get angry or lose his patience. An admission fee of five cents was charged at the door. The proceeds amounted to $5.65.

Tuesday night, April 27, the customary silence of the Commons was broken by wild cries of fire, proceeding from both sides of the campus. The startled observer, looking out of his window, could perceive an immense heap of combustible matter piled above the lower goal post, from which darted columns of flame, making the region around nearly as bright as day. The next morning the huge pile of barrels that had stood near the Deacon's barn was missing. Who built that fire?

During the term two alarms of fire down town, just before recitation time, caused great joy to many students' hearts. The rapidity with which the students' rooms were deserted by their occupants was something marvellous to the uninitiated, and was only equalled by their slow and deliberate return. We understood that the weaker brethren called incessantly for a "*rest*" whenever they reached a tempting shade.

The many friends of Miss Phœbe McKeen and patrons of Abbot Academy were saddened to learn of her death, which took place quite suddenly June 3, while on her way from Baltimore to Boston. We extend our heartfelt sympathies to the sister institution.

"The Harmolinks," a society composed of young ladies and gentlemen of the town who are musically inclined, with a plentiful sprinkling of Theologues, — but no "Cads," — gave a delightful social and musical entertainment at Bartlett Chapel Friday evening, May 21. The Fem Sems were well represented, and the few Phillipians who were fortunate enough to secure invitations enjoyed their society greatly. We cannot see how such mingling of the two academics in social intercourse, under suitable restrictions, can be productive of aught but good to all concerned.

The career of our School Nine furnishes us considerable ground for pleasure and congratulation. Although some anxiety was aroused at the opening of the season on account of their being below the average weight, yet it was more than counterbalanced by their superior skill and co-operation in the field coupled with their faithful and diligent practice.

THE speaking for the Draper prizes came off Friday evening, June 11th. The audience was large and enthusiastic. The speakers evinced a great deal of careful training and diligent practice. As a whole, the exhibition was one of which the school may well be proud, for its remarkable evenness and high standard of excellence. There was, perhaps, rather more dissatisfaction than usual expressed at the awarding of the prizes. This was owing, in great part, to the closeness of the contest, and the preconceived ideas of many of the students. The Seniors took all the prizes, the Englishmen receiving two, and the Classical, one. Herbert J. Brown took the first, Philip T. Nickerson the second, and Moses Brown, Jr., the third.

The speaking was broken by the presentation to the academy of two portraits, one of Leonard Woods, D.D., LL.D., class of 1823, presented by Gen. John M. Brown, the other of Maj.-Gen. W. F. Bartlett, class of 1854, by Rev. E. G. Porter.

While the committee of award were making their decision, the Phillips Glee Club occupied the time to the satisfaction of the audience. The chairman of the committee, Ex-Gov. Frederick Smythe, of New Hampshire, presented the prizes, after an entertaining speech. Mr. H. J. Brown gave a supper to the contestants, at the Mansion House, on Saturday evening.

THERE has been so much fault found with the management of the Shawshine Club, for the last two years, that the present system of conducting it will not be continued.

WE acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The Williams *Athenæum*, the Yale *Courant*, and the *Greylock Monthly*. As they came very late to us, we have had no time to review them.

NOW we must finish our labors, which have been productive of so much pleasure to ourselves, wishing that all may enjoy a pleasant and refreshing rest during the long vacation.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Junior Clasical has been divided into two divisions in Algebra this term.

Fifteen students of the Theological Seminary are graduates of Phillips Academy.

The music for the class ode was composed by C. A. Jones, of the Middle Class.

P.S. '81 refused to vote the sum of fifteen cents apiece for the support of their ball nine.

The price of board in the Shawshine Club during the winter term averaged $2.88 per week.

Senior translating in Cicero, " Ego sum ille consul," " I am yours truly, that illustrious consul."

All the classes, not excepting the two Senior classes, have chosen class nines for the season.

Why is P.A. '82 such a fertile and productive class? Because it has a "*Peck*" to each "*Roe*."

Why is a certain Senior's moustache like a person who stays away from church? Because it does not go to meeting.

During the year each member of the two Senior clasess have received an invitation to dinner or tea at Dr. Bancroft's.

Mr. Swain, the phrenologist, visited Andover at the middle of the term. He has not been here before since the Fall, 1878.

The First Division in Greek have read six books of the Iliad; which is more Homer than any previous class have translated.

The students from Martha's Vineyard were providentially prevented from arriving in Andover at the opening of the term.

There have been many cases of measles in the school during the term. Nearly all of the students who went home have since returned.

Representatives from the various college secret societies have been doing active work during the term, in procuring pledges for membership.

There have been 242 students connected with the Academy the past year. The Junior Classical is the banner class with respect to numbers, having had a total membership of 51.

Wands, of P.A. '81, who has so faithfully served the Academy as janitor, has been obliged to resign his position on account of ill health. We hear that he intends to go west. Snook, M. P., has taken his place.

Junior (translating at sight *πολὺν χρόνον ἑστιύς*): "Standing a golden city." Prof.: "No, you have mistaken *πολύν* for *πόλιν*. Junior (confidently): "Oh! Much gold." Student subsides amid great laughter.

Our base-ball nine was so much elated by its victory at Quincy recently, and so much occupied by the sumptuous repast which followed, that they forgot to consult the time-table and consequently arrived at home in Andover at three o'clock Sunday morning.

"Loppie" had a little dog,
Its bark he could not bear it;
Every time he went away,
He put it in the garret.

NOTES FROM ABBOT ACADEMY.

There have been 94 students connected with the school during the year.

James T. Fields lectured on Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning in Academy Hall May 15.

The Draper Prize Reading has been given up on account of Miss Phoebe McKeen's death.

The Botany Class went to Cambridge June 2; while there they had the presence of Prof. Asa Gray's company.

A good face wall has been laid in the rear of the park. Attractive walks have been laid out and trees set out along their borders.

Miss E. M. Chadbourne, a daughter of President Chadbourne and graduate of A.A. '78, has been a teacher in the Academy during the last term.

The vote for first choice for President resulted as follows. The voting took place in chapel after prayers, on the morning of April 20th. Blaine, 60: Grant, 59; Edmunds, 30; Sherman, 27; Bayard, 13; Tilden, 5; Seymour, 3; Scattering (as Dr. Bancroft said they might be called), 2; Butler, 2; Blank, 1; Conkling, 1; Gen. Chamberlain, 1; Gen. Hancock, 1; Thurman, 1: Total, 206.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Inscription for Bob Ingersoll's tombstone,—"Robert Burns." —*Ex.*

"Why is a cat like a stove? Because they both have a damper (purr)." —*Ex.*

Yale. The necessary annual expenses of a student at Yale are estimated at from $350 to $560.

"*Et catulos blande cum lingua lambere temptant*—and when they try to lamb the cubs with the bland tongue—" —*Ex.*

Professor in English Literature. "I will now show you some exceptional feet. Mr. S., will you please come forward?" —*Ex.*

Our chapel choir's singing is like driftwood floating on a stream—it drags on the bass, but don't amount to a dam.—*Princetonian.*

The average age of the Amherst Seniors is 22.64 years; weight, 130.8 pounds; height, 5.7 feet; chest measure, 35.8 inches; arm, 11.95 inches.

It is now claimed that the first time the expression "Eureka" was used, was when Socrates sat down on a tack for which he had been looking.—*Ex.*

Professor: "If I should put on green glasses and view this class would I not be deceived in its appearance?" Well, no; I don't think you would.—*Ex.*

Tutor (dictating Greek prose composition): "Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" Startled Soph: "It—it's under my chair, sir; I wasn't using it!" —*Ex.*

Soph, angrily, to troublesome neighbor: "If you attempt to pull my ears, you'll have your hands full." (T. N., looking at the ears): "Well, yes; I rather think I shall." —*Ex.*

First student: "Going to prayers to-morrow morning?" Second student: "No, I guess not; I sneezed twice yesterday and once to-day, and I dare not expose myself." —*Ex.*

Professor in Psychology. "What is the first power developed by man?" Senior (somewhat mixed): "Well—I—Well—I suppose the *power to creep.*" Senior sits down amid wild applause. —*Ex.*

Mutual confession. Instructor in Latin: "Mr. N., I don't understand that word." Student: "I don't either.

This is the way it looks as translated from the *Home Journal*, and printed in the *Fonetic Techer*:—

The reform iz inevitabl. It iz onli neseseri for its advocates tu muv sloli and thus reashur a timid and conservativ public, that thar dezinz ar not revolustioneri.— *Cecil F. P. Bancroft, Ph. D., Principal Phillips Academi.*

"MAYING."

He stole a kiss; the little miss
Pretended it did grieve her —
"'Twas theft," she said, and tossed her head,
Like every such deceiver.

"'Twas theft, I know," he whispered low,
"A greater you have done —
With winning art, you've stole my *heart*,
A *kiss* is all I've won."

With crimson blushes her fair cheek flushes,
As, glancing down, she said,
"Return my kiss, — for 'twas amiss —
And take my heart instead."

— *Bates Student.*

Riding a horse
Throughout his whole course,
Is the gay Junior's
Only resource.
Cribs in his fingers
And specs on his nose,
Oh! he shall scoop maxis
Wherever he goes.

— *Spectator.*

Full many a crib is made to lie unseen
Within the baggy ulster's flowing fold;
Full many a proctor spots the Freshman green
Just as he thinks he's got the paper cold.

— *Ex.*

PERSONALS.

Buel, P.A. '81, has sailed for Europe.

Moore, P.A. '80, has entered Princeton.

Ford, P.A. '82, has been badly poisoned.

Taber, of P.A. '81, returned home on account of illness.

The classic shades of Andover did not agree with Chidsey.

D. Y. Campbell, P.A. '75, is one of the Commencement speakers at Yale this year.

Dutton, P.A. '81, will not return next year. He is intending to go into business.

D. Kinly, P.A. '78, Yale '85, took a first prize for English Composition last term.

Morton D. Barrows, P.A. '76, took second Boylston Prize for Declamation at Harvard.

Freer, P.A. '80, intends to enter a law office in the neighborhood of New York City this fall.

Mussey, P.A. '80, returned home a short time before the close of the term on account of ill health.

Firman, of P.A. '78, Harvard '82, distinguished himself in defending the cause of " Women's Rights."

E. K. Alden, P.A. '75, speaks for the Hyde Prize at Amerst this year. This corresponds to the De Forest Prize at Yale.

All the students of the graduating class who go to Yale are pledged in advance to one or the other of the two Freshman societies.

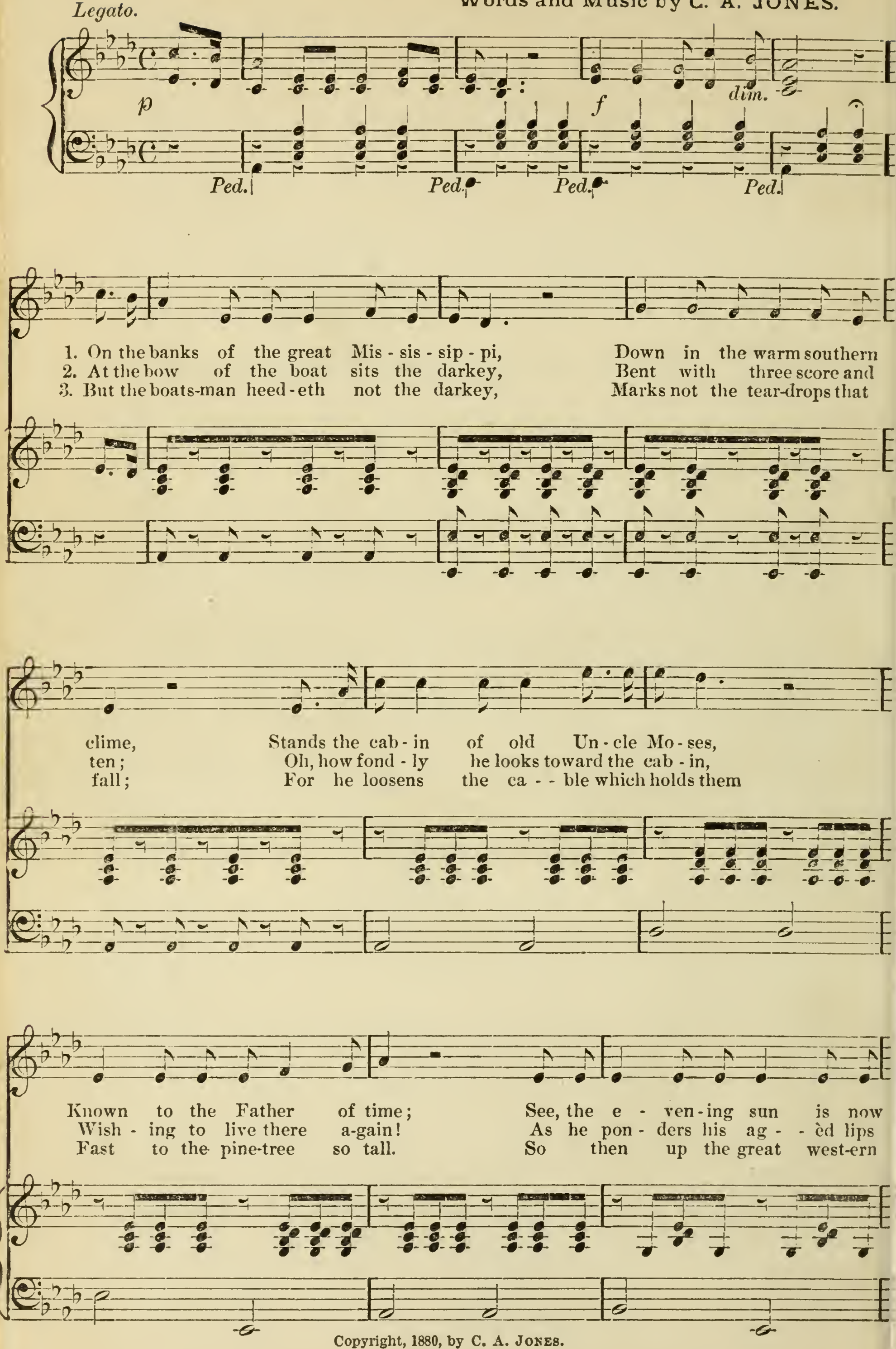
John L. Welles, P.A. '78, took the Hurlburt scholarship at Yale at the end of the Freshman year. We have authority for the statement that the committee were half inclined to give Welles the first or Woolsey scholarship.

D. Y. Campbell, P.A. '75, and E. P. Noyes, P.A. '76, speak for the De Forest Gold Medal at Yale this year. This prize is awarded " to that scholar of the Senior Class who shall write and pronounce an English Oration in the best manner.

Woodruff, P.A. '80, was obliged to leave school at the middle of the term on account of an attack of measles. As he was absent a long time at the close of the fall term as a result of an accident, this will necessitate his entering P.A. '81 next year.

THE EXODUS.

Words and Music by C. A. JONES.


Legato.
p
f
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
1. On the banks of the great Mis - sis - sip - pi, Down in the warm southern
2. At the bow of the boat sits the darkey, Bent with three score and
3. But the boats-man heed - eth not the darkey, Marks not the tear-drops that
clime, Stands the cab - in of old Un - cle Mo - ses,
ten; Oh, how fond - ly he looks toward the cab - in,
fall; For he loosens the ca - - ble which holds them
Known to the Father of time; See, the e - ven - ing sun is now
Wish - ing to live there a-gain! As he pon - ders his ag - - èd lips
Fast to the pine-tree so tall. So then up the great west-ern

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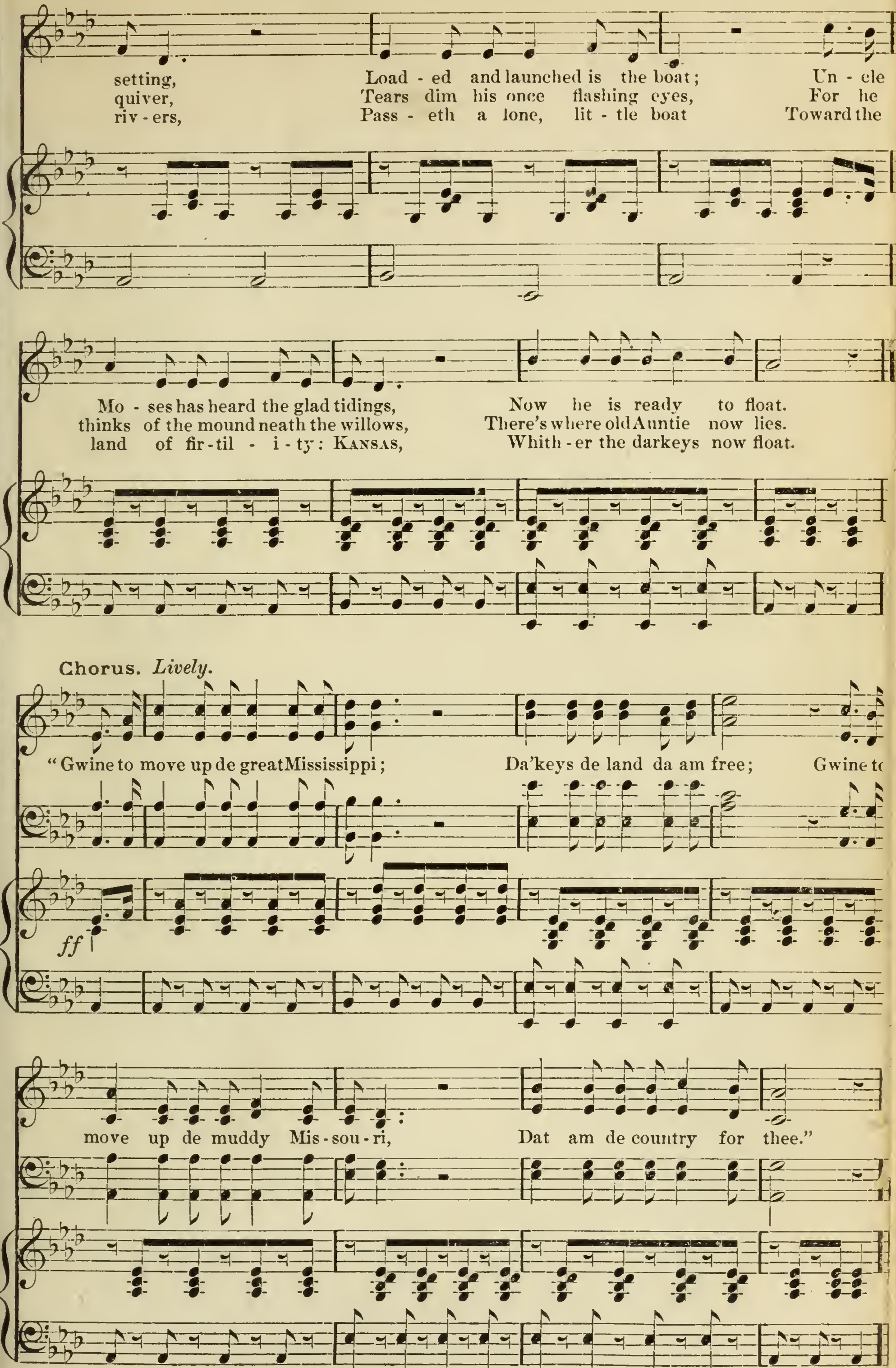
setting, Load - ed and launched is the boat; Un - cle
quiver, Tears dim his once flashing eyes, For he
riv - ers, Pass - eth a lone, lit - tle boat Toward the
Mo - ses has heard the glad tidings, Now he is ready to float.
thinks of the mound neath the willows, There's where old Auntie now lies.
land of fir - til - i - ty: KANSAS, Whith - er the darkeys now float.
Chorus. Lively.
"Gwine to move up de great Mississippi; Da'keys de land da am free; Gwine to
move up de muddy Mis - sou - ri, Dat am de country for thee."
ff

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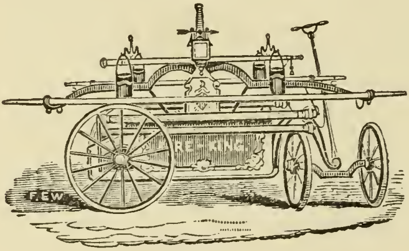

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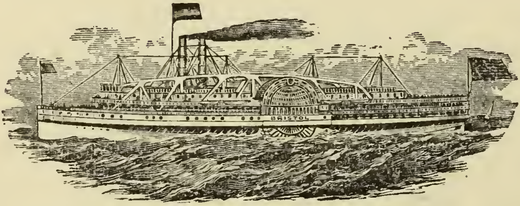

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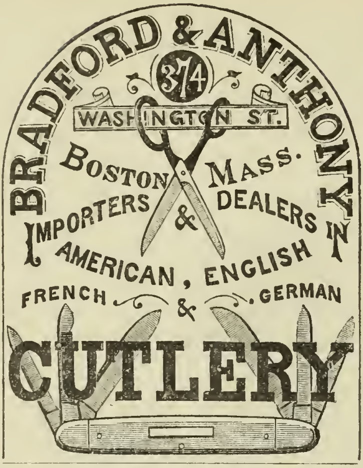

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Vol. XXVII. No. 1.

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THE

PHILO MIRROR.

DECEMBER, 1880.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

Andover:
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THE MIRROR.

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G. C. Woodruff, Jr., 2*d* "
E. J. Phelps, 3*d* "

VOL. XXVII. DECEMEBR. 1880. No. 1.

THE FREE PRESS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

If the question is asked, What exerts the most influence upon the people in morals, politics or religion? the unhesitating answer is, The Press. Since, then, the press is such a power among the people, how important it is whether that influence is for good, or the opposite. And since the press, in a great measure, helps to form the character of the masses, how essential it is that purity should be the one thing above all others to be aimed at, in order to exert the elevating influence expected from it upon those who peruse its columns.

Next naturally comes the question, Does the American free press furnish that purity so much needed? The question is one easily answered. Go to a news-stand and pick out at random a dozen different newspapers and periodicals. Take them home and examine them. Out of the twelve, you will perhaps find six that could, with safety, be put on a gentleman's table. The remainder you find of all grades and shades. Of these, the city daily, which gains its sale more by its long-drawn-out account of the latest murder or scandal, than by any news it contains, is, perhaps, the least harmful. The most injurious is the sensational weekly, whose columns contain nothing but murder, suicide, rapine and scandal, and whose pages are disgraced, if such a thing can be, by outrageous and ghastly pictures — fit representations of the crimes portrayed within. You find the so-called "Family Weekly," filled with some sense, but more trash, and containing serials and sketches that would disgrace a yellow paper cover, dear for a dime; the "Youth's Paper," glorying in stories of piracy and robbery, which have murderers, thieves and cutthroats for heroes; the "Journal of Police News," containing accounts of all the latest crimes committed; and if these do not prove sufficient to fill its pages, its enterprising editors hesitate not to invent some, more horrible than the real, with which to fill up.

If the papers of this stamp remained in the cities whence they spring, the harm would be comparatively slight, for cities are naturally the hot-beds of crime, and it would be a difficult matter to deprave them by such mild means; but assuredly they do not, for they are sown broadcast throughout the land, and small indeed is the village which does not receive them. Such is their circulation and success, that each year they increase, and already their number is legion.

Who can measure the evil thus cast upon the people? Is there no remedy by which these seeds of corruption can be kept from the hands of the masses? Suffering them to exist is like sowing an equal mixture of wheat and tares, and expecting the wheat to grow and flourish. Is there to be no voice raised against all this? Is there no way to purify the press from what brings only discredit upon it? If it is because of freedom of the press that such evils are suffered to exist, is not the press too free? Ought not the line to be drawn *somewhere?* Admitting the usefulness of a free press, does not the good done often seem to be more than counterbalanced by the evil?

Our legislators, you say, know if a line ought to be drawn, and whether it is possible to draw it, if necessary. And yet, to one unacquainted with the "ropes," legislation often seems to work by contraries.

The majority of the daily papers of our large cities are a credit to their editors and to the press. They are the poor man's blessing and the rich man's friend, alike available to both, for poor indeed is he who cannot buy a copy. Even business on its present basis could not be carried on without them. And yet, do we not see many things in them that could well be changed? Has the daily press yet reached that excellence, that purity of style and thought, which admits of no improvement?

In the late elections, the fact, that in this age and in this country, the character of a public man is not his own, but the prey of the papers of the opposite party to buffet as they please, was again fully demonstrated. The man has no redress, and this one fact alone should restrain them, yet the effect is just the opposite.

The press is no respecter of persons. The men of both parties, who were nominated for the chief places of honor and trust in the nation, escaped not. And so, when we look back, we find that the man who has now received the first gift at the hands of his countrymen, who is to represent 40,000,000 of American people, was, but a few short months ago, slandered, calumniated, called liar, and even thief, by the squibs of the land. Is this not an insult, nay, a very outrage upon the American people? Have we not had enough of this? Has not the time come when those nominated for positions of trust in this glorious country should receive only honor at every one's hands? What think you the Englishman considers our boasted patriotism, who saw us traduce the very man now about to be placed upon what to him is the same as throne? Is this never to cease in the politics of this country? The fact, that no man, be he pure as snow, is safe after entering the arena, more than all other causes, deters many of the best and most cultivated men in the land from taking any active part in politics. When this has ceased to be, then will our politics receive an onward and upward impetus which cannot now be estimated.

COLLEGE GOVERNMENT.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

As many of us will in a few months close our course of study here in the Academy, and then spend in college the next four years, to fully fit ourselves to go and wrestle with the work before us in the world, a brief look at the government of those institutions may be of benefit to us all. Thus we shall know beforehand just what will be expected of us, and we shall be in a position to use this knowledge so as to do our best towards assisting in raising the common opinion entertained towards college students.

A most radical change has gradually taken place in our colleges during the last one hundred years. Then the average age of *graduation* was about fifteen, while now one cannot *enter* college till he has *completed* his fifteenth year. The course of study then, too, was entirely different from that now required, and a college sophomore one hundred years ago had not read much more Latin and Greek than is required here at the present day for graduation. Then, of course, as was more or less necessary, from the tender years of the students, who were literally "college boys," corporal punishment was in use in both Harvard and Yale. In the former, the delinquent student was brought before the assembled Faculty, and when he had received a lecture on his multitudinous sins, with bowed head, both his ears were soundly boxed, and he was then dismissed. At Yale, even a worse penalty was inflicted. The student was flogged in the presence of the Faculty, with an invocation upon the exercises before and the benediction after. The natural softening and enlightening influence of time has removed these instruments of barbarity, but there is still a trace of it evident in the management of some of our colleges and in the ideas of college life remaining in the minds of both faculties and students. .

The intention of what colleges should do, as shown by their founders and by the demands of the public, is not that they should be training schools, mere nurseries for boys who cannot be trusted to take care of themselves, but that they should aim at educating a *man* in every way, that. when he has completed his course, he can go out, and creditably and successfully fill one of the arduous fields of labor, of which the world is ever full. The Faculty cannot be following up and looking after students as if they were mere boys, but the latter should be *treated* as men, and then they will *act* as such. The sooner this is impressed on the minds of those who govern our colleges, the better it will be for all parties concerned.

The present system results in degrading a student, both in his own eyes and in those of the world at large. This is plainly shown, in that whenever we read of some trouble which students in college have had with citizens or the Faculty, we simply say, "It is merely a freak of college boys," and dismiss it from our minds.

More than half the students in our large colleges are men; that is, they are past the age when, for the first time, they can cast their ballots. How absurd it is to see them going home to vote for president, representatives, state officers, etc., and by their ballots help to govern the institutions where they are studying, and then on their return apply for excuse, or be demerited for absence, as children in the lower forms.

The sooner this system, at once disgraceful to our civilization, and harmful to our colleges, is done away with, the better it will be, not only for the colleges themselves, but also for the students.

Amherst College has recently taken a most decided departure in this direction, but calm reflection shows us that it is the wisest, and in fact the only course left open, after the disastrous failure of the present system. According to this new regulation, the responsibility of standing well in his class rests solely with the student, as should be the case; and if a man does not succeed, he has no one but himself to blame for it. If a student fails, either by daily recitations or by absence, to show that he is acquainted with the subject, he has then to pass an examination before he is able to go on with his class. A large percentage of absences are allowed for, but if the student exceeds these, no matter for what reason, he must pass his examination, or be dropped. In short, the *student* is made entirely responsible for his stand. If he fails he must fall behind and take his proper place, just as a man does out in the world.

This embodies the right principle for college government, and Harvard has adopted it, with some modifications. It is too much to hope that Yale, that old and conservative institution, will at *once* follow the example of her younger and more progressive sister.

The Faculty at New Haven, in view of such disturbances as the "Flag Outrage," seem to have a good excuse for refusing, at the present time, to take away any of the restrictions with which they have surrounded the student, and to treat him as a *man*.

We sincerely hope that, in the not far distant future, the Faculty of Yale will see their way clear to adopt some such plan as we have outlined above. It will become us, as members of '85, to do all in our power to bring about this most desirable result, and, by our actions and recitations, to show that we are capable of being treated, not as mere *boys*, but as *men* and *students*.

SCHOOL POPULARITY.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

A FAMOUS English author has said that a large school is the world in miniature. As far as true popularity is concerned, we find that this, just as in the world, is dependent entirely upon the man. At the outset it may be well that we should draw a line which shall distinguish the two meanings of the word "popular." No better language can we find than that which Cicero uses: "We can readily distinguish what the difference is between the fickleness of demagogues and a mind truly devoted to, and consulting for, the best interests of the populace."

And first, he who would be popular must be self-denying. We do not mean by this, that he must for a minute lose sight of his self-respect, or allow a desire to serve others to lead him in a direction whither his own cool judgment tells him he is unwise in his action. He must not think of himself alone. He must be willing to put himself out, and to suffer inconvenience.

He who would be popular must be a gentleman. We do not mean by this that he must be dressed in the height of the fashion, or have upon his tongue's end a succession of compliments and congratulations which he can reel off at a moment's notice almost mechanically. He must be, in the old English sense of the word, a gentleman. He must be independent. Not that he must disregard the opinions of others and think his own the only side of a question. He must be independent in the sense that he must never be afraid to express his own opinion, when, with all due respect to the sentiments of others, he thinks it should be expressed. He must be perfectly honest and above-board; not necessarily simple or foolish, but perfectly honest and honorable in all his dealings.

There is one trait, frequently met with in a school-boy, which would prevent his being popular, if he lived till the age of Methuselah, were it not remedied. It is described by a somewhat slangy term, called *freshness*. How to describe it we hardly know, but when we see it personified, it describes itself. We never mistake it. It is a fact, which it is folly to deny or conceal, that, even in a school composed of boys as young as we are, there are certain restrictions imposed by school etiquette, which, at least, it is not politic to disregard. The thing which is of the greatest importance, however, in striving to attain a popular position is never to seek popularity. Give your companions but a single suspicion that you are working to be popular, and you have defeated yourself in the easiest way you could.

Though, doubtless, the primary object for which we are sent to any preparatory school is for the purpose of perfecting and widening our minds by a pursuit of the classics and higher mathematics, yet — and although it may be of secondary importance when compared with our other advantages — we must acquaint ourselves with the common rules of politeness; and sooner or later we shall surely discover, if not while in school, then in college, and if not there, by bitter experience in after life, that a man can but ill afford to be ignorant of the way in which he should conduct himself before his fellow-men.

ATHLETICS.

September found us with a full school, and we had not fairly begun, when a committee was chosen by the school to select the Foot-Ball Eleven.

A great deal of time was spent in practice between the first and second Elevens, and we finally played our first game with a team chosen from the Institute of Technology in Boston. After a hard struggle we defeated them by a score of one goal and one touch-down to nothing. The next game, played with the Lawrence High School, left us again victorious. About this time a lack of interest showed itself, and we found ourselves, on the day before our game at Quincy, in a rather poor condition to play a winning game. The Eleven went down, however, and succeeded in playing a tie game with an Eleven which has beaten us badly for three successive years.

A rather unexpected performance took place, in the shape of a game with Harvard Freshmen. This game was played in the teeth of a driving storm, and reflects great credit upon us, inasmuch as the Cambridge boys went home wishing they hadn't come.

Last, but not least on our list, came the game with Exeter. What shall we say of it? The facts tell the story. Eleven safety touch-downs for Exeter, and none for Andover; while Exeter's captain refuses to play off a game resulting in a tie.

The Fall Tournament came off on the third of November, and some very creditable records were made, although the entries, for the most part, lacked practice. As a whole, however, it passed off well, and was not apparently affected by the devotion of the Athletic men to foot-ball.

About this time the school voted to levy a tax upon each member to defray the expenses of a Gymnastic teacher. A hundred dollars was raised in this way, and to this the Faculty added another hundred. The services of Mr. Frank Dole were obtained, and he entered upon his work about two weeks before the term's end.

And in summing up the events of the Fall, we have good reason to congratulate ourselves upon both our Eleven and its captain, for never has the captain's position been filled better than this year. We have proven conclusively to Quincy, and our would-be Waterloo, Exeter, that there is such a place as Andover, and moreover, that we know how to play foot-ball.

Although we have had an excellent captain, yet one man can't play in eleven positions, as was shown last year. We may then attribute our success to two facts. One is, that we had faithful practice, and continuous and obstinate endeavor on the part of the committee to bring the men out; the other is, that the Eleven played together, and not for individual playing. In short, every man went into the field with a determination to do the best he could for the school of which he was a representative; and he did it. We think the school felt, as a whole, on the eve of the Exeter game, that we *must* not be beaten.

What came of all these efforts the result clearly shows. For three years our foot-ball playing has been sneered at, and our Elevens have been run down. Now we have shown that we had the right stuff in us, and that all we wanted was the necessity of bringing it out. And let not the fact that we have been successful once lead us to feel that we can afford to relax our efforts for a second time. True, we have gained splendid victories this year, but there are others to come in future years which it will tax us quite as much to win as it has these.

We have made our reputation. It now becomes incumbent upon us to take heed to it, lest that reputation may ever be be compromised. Phillips has made a record of which she may well be proud. May the time never again come when she shall look back upon the record of her foot-ball team with anything but a feeling of pride.

THE SECRET OF SCOTT'S POPULARITY.

First Means Prize Oration.

BY F. I. PARADISE.

LITERATURE follows the universal law of progress and reaction: periods resplendent with the works of genius are inevitably followed by others when darkness overshadows men's minds; when nothing great is produced. and when the wealth of former years is forgotten.

The literature of the Eighteenth Century shows little trace of the power and genius which had made the age of Elizabeth forever memorable. The poetry of the time is characterized by dry thoughts in correct metre. Hardly a work of true romance was produced, and even the greatest writers were the slaves of favoritism and patronage. In life and in literature everything was stilted, voluptuous and artificial. The opening of the Nineteenth Century will be ever remembered by the works of a group of writers who, together, created a new era of life and thought. Of this great literary revolution the pioneer was Walter Scott.

We see clearly the reason for the enthusiasm which greeted the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and each new work following it, when we remember the needs of the age and the peculiar genius of the author. In childhood his mind had been filled with stories of border romance and chivalry; in youth we find him devouring Percy's Reliques and works of that nature, and in manhood controlled by the same love for the shadowy past, and crammed with ballads and romances. This vast fund of legendary lore he used with marvellous power, and by it pictured the past so naturally and vividly that the reader is irresistibly drawn under its magic spell. With intense excitement we have watched the battle on unhappy Flodden Field, or, in the cool mountain air, stood by the sparkling waters of Loch-Katrine, as Roderick's crew draw near home, piping the pibroch. We have waited breathlessly with Ivanhoe and Rebecca while the Black Prince storms the barbican. We have wept with Amy Robsart in the garden of beautiful "Kenilworth," and followed the flight of the unfortunate Mary Stuart across the borders of Scotland to her cruel fate in England. We have lived in the palace of the "Merry King," and in the hovels of the clan of MacGregor. By this spell we have moved through the old days of monasteries and crusades; through the bright days of Elizabeth and the days of Roundheads and Monarchists. We have followed the good Fitz-James through the wilds of Scotland and the halls of the palace. We have dwelt among the rich and great as well as among the poor, of many epochs. Upon a literary world as dry as autumn days, he opened the flood-gates of his exuberant fancy and restored the dying life of Romance.

The contemporaries of Scott are nearly all forgotten, but the influence of his works still lives among men and in every department of the literature of to-day. His works are familiar to the people of every nation in Europe, as in America. The power they have been in English literature is hardly surpassed, while the hosts of devoted and constant admirers of two generations testify to their power over the minds of men. Other writers of his time wrote well and wisely, but Scott alone saw — and had the genius to satisfy — the natural craving of men for the romantic and ideal; the constant struggle to lift life out of its routine; to break the bonds of habit and surroundings. This is the work of the true romancer; and as a romancer Scott has never been surpassed. The school-boy and the weary man, the cultured and the illiterate, the high-born and the ignoble, all, with the common purpose of breaking the power of incessant routine, turn to his works to find the poetry of life; to find that something which fills all human life with beauty.

Such was the secret of Scott's popularity. He found men chafing and fretting in the chains which bound their souls, and, filled with a great love for all God's beautiful world, he taught men to undo the fetters and to let their spirits free. He taught them to see the beauty in the violet, the majesty in the mountain, the soul-subduing glory in the sunset; and, above all, he showed them how, even in their poor lives, was centered the highest ideal of beauty and glory and majesty.

Without the stern, inspiring imagination of Milton, or the superb insight into human nature of Shakespeare, Scott will live with them, and with Chaucer, as the greatest writer our language has produced in the great realm of romance.

THE INFLUENCE OF GLADIATORIAL GAMES ON ROMAN CHARACTER.

Second Means Prize Oration.

BY FRED. D. GREENE.

One of the most potent factors in causing the rapid deterioration of Roman character, after it was exposed to the enervating action of luxury, was the influence of the amphitheatre.

Gladiatorial combats, which formed a part of the funeral ceremonies of the Etruscans, were adopted by the Romans, who, not confining them to their original use, made them a part of all their celebrations.

The later emperors, by lavishing on the sports a large portion of the state's revenue, made them so popular that no public or private entertainment could be at all acceptable without them. Thus, Trajan celebrated his victories on the Danube with festive games, lasting for one hundred and twenty-three days, in which ten thousand gladiators were engaged. In fact, the fickle populace seemed never to grow sick of the bloody spectacles, however frequent their occurrence or protracted their duration.

It is surprising that even high-minded Cicero did not rise above the spirit of his times, and condemn such a demoralizing custom. Yet, he probably expressed public opinion when he declares that gladiatorial sights, instead of being cruel and inhuman, preserved a martial spirit, and that there could be no stronger discipline for the eyes against death and the sight of blood. Can this be true? Was it, indeed, gloating over the inspiring sight of ignominious slaves trying to butcher one another that enabled Leonidas and his three hundred to pour out the last drop of their blood on the altar of their country, or that carried the noble six hundred right into the jaws of death when—

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered"?

No: the true patriot needs nothing but the call of the enemy to nerve him in the hour of peril. Indifference to suffering and contempt of death are not calculated to raise up high-minded patriots, but rather to breed cruel tyrants.

Moreover, this organized body of captives, criminals, and slaves, at one time threatened the very existence of the Roman state.

But a power had arisen destined to overthrow the system which was reducing the most civilized nation to the level of the most savage cannibal: a religion, to which, above all others combined, must be attributed the glorious light of the nineteenth century. The immediate cause of the abolishment of the games took place under the following circumstances: The Emperor Honorius, repulsing before the gates of Pollentia the fierce hordes of Northern Europe, had hastened to Rome to celebrate his triumph. Then, for the last time, was the sand of the arena polluted by the vile blood of the gladiator. At daybreak a vast multitude thronged the sixty-four gates of the Coliseum, and packed to its utmost capacity the towering edifice. Eagerly they await the rich feast of carnage. As two bands of gladiators take their places facing each other, and in fearful suspense look to see the white flag fall into the arena, a breathless hush falls upon the assembly. Who is he, clad in a plain, dark mantle, who dares leap into the arena, and rushes with outstretched arms between the opposing parties, begging them to cease such wicked sport? It was the monk, Telemachus. A deafening shout of anger bursts from the throats of a hundred thousand Romans enraged at interruption of their pleasures, and the audacious monk is borne to the ground under a shower of stones. But Telemachus, by his noble Christian death, had struck a blow for humanity and religion, which abolished forever the most horrid custom that ever blackened the annals of a civilized nation.

THE INFLUENCE OF GLADIATORIAL GAMES ON ROMAN CHARACTER.

Third Means Prize Oration.

BY GREENOUGH THAYER.

THE Gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome, although originating in obsequies in honor of the dead, were fostered by the natural love of excitement; and were soon used by rich men and office-seekers, as opportunities of increasing their influence with the populace. Every new exhibition aimed to surpass all former ones in the number of gladiators, the excellence of their fighting, and the length of the performance. In time, schools were established where captives taken in war were taught how to handle the weapons, and even how to die gracefully.

Victories, the completion of public improvements, and similar occasions were celebrated by games. In the year

52 B. C., the Emperor Claudius, having cut a passage between Lake Fucinus and the river Liris, gave a sea-fight on the lake, with ships of three or four banks of oars and manned by 19,000 men; he enclosed a space with rafts, on which the Prætorian guard were stationed to cut off escape. The shores, the neighboring hills and mountain-tops were covered with countless spectators gathered from far and near. The Emperor presided in person. The combatants, although malefactors, fought like brave men, and after a great effusion of blood, were excused from pursuing the carnage to extremity.

The money for these games, when a conquest was being celebrated, was taken from the conquered people; if the games were given by an office-seeker, partly from his patrimony, but largely from the prospective spoils of his office. Indeed, all tributary people were taxed under pretext of paying for them [exhibitions]; but generally there was a handsome margin which the exhibitor quietly pocketed. But surely so patent a wrong moralists and enlightened men must have condemned. Listen, for a moment, to their opinions. Cicero congratulates his brother Quintus on his freeing Asia from the tribute extorted for the games, but in his work on Laws hesitates whether to condemn or not.

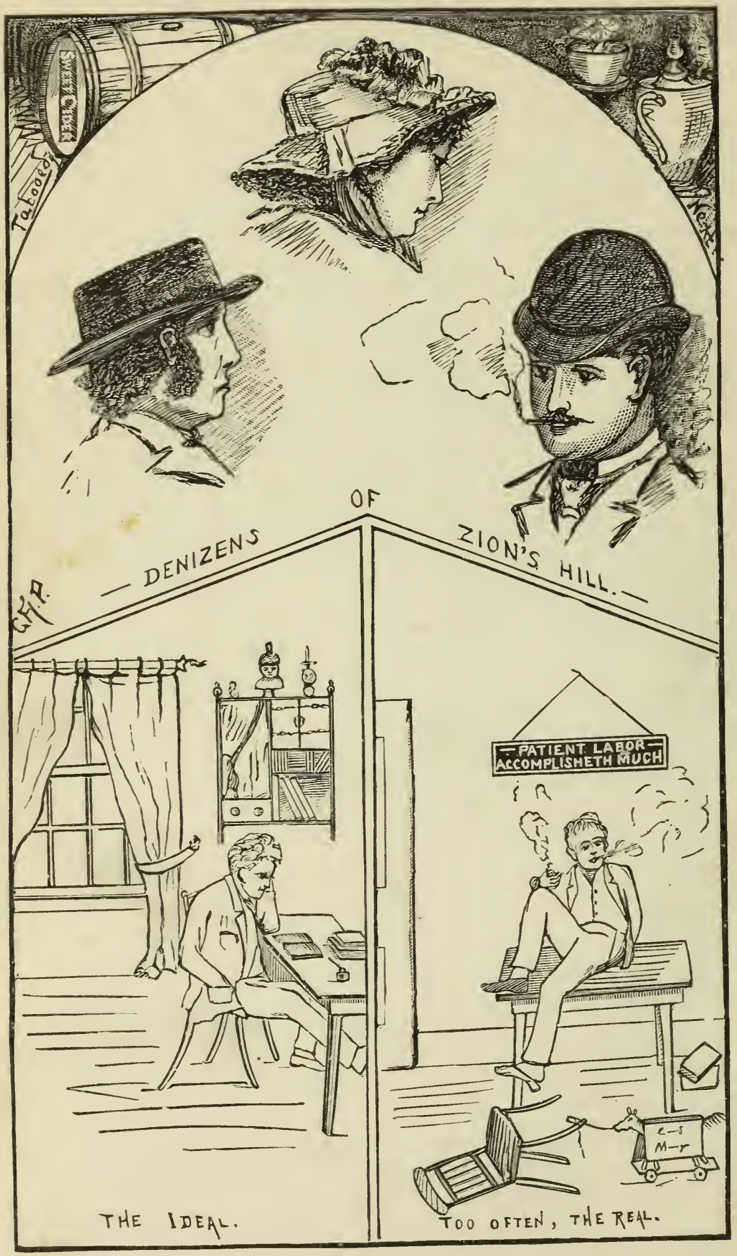
Pliny, in his "Panegyric on Trajan," styles them "games which do not enervate the mind." Seneca calls them a "light amusement." Once, however, when happening to witness a conflict of amateurs, he exclaims against the slaughter. Even when men of education and influence disapproved of them, they considered them as necessary in order to keep the people quiet, and so thought it inexpedient to abolish them.

But besides the indirect influence upon the government already alluded to, the gladiators themselves were often used directly as political instruments, and the most unprincipled man at the head of a troop of them had to be respected. The mere presence of a large body of evil-disposed and savage men had a bad influence on the people in general, and in times of public disturbance they were a source of liveliest terror.

We can realize in some degree the corrupting influence of these games when we consider that free-born citizens, and even knights, senators and women, fought in the arena. And this, too, although by law a person who had once engaged in gladiatorial combats was disgraced for life. But the element of danger gave zest to the pleasure; the cheers of the crowd were exciting to the highest degree, and the successful gladiator enjoyed as great publicity, and excited almost as much envy, as the Emperor himself. He saw his likeness on signet-rings; poets sung his achievements; his name was on everybody's lips; admiring crowds followed him; artists in marble and mosaic were employed to hand down his fame to posterity. The very children in their sports imitated the gladiators.

The amount of time consumed in these games is no trivial objection to them. They lasted sometimes for four months, yet thousands on thousands watched them day and night, and all persons of influence felt obliged to be present lest they should be charged with disloyalty.

We have seen that the ancient world did not, except in rare instances, condemn the games. Comparing this opinion with that which would be expressed by all classes in our day, we can judge to what a level humanity had sunk. Here were thousands of men killing and maiming each other for the pleasure of the people, and the people never gave the killed and maimed a thought. And yet this cruel indifference to human suffering was not manifested at first. The people had to be gradually educated to it; but the passion, once formed, was almost unconquerable; and it remained for Christians to withstand public opinion. Their final abolishment, a result which emperors had tried to bring about and failed, was due to the religion which, by giving radically new views of human life, put an end to its reckless waste.


SWEET CIDER
Tabooed.
Next.
G.H.P.
— DENIZENS OF ZION'S HILL. —
— PATIENT LABOR —
ACCOMPLISHETH MUCH
THE IDEAL.
TOO OFTEN, THE REAL.

A DAY'S WORK.

On the day before Thanksgiving, the first and third editors of this miserable sheet went over to Lawrence to canvass the city for advertisements. They worked for the better part of the day, and obtained just four dollars' worth. The following is an account of the experiences on that memorable day.

N. B. — The editors wish it distinctly understood that they know absolutely nothing about the authorship of the following article.

And it came to pass that they gathered themselves together, even at the going down of the sun gathered they themselves. And he, surnamed Thing, opened his mouth and spake, saying: "Verily, since on the morrow we go no more to our instructor, sojourn ye two into the 'city of sin,' and it shall be that I will tarry in the land of my fathers and await your return." And as it was said, so they did. And it came to pass on the following day, that the wind blew and it was cold. Nevertheless indeed these two departed and went on their way. And when they had entered into the town they approached even unto an oyster saloon, and they spake the one unto his companion, saying: "For a surety it is not good for us to be cold, lest we freeze. Let us therefore enter in and warm ourselves." And they entered in and warmed themselves. And they went out, and they drew nigh unto a clothing store, and they besought the master of the house, saying: "Have pity, we beseech thee, upon us in our distress." But he reviled them, saying: "Go out hence from among me. My substance is even now wasted upon such as thee, and my money consumed." And they went on their way sorrowing, for they were exceeding sad. And it was that they entered into a tin-shop, and they supplicated, saying: "Lo, we are strangers in a strange land, and we" — But it was harshly broken in upon their speech: "Ye belong to a generation of vipers. Away with yourselves and get ye gone, lest I be tempted that I may use force upon you." And they got themselves gone. And the inhabitants of that city railed at them, and at noonday they departed. And they shook off the dust of their feet upon that city.

And when they had returned homeward they were ridiculed. Even by their companions in distress were they mocked.

But on the morrow it came to pass that they did eat and drink, and did make merry. Yea, even of a turkey gobbler ate they him. And they said to themselves, "It is not good for us to tarry in the city of sin."

ANTE POSTERS.

The boys were out upon the hill
  With bobs both great and small;
The K. O. A., the T. L. E.,
  The Commons, least of all.

They each in turn went down the course
  Which was one glare of ice,
And shot apast the Female Sem. —
  I tell you what, 'twas nice.

The afternoon had well nigh passed
  Without an accident,
When down the hill at lightning speed
  The Commons' bob was sent.

Melancthon Smirk, he held the strings,
  Young Texas next in turn;
Behind him sat a Glee Club base,
  A little noise (Noyes) astern.

A dog from out the Fem. Sem. came,
  And trotted down the course;
He was a shaggy, yellow dog,
  His growl was low and hoarse.

The boys cried out; the dog went on
Regardless of their cries,
While in the road a foot-ball man
With laughter shook his sides.

At length, the canine heard the bob
A-rattling down the hill,
And gave three most terrific yelps,
Then started with a will.

In vain he yelped, in vain he ran;
The coaster quicker sped;
It struck the canine in the rear,
And sent him on his head.

The bob, it turned, and ran around,
Off went Malancthon Smirk;
Young Texas followed close behind,
And landed with a jerk.

The Glee Club bass, 'tis sad to state,
Went off the other side;
The little Noise stayed on, they say,
To finish out his ride.

The coasters viewed the broken bob,
Brushed off the clinging snow,
And wondered if the dog was hurt,
If Fem. Sems. saw them go.

And as they drew the bob up hill
They said: "Let others slide,
But as for us, down Zion's hill
We never more shall ride."

"SIBILA LAMBIBANT LINGUIS VIBRANTIBUS ORA."

As you kin see, my text is snakes. Snakes is an awful beast. Some are deadly. Others is harmless. P. Virgil, Esq. has both kinds on hand. Snakes, jist like Injuns, has different tribes. There is the brown snake, the green, the black, the spotted, the stripped, the rattled and the boy-constructor snake. Mr. V. keeps them mostly. It took me 3 terms to larn them construction fellows, and I kin forgit it in jist two weeks of Happy christmas and merry thanksgiving. But what used to stick me most was them air rattlin snakes of his'n. They was rattlers, I tell you what; and I'd git as rattled on em, 1st I knowed, why I don't nose I didn't no nothin. So when we seize Mr. Sarpint a slowly wigglin-up like, we allers gits out the ole hoss—golang Dobin—that'ill fetch Mr. snake every time. There ain't nothing that can't beat Gov. Virgil but a hoss and Dido. You see she was of the feminine persuasion, so I spose she was awful scart on the deacon's snakes. Deacon Æneas was the heroe in this air novel. Next to him there was his dad. And he jist took the cake. Leastwise his ghost came out of the cemetery and eat up some pies and sich like July-August-Ascarius-Æneas had hid there. The ghost was a snake, which my teacher said was very suggestive. Ever since I seen Publicus V. tell about the sarpint in the gardin, I hiv thought he was some relation to the — that is, to Johnny Milton, the fellow as who lost a pair-uv-dice — (I have forgotten to remember the rest). Well, Publicus could git off some whoppers. There was one about 2 snakes and a Mr. L. A. O'Coon. He was a fearful funny coon anyhow. One day the Deacon hitches up, and him and another old woman goes to see Mr. Devil. He and the other sarpint lives jist this side uv the Happy land. Should had thought they would'nt have bin in such a rush, cause he'd hev them sur'n pizon anywise. But they did go all the same, and saw the old gent hisself, and he asks arter all the folks and sends his regards. Then another time he (that's P. V. M.) says Mr. Eagle takes Miss Snake a-riding. But I can't swaller that un — leastwise that is, not unless they had theologues in them times, no sin and misery. These be always indiginous to the climate. But the most powerful on it was how Deacon A. allers did exactly as he felt like. All he'd do was to say he'd seen a sarpint. (It ginerally made him cry to see an old pard that way), and that the Fata (that's Satin) had devised him as how to do. I hev got to the tale of my snake, and hear is the hum-stretch. So between his ominous SNAKES, and his un-git-aroundable FATES, you've what's left of Æneas the PIUS and 3 terms work on old VIRGILIUS. P. S. The rest of my novel is in blanc verse.

Yours in Snakes, DRACO.

CUPID AND THE MAIDEN.

ONCE on a time young Cupid shot
An arrow, but he missed her;
And at long range he hit her not, —
But caught her when he kissed her.

The maiden pouted some at this,
And tried to show her anger;
As if one girl disliked a kiss,
From Syracuse to Bangor.

Then Cupid frowned and sternly bowed,
And said, in accents heated,
"I did not know you were so proud!
It will not be repeated!"

MORAL.

Let each young maiden warning take
By this rejection of a kiss,
For by so dreadful a mistake,
Forever she may be a miss.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

We have put on the cap of the sage, and have thrown about our shoulders the editorial cloak. We have many misgivings about the fit. We fear our shoulders are not broad enough to fully fill its folds. Yet we shrink not from the task, but manfully don the harness and go forth to meet a critical and much-abused public. To fully meet the expectations of the students of Phillips Academy, and especially members of Philo, would be too great a task for our feeble pen. However, we trust the present MIRROR will not fall so far behind the ideal, as not to meet with a ready sale; for we are sorry to say that, for several terms back, THE MIRROR has been more a money-sinking than a money-making concern. We shall infringe on our neighbor, "The Phillipian," only when absolutely necessary; but, as many of our readers have not the benefit of its columns, or are not members of the Academy, we feel it incumbent upon us to rehearse as briefly as possible the principal events of the term, even though to many it prove a twice-told tale.

The Philomathean Society, under the able management of its President, has more than kept its wonted prestige. The meetings have been well attended, and the interest unabated. The debates, with but few exceptions, have been interesting, and the parts well sustained. Some "cuts" were noticed at the beginning of the term, but we are glad to say they have ceased. On the whole, we can congratulate ourselves on the work that has been done.

On returning to the classic shades of Andover, this term, we missed the genial countenance of our Principal, who, on account of sickness and a sad bereavement in his family during the summer, was taking a much needed and deserved rest. His place was ably filled by Mr. Merrill, and Mr. Comstock instructed the Seniors in the beauties of Virgil. About the middle of October Mr. Bancroft resumed his duties, much improved in health.

During the vacation and first part of the term, the brick-work in the front part of the Academy was strengthened, a much needed improvement. The vestibule and lower hall were also tiled. The work was conspicuous chiefly for the length of time it took. If the object was to sink money, it was a complete success.

Political excitement has run high this term, and we have even had the "flag outrage" on a small scale. The Garfield and Arthur battalion of about one hundred and seventy-five strong, irrespective of party ties, was the chief feature of the campaign here. Under the excellent management of Gen. Hughes, they made a fine show, and received numerous compliments. The battalion paraded a number of times, and had the pleasure of listening to a fine address by Col. Higginson.

On Monday night, Nov. 8th, the inhabitants of the Commons were awakened from sweet dreams by the tooting of fish-horns, and blaze of an immense fire on the Campus. The fire was said to have been the largest ever built in Andover, and quite defied the efforts of the solitary representative of the Faculty, who tried to scatter it with a hurdle. Dame Rumor attributes the building of it to the Senior Class. If this be true they quite outshone any previous class.

We were favored, on the 15th ult., by the presence at the Academy of Mr. Pratt, G. A. T., who responded to the ovation tendered him by the students with a few remarks which he entitled "Idea of Ideas." The magnitude of the subject was rather appalling, but those who listened to his burning eloquence and beautiful diction felt amply repaid for the outlay of ten cents demanded for admission. The whole get-up of the man is marvelous, especially when he gets up on the table, and his songs and theatrical pose would do credit to Sarah. Imagine Sarah on a table. For a man of such genius to devote his life to Cads and wearers of the gown, is something sublime. From the style of his poetry, we think he must have been crossed in love.

Several Sociables have been given by the ladies of the Chapel during the term. They have been largely attended, and have been a source of great pleasure to those who have had the good fortune to be present. The movers in the matter should be thanked for the interest they have taken in providing such delightful and innocent amusements for their *protégés*, at a time when Andover is *particularly* dull.

An early cold snap put a good cover on the ponds in the neighborhood. Good skating was afforded for a few days, but very little was available to the boys, owing to the lack of water in the upper meadow, the usual skating rink, and the distance to Pomp's Pond, which deterred all but very enthusiastic skaters.

"The Exonian" seems to have broken out in a new spot. We fear such continued eruptions must be bad for its health, and we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and at the same time hope it will not wholly *peter* out before the end of the term. If our advice were asked, we would suggest the outward application of a postage stamp on the spot itself, and an inward dose of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Eruptions are due to a bad condition of the blood, and, although Soothing Syrup is not the usual remedy prescribed, we think in the present case it would be eminently fitting.

The successful competitors for the Means Prize were announced in Chapel Saturday morning, Nov. 27th. The following were chosen from a field numbering about thirty. Where more than one piece was accepted, the one to be spoken is put first.

F. D. Greene, P. A, '81, subject, "The Influence of Gladiatorial Games on the Roman Character." G. Thayer, P.A. '81, on the same subject. P. I. Welles, P. A. '81, subject, "Safeguards of the Republic against the Mob and the Ring." G. C. Woodruff, Jr., P.A. '81, also on the same subject. J. C. Hall, P.A. '82, subject, "The Secret of Scott's Popularity." F. I. Paradise, P. A. '83, with the same subject. H. A. Frederick, P.A. '83, subject, "Safeguards of the Republic against the Mob and the Ring." C. N. Codding, P.A. '83, subject, "Irish Famines." C. N. Perry, P.A. '83, subject, "Photography and Popular Taste," and "Formation of Character in Preparatory Schools." C. Halliwell, P.A. '83, subjects, "Formation of Character in Preparatory Schools," "The Secret of Scott's Popularity," and "Safeguards of the Republic against the Mob and the Ring."

The speaking came off on Wednesday evening, Dec. 16th, and the pieces, on the whole, were well written and delivered. During the absence of the Committee, in making the award, the Phillips Glee Club discoursed sweet music to an enchanted public. We have printed the Prize Essays in this number of THE MIRROR.

The lecture course came earlier this year than usual, beginning about the last of October. We think that, if they had been arranged so as to come off but once in two weeks, more would have been better pleased. The course, on the whole, was a very agreeable one, and reflected credit on the management. However, we rather preferred, for excellence of speakers, &c., the programme of last winter.

We cannot depart so far from tradition, handed down by our fathers, as to say nothing about the Shawshine Club. Under its new management, it has given very general satisfaction.

We are sorry to say that the case is far different as regards the Russell Club. A change for the worse, over the excellent bill of fare of last year, has been very marked, and much grumbling has ensued in consequence. We hope that next term will see a decided improvement in this respect, otherwise the Shawshine Club will have large additions to its membership.

At Chapel, on Monday, Dec. 6th, we were all pained to hear the announcement, that, owing to bad health, Mr. Merrill would be obliged to give up his duties in the Academy, for an indefinite period. Mr. Merrill departed for Colorado on the 13th inst. He has the sympathy of all in his absence, and we but echo the general cry, when we say that we hope he will soon return, with his health completely restored.

The election of officers of Inquiry took place on Thursday, Dec. 9th, when the following were elected: Pres., J. T. Symons, P.A. '81; Vice-Pres., C. A. Jones, P.A. '81; Sec., J. N. Roe, P. A. '82; Treas., A. Noyes, P. A. '81: 1st Editor, C. H. Perry, P. A. '83; 2d Editor, T. B. Pollard, P.A. '81; 3d Editor, C. N. Codding, P.A. '83; Executives, 1st, Armstrong, P.S. '82; 2d, J. W. Howard, P.A. '81; 3d, L. M. Porter, P.S. '81.

Our task is finished, and we place THE MIRROR before our readers. May the perusal of its pages afford them as much pleasure, as the preparing of it gave distraction to its editors. This we know is asking too much, and wish we had "drawn it mild." We will now step down and out, wishing our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SCHOOL NOTES.

RECITATION IN INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY. Prof.—"It is an established fact, gentlemen, that no one does any action without first having an intent to do it."

D.— "If you were to place a donkey between two hay-stacks, he would not choose one in preference to the other *intentionally*, would he?"

Prof. (sternly).— "When you enter a church, sir, why do you choose the right rather than the left-hand aisle?"

D.— "I don't think the cases are parallel."

Prof. (dryly). — "Pardon me, sir, if I disagree with you." (*Plaudit omnes.*)

We were glad to see what an influence was brought to bear upon the powers that be, to the extent that so many young ladies from Abbot could witness our last foot-ball game. It was surely a great pleasure to us to have them there, and we trust they enjoyed it as much as we did.

The Junior Classical Class is the largest, and some say the stupidest, in school.

We were pained to hear of Mr. Merrill's misfortune, and we are sure that he has the sympathy of the whole school.

Two grave and reverent Seniors, while out walking the other day, saw a specimen of that animal known to science as the *Mephitis Mephitica*. They went and bought a small steel trap, and having set it by the animal's hole, went home to await further developments. When next they visited the spot they found in the trap a large male of the feline tribe. As the animal was lamenting most bitterly they tied him loose and gave up trapping.

The boys who passed the Thanksgiving recess here seem to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

A fact which does not tally very well with the alleged stupidity of the Junior Class is, that of this year's Means Prize men, five were Juniors.

Walk across the turf in front of school, if you will but consider the playful remarks and observations of our instructor.

Are we not to have a mock trial next term? The last was such a success that we ought not to let the year go by without something of the kind.

The Middle Class commence Virgil next term.

The Glee Club is progressing in fine style, and report says that we shall hear from them soon.

PERSONALS.

Frederick, P. A. '83, has had his moustache shaved off.

"Doc" Sands, P. A. '81, wants to know if the places in the lower world are assigned by lot. If so, he thinks that there is a chance for him.

Fisher, P. A. '81, now *sits* at head of the Senior Class in Geometry. His sudden elevation does not seem to have turned his head as much as would have been expected, and he still makes those brilliant rushes.

Bradley, P. S. '82, was kindly granted leave of absence by the Faculty, about the first of the term. He expects to return next term.

C. Yan Che, P. A. '81, has returned to the "Flowery Kingdom," and will probably enter either the army or navy.

Reymer, P. S. '81, and 3d baseman of P. A. B. B. C. last year, will probable return next term.

"Monkey" Reid, P. S. '80, leads his class at the Columbia School of Mines, so it is reported.

"Pete" Barry, P. S. '81, entered "Sheff," with flying colors this fall.

"Curly" Allen, P. S. '80, has gone to Eastman's Business College at Poughkeepsie, N.Y. As our readers probably remember, Vassar College for young ladies is also at that place.

Trowbridge, P. A. '80, and last year editor-in-chief of the *Phillipian*, is studying at the Columbia Law School in New York.

Blodgett, P. A. '80, is said to lead his class at Yale. Ayers, Tuttle and Wolcott, all '80 men, are also in the first division.

Greene, P. A. '80, was recently visited by Amherst Sophomores. His ardor was considerably dampened by an application of the pump to his head, and he was otherwise maltreated.

S. M. Gordon, P. S. '80, is in the Harvard Dental School.

Chas. H. Morss, '74, is Asst. Prof. in Biology at Harvard.

Prof. Griffin of Lake Forest University (Peabody Instructor here, 1871–75), has patented a safety stop for elevators which promises to take the lead in this department of inventions.

Prof. Thayer of the Seminary is one of the Fellows of Harvard, and Rev. Dr. McKenzie, '55, Secretary of the Overseers. Four professors, one instructor, one proctor, twenty-one college students, one theological, two law, five medical, one dental, one lecturer in the Episcopal Seminary, and one student in the same, are all "old boys."

BRICK *et* BATS.

WINTER is here, and so is Sara.

How is the weather up there, Sara?

Asa Spades is a West End man. Needless to say he is black. — *Boston Post.*

The man who boasted that he was himself again, made an ass of himself. — *Ex.*

Some girls are like shotguns. They would attract no attention if it wasn't for their bangs. — *Ex.*

The bobbing is good — but not for yellow dogs.

A star performance: Falling on the ice and striking on the back of your head. Take our word for this; dont' experiment. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

Some enthusiastic fashion writer predicts a revolution in underwear. Well, a change in such things is necessary, once in a while. — *Lowell Citizen.*

"Have you got the rent ready at last?" "No, sir; mother's gone out washing, and forgot to put it out for you." "Did she tell you she'd forgotten?" "Yes, sir." — *Ex.*

Northern ladies who go to church for the purpose of showing their seal-skin sacks are spoken of as being saque-religious. — *New Orleans Picayune.*

The female gate-keeper on the pike has been removed for dead-heading her sweetheart. She never toll'd her love. — *Ex.*

We wish we owned a monkey; one of the real fiendish ones. We'd give it to our enemy's son for a Christmas present. — *Boston Post.* — Sink your animosities, brother. Don't give yourself away. — *Boston Transcript.*

He picked the yellow jacket up by the tail, to keep the pesky critter from biting. My eye! How he howled. And the thing didn't bite him either.

"Well, sonny, where did you get such a black eye?" inquired a kindly gentleman of a street urchin. "Oh, a feller called my brother's hat a swill-dipper, and he was bigger than I thought he was." — *New Haven Register.*

Scene in a Restaurant: Man with his coat off struggling with a piece of steak, calls out to the proprietor: "Say, don't the horns go with this 'ere meat?" — *Wheeling Leader.*

These lines were written by Mrs. Gen. Winfield Scott, in an autograph album, more than forty years ago.

"Women have many faults;
Men have only two;
There is nothing right they say,
And nothing right they do!

"But if naughty men do nothing right,
And never say what's true,
What precious fools we women are
To love them as we do!"

"Are you fond of turkey, with truffles, Mr. Smith?" asked the boarding mistress, with an insinuating grace. "Yes, 'm," replied Smith, tugging away at the drumstick on his plate; "but this turkey, marm, is a truffle tough." — *Ex.*

An eccentric but pious man has built a house on posts forty feet high at Plympton, Oregon, in order that he may live nearer heaven. He also keeps above the mud by this method. — *Boston Post.*

We would advise the people of Andover to have their boots made on posts of the same length. They might accomplish a like result.

Once upon a time two young ladies, meeting, threw their arms around one another, when a pair of scissors, concealed about the person of the one, severed an artery in the arm of the other, and she bled to death. Moral. — Girls, don't hug *one another*. Men do not carry scissors, or if they do they lay them away, or get a check for them when the hugging commences. — *Ex.*

When Charley was carried to the hospital, badly wounded, after the battle of the Wilderness, and the surgeon told him that his leg must come off, he said quietly, "It is the right one, and it is not so much matter. If it had been the other, you know, I should have nothing left to stand on." Charley would have his joke, leg or no leg. — *Ex.*

A bicycle has been invented which carries the little wheel in front of the big one. This will prevent the annoyance experienced in the present bicycle, when the little wheel takes a notion to climb up the rider's back, and failing, leaves him studying astronomy on the sidewalk, after a "header." — *New Haven Register.*

A Harvard student was fined $15 and costs in the police court at Cambridge, recently, for carrying away a grocer's sign. And he had no use for the sign, and didn't particularly want it, either. — *Ex.*

Bernhardt has a wonderful picture called "The Young Girl and Death." There are two figures in it, and you can take your choice of the two, as to which is Bernhardt and which is the young girl. — *N. O. Picayune.*

The imaginary Morey brought to light the first case of lying *Truth* on record.

Mr. Yung Wing, the Chinese Commissioner of Education in this country, has bought a house in Hartford, Conn., worth $10,000. "The Transcript" says, "Yung Wing is spreading himself."

A Russian claims to have found a new substitute for rubber. It is strongly suspected that while travelling in this country recently he tackled a ham-sandwich at a railway restaurant. — *Norristown Herald.*

Fidgety lady. — "But what am I to do? I can't ride with my back to the engine." Insolent youth. — "Better speak to the conductor. He'll turn the train round to oblige you." — *Harper's Bazar.*

Wanted. — A young man to paint in water-colors. One who understands waiting on table preferred. — *Ex.*

A little farther o'er the stile
As James would fain a sister —
As eke some mother lads would do.
He bent him down and kissed her.
The maiden cried, "Aunt you a wretch
To treat a girl so badly?
You'd daughter be ashamed, I say,
To cousin me so badly!" — *Eugene Field.*

A SKATING PASTORAL.

CANTO I.

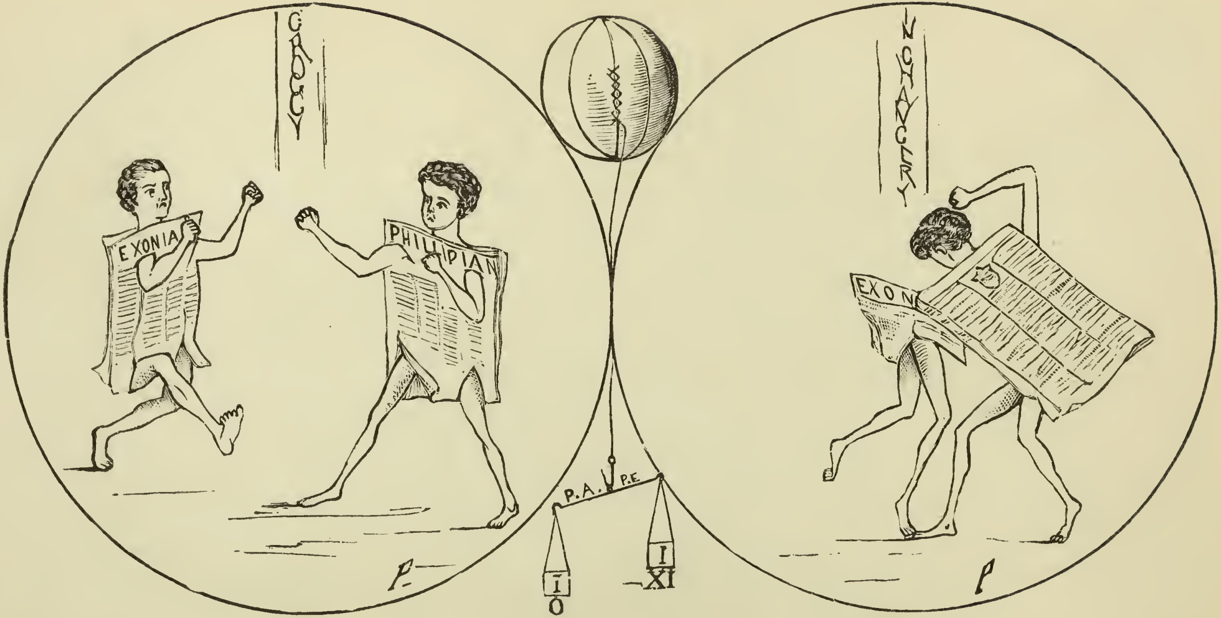
Morn —
Boy;
Skates,
Joy.

CANTO II.

Ice
Thin;
Boy
In.

CANTO III.

Cold
Wave;
Boy,
Grave. — *Ex.*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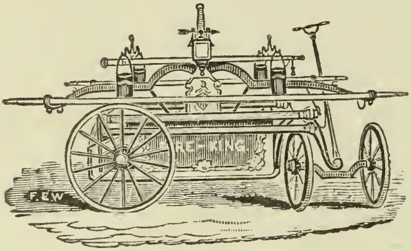

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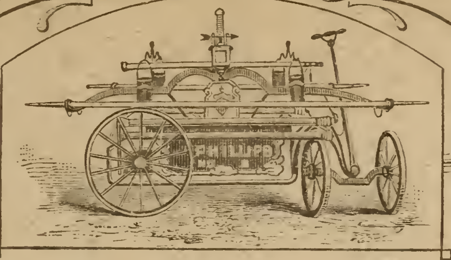

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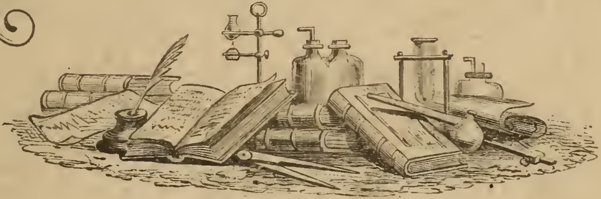

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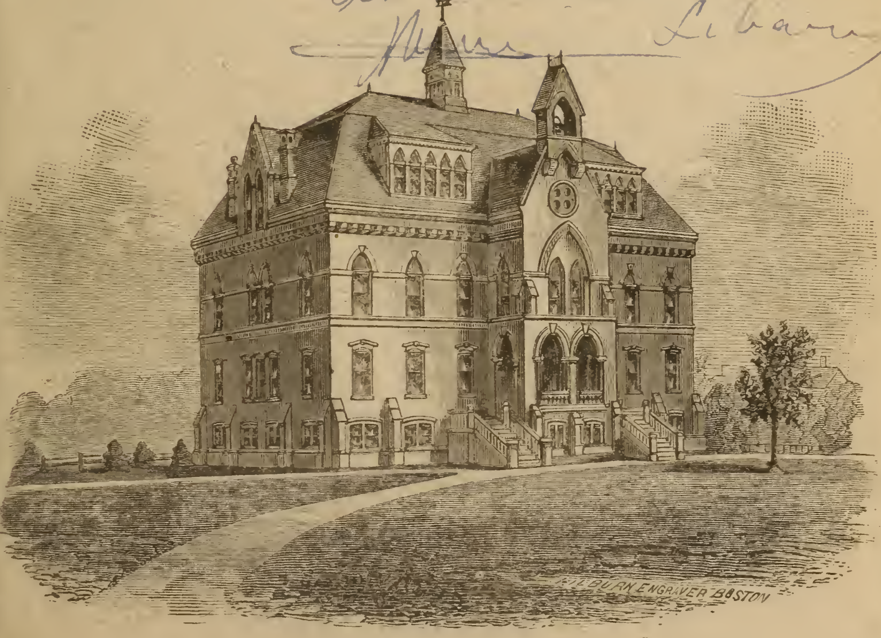

PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

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Vol. XXVII. No. 2.

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MARCH, 1881.

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GREENOUGH THAYER, *1st Editor.*
EDWARD G. TUTTLE, *2d* "
PORTER BEARDSLEY, *3d* "

VOL. XXVII. MARCH, 1881. No. 2.

A HISTORY OF USURY.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

PERHAPS more time and strength have been spent in the discussion of this subject, and more laws enacted and repealed concerning it, than concerning any other one subject, we were going to say since the world began. The very name "usurer," so harmless in itself, suggests in every one's mind a crafty Shylock bent on his own gain regardless of every other interest. But why is this so? Why does the term "usury," which now signifies merely the taking of interest above a certain rate, suggest robbery and extortion? The root of the whole trouble has been the misinterpretation and misapplication of the Mosaic law forbidding the Jews to take or give interest among themselves, but permitting both among foreigners. The object of this law it will at once appear, was not to condemn usury, but to bind the Jews more closely together as a nation and to separate them from those peoples which they were destined ultimately to supplant. For if the law had been intended to forbid all taking of interest as wrong, why was it right to take interest of, and give it to, foreigners?

The early fathers, blindly applying the Mosaic law to themselves, held that any giving or taking of interest was *per se* wrong. On this one misinterpretation has followed a train of evils, the effect of which the world feels to-day, and which has retarded the progress of civilization hundreds of years. But let us see how nations with which the Jews did not come in contact regarded the taking of interest.

In Greece, no laws were passed concerning the rate. The usual rate was 12 per cent. per year, but on voyages sometimes as high as 60 per cent. And yet, though this interest may seem exorbitant, the merchants made money, commerce flourished, and the arts and sciences were introduced. All but Aristotle were contented. This eminent philosopher argued that the giving of interest — or offspring as it was called — for the use of money was wrong, since money (and he borrowed a large sum to experiment with) in no conditions could have offspring. In Rome, on the contrary, from the time of the first secession, the rate of interest was fixed by law, but in the time of Cicero the law had so far become a dead letter that 60 per cent. was not unheard of.

The Church of Rome blindly followed the early fathers, and pope after pope anathematized usurers; and all who lent or borrowed money on interest, or who defended the practice, were declared heretics. The offence was declared an offence against the Church, and the Star Chamber and Inquisition were not slow in sending to the stake those accused of the accursed crime of taking interest. Naturally, in all papal countries stringent laws were passed against the practice. The first law of the kind in England was enacted by Alfred the Great, and subsequently the law was re-enacted and made more severe, till from 1360–89 the money-lender's estate was confiscated and his heirs disinherited on his death. But as the borrowing of money is the foundation of all business, in his distress the merchant turned to the Jew, who, treated like a dog on account of his religion, cared naught for public opinion, and who for the sake of gain would readily sink lower, if that were possible. Taking into consideration the fact that he held a monopoly of the business, and that it was esteemed a creditable thing to defraud a usurer, it is not astonishing that he asked a high rate of interest. Thus in a short time the Jews held control of all the affairs of the business world. As may be surmised, they were cordially hated, but in proportion as they were persecuted the rate of interest rose and commerce declined. The government, however, profited nothing by these repeated lessons, but still enforced usury laws.

In France a still worse state of things existed. The King passed a law forbidding usurers to charge more than 86 per cent. The next year, however, he debased the coin and forced them to receive it at par, thereby winning great favor with the people.

Obedient to the traditions of the mother country, our ancestors, in legislating, re-enacted those laws which had so long been the bane of European commerce, and even now in some states, laws exist which make the taking of interest above an arbitrarily fixed rate a state-prison offence. Most of the states, however, have long ago abolished such laws, and let us hope that the others will not be long in following their example.

We must remember that until within the last fifty years the question has been discussed almost entirely upon religious grounds. The advance which has been made in the interpretation of the Scriptures has, however, dissipated these scruples. And the only reason why we find usury laws existing in this country is the respect for established custom. There is no reason why money should be singled out from all other commodities for restriction, and why lenders of it should be hampered.

Usury laws, a relic of the dark ages, have gradually yielded to the people's demand for liberty of thought and liberty of action. Oppressive legislation is a thing of the past.

LITERATURE AMONG STUDENTS.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

It is not our purpose to dictate to the Faculty of any institution what studies should or should not be pursued. But we feel there is a general opinion that too little attention is paid to literature and reading. By literature, we have in mind that class of writing distinguished for its style and expression, in distinction from scientific treatises, and works which contain positive knowledge. How this shall be increased is the question.

It will do no good for the student, in his leisure hours, to complain of want of time, or that his lessons are too long. But only by improving the leisure minutes can he make any headway in acquiring this kind of knowledge if he is to do it alone. Suppose, however, he is to gain it through societies and clubs, even then the work must be done by *him*, and the society or club serve only as a stimulus and an incentive to his task.

The culture derived from this kind of study can only be acquired by individual work. Lectures may be attended, but unless preceded by reading, half of their benefit is lost, not only from the lecture, but he loses that clear view of the subject which the lecture would have brought, had he previously known the main facts.

So a man may finish his education in a most polished manner, by observation or travel, if he have the requisite information and culture on which to base it.

How shall we read? Shall we skim over a book and get only a general idea, or read slowly and digest what we learn, striving for quality rather than quantity?

These, indeed, are both proper methods; but as to which we shall employ, every one must be his own judge. As we look over some books, we think they are not worth the reading; still our neighbors and friends read them, and we feel obliged to know their contents sufficiently to be able to converse in regard to them. For no one desires to seem narrow in his views, and only to take interest in those subjects which his calling requires. Therefore, in instances of this kind, if we cannot obtain from a good review or publisher's article an idea of the book, we must read it as superficially as possible.

Then there are many volumes which we wish to read carefully; these are for the reader to select, and little can be said in regard to them.

The cultivation of the power of independent thought is a very important end in a liberal education.

But our course and habit of study is far from bringing us to this point. We obtain rather the power of grasping the ideas of our text-books and instructors.

The garnered treasures of literature furnish us with an abundance of thought. We have only to draw on this great supply, and we find ourselves involved with the works of history and fiction.

Now, why not apply ourselves to reading with some energy? In no other way can we gain so much real, solid pleasure, or fit ourselves for success and enjoyment later in life.

As in boating, or athletics, it is only by continued labor and practice that we can reach any degree of excellence, so our course to success in education lies only through systematic diligence, actuated by strong enthusiasm.

No doubt the marking system fosters this narrowness and stimulates the student to "plug" over the pages of Latin and Greek until he knows them by sight.

Reading gives one a wider range of thought, aids one in forming his own opinions, and leads him to think and act for himself.

Phillips Academy is among the first in the list of institutions in furnishing opportunities for literary work. Look at her two societies, which are well sustained, and in either of which one can find incentives to improvement and a broad field of labor.

But, most of all, we wish to call attention to the Senior Reading Club, which our esteemed Greek instructor has so kindly introduced.

The attendance is voluntary, and all feel free from any restraint.

No idea of the profit and enjoyment obtained from these gatherings can be realized without attending them.

There are five or six who have special parts assigned them each week. The subjects of the evening are generally two, upon which an essay is given, and if it be an author, some of his works are read, or if not, something connected with the subject of the essay.

Between the different parts, opportunity for general conversation and discussion is given, which oftentimes is the most pleasing part of the evening.

The Middlers have something similar, under the direction of the Latin instructor. But as yet they have met only a few times, and we wish them much success in the future.

Those who attend these meetings agree that they are very entertaining as well as instructive. And we can only express our sincere thanks to Professor Coy, for the suggestion of the plan, and the interest which he takes in and gives to the meetings.

SAMUEL HARVEY TAYLOR.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

JANUARY 29, 1881, marks the tenth anniversary of the saddest event in the history of Phillips Academy — the sudden death of Samuel Harvey Taylor, for thirty-three years its illustrious Principal.

Of all the great men who have made this hill famous in the past, none is more fit for our contemplation than our subject, in whom we should have an especial interest. In view of this we have deemed it suitable, after the lapse of a decade, to attempt a sketch of the life of him who did more than all his predecessors to place Phillips Academy in the first rank of classical schools.

Descended from Scotch-Irish ancestry, young Samuel was born a farmer's boy, at Londonderry, New Hampshire, October 3, 1807. By force of circumstances the chief supervision of the large paternal farm devolved upon the boy at the early age of fourteen. Thence for four years he toiled early and late at his work, with no other aim, perhaps, than of making himself a perfect farmer. In the midst of such duties his schooling must needs have been neglected, yet he was an ardent reader from his early youth.

At this stage of his life an accident happened, which was eventually the means of giving to this country one of the greatest instructors it has ever seen. The injuries received in being thrown from a carriage so much impaired his physical endurance, that he had to give up his farm duties, and he then resolved to begin a preparation for a literary life.

He spent two years at an academy in his native town, from which he entered the sophomore class of Dartmouth College, graduating with honor in 1832. The next five years were spent as student in Andover Seminary, as teacher in this academy, and lastly as tutor in his alma mater. From there he was chosen Principal, and, having declined a call to teach elsewhere, he began his labors here in the fall of 1837.

We will attempt but a brief review of his successful and illustrious career as head-master, scholar, author and citizen during the remaining thirty-three years of his life. Gifted by nature with the essential qualifications of a great teacher, a profound and progressive scholar, a strict disciplinarian, a Christian, he gave to the school he so much loved a high standard of scholarship and Christian principle, a name known far and wide in our land, and even abroad, and made it a great molding power for American citizenship. He had a high ideal for his school, endeavoring to develop both the mind and the man. In this he was eminently successful, — exacting in the class-room, and earnest in his teachings of practical life.

Being a man of large physique, of dignified bearing, and stern in rebuke, he inspired every boy with awe. But they feared him only to love and admire him; and old pupils delight to recall the years spent under Uncle Sam. Prof Park says: "I have met men at the Falls of St. Anthony, and on the Alleghany Mountains, on a Mediterranean steamboat, on the plains of Africa, at Constantinople and Athens, — men who were strangers to me, but who gave me a hearty welcome because I lived in the house next to that of their former instructor."

Besides being a teacher, Dr. Taylor was also the author of several valuable books and essays. In 1844 he was the editor, with another, of Kühner's Greek Grammar from the German, a grammar which attained the first rank in the estimation of American scholars, and for which he received repeated commendations from the German author himself. He afterwards published an elementary grammar based on the former, which had reached the twentieth edition at the time of his death.

Furthermore, he was a trustee of several institutions of learning, a member of the Examining Committee of Harvard College, a member of the Oriental Society, etc.

So we have seen that his was a busy life; he was always a great worker, and he possessed very many traits of character worthy of imitation.

Grand was his life, but still grander his death. How beautiful his dying in the harness, in the building of the school to which he had devoted his life, and on a Sabbath morning!

From an address by Prof. Park, delivered at the funeral, we quote the following beautiful passage in regard to the manner of his death. On that Sabbath morning "he went forth like a hero [having just before for the first time complained of a pain, — but 'my duty is to my scholars,' he said,] carrying his New Testament through the deep and rapidly falling snow to this building which had been erected under his care and according to his plan. He loved the very edifice itself. His pupils were assembling to receive his Christian instruction; the bell was still tolling: he stopped in the vestibule of his academy: his countenance was changed; he fell; he said not a word: he neither sighed nor groaned, but ascended from the circle of his astonished and loving and weeping pupils to mingle with the angels of God. Bearing the sacred volume, he had passed through the storm; and then the door of his school-room proved to be 'the gate of heaven.' 'And he was not; for God took him.'"

On the following Thursday the funeral services were held in the hall of the academy, which was draped throughout with mourning; and over the Doctor's vacant chair in chapel his fond pupils had hung the words, *We Miss Him.*

IN MEMORIAM.

In presenting the papers of one of their number to the literary world, the editors of the Mirror feel called upon to say a few words respecting the deceased. He was a young man of great promise, and they deeply mourn his loss. His health was shattered in his attempts to obtain advertisements, and this in connection with his literary work caused his death. We need not speak in commendation of his works: they speak for themselves. We have only to regret his untimely death.

. . . .

March 1*st.*— I have got to write a poem. Don't think it will be hard, as I am rather poetic. Think I shall write about the good influence the Fem. Sems. might have on the boys. The subject ought to inspire me.

Silently sat the student and slept,
And the page was wet with the tears that he'd wept.
For he thought of his mother and sister dear,
And he couldn't repress the rising tear.

But as darkness followed the dying flame,
A blissful sense of security came;
And the student's heart beat warm and fast,
With no thought of the trials through which he had passed.

This came very easy. The alliteration in the first verse is seldom equaled.

March 3*d.* — Can't think of any way to finish that poem.

March 7*th.* — Think I shall write an apostrophe to a Fem. Sem.'s hair-pin.

March 8*th.*

O pretty little hair-pin, which holds my true love's hair!
Oh, wouldn't I be happy if I were only there!
Though I am doomed to drudgery, yet still I live and wait,
While she is all unconscious that on her depends my fate.

Thou art a lifeless instrument; but I, endowed with life,
Am still compelled to study, while thou know'st naught of strife.
Thou only art each morning slipped in my true love's hair —
Oh, wouldn't I be happy if only I were there.

March 12*th.*— Have got to write a funny poem: think I shall try some puns.

ADDRESS TO THE SLOTHFUL STUDENT.

COM-stock your brains with knowledge;
Be not so Coy to learn:
The Principal stands waiting
To start you on the turn.

Here's one who can't be b-Eaten —
The Clary-fier, too,
Of every muddled intellect
Stands prominent in view.

I am satisfied I can't write a funny poem, and anybody who had read my attempts would be satisfied too.

March 15*th.* — Don't feel well: think I am sinking. Shall try to write a farewell poem to my friends.

ROBERT BURNS.

WE stand upon the threshold dividing winter and spring, bidding farewell to these long, cold months, and welcoming joyfully the return of the grass, the buds and the birds. How these symbols of returning life will awaken within us a life, answering to that without, which through these months has lain hidden from our sight. Who can tell of the joy he feels in the first violet, when he sees in it a glory more glorious than that of Solomon; or when some morning he is awakened by the first robin filling the air with his joyful song — a song, the listener thinks, far sweeter than ever mortal man has sung. We feel the new life swelling within us as the buds are swelling on the trees. Nothing is commonplace; for in every little, tender blade of grass we see a symbol of our own inner life. All nature is joined in a common, joyful effort, and we are in sympathy with nature. We have laid down the books which have been by us during the winter — books which are the fruit of consummate genius — to turn to a humble poet who saw and felt the infinite beauty and harmony in every common thing, in whose soul day and night the song went on unceasingly, and when he struggles to tell of it, we feel it to be but a snatch of the great refrain within ; a poet,—

> " Whose songs gushed from his heart
> As showers from the clouds in summer
> Or tears from the eyelids start."

To such a poet we look for the expression of all those feelings which spring will bring to us, and to no one can we look more than to Robert Burns.

Burns was born at a time when in Scotland the literature and social life were distinguished by the hard, dry, material notions which pervaded every class ; among a people whose daily bread was dependent upon the most severe labor ; whose ideas of life were all circumscribed by the poorness of their lot ; whose religion was often a poor, hard formula of rules and dogmas,— a people, in short, from whose life everything that was poetic and beautiful seemed to be shut out until this poet came, and with his magic wand touched every common duty and every homely thing, and immediately it was seen in the soft, rich light of poetic fancy. He was not a tender plant born in that hard soil, he was not born to any other rank than that of a poor Scotch farmer. From his earliest youth he labored upon his father's farm, engaged and interested in all the common things and common people around him ; a youth full of life and sentiment, so that as early as his fifteenth year he had begun to compose and was full of poetic feelings ; a pure, good boy, but one who could not withstand the bewitching influence of a pretty face. But it was not until he had removed to Mossgreil, in his twenty-fifth year, that the poetic fire within him broke out in its full force, and at this period of his life more than at any other we love to picture him. He had not yet lost the strength and purity of his early life, and his soft, plastic nature received impressions from every little circumstance, while his body was hardened by continual and severe labor on the farm. Perhaps these were the happiest days of his life. We can picture him a strong, homely man, with those eyes "the most glorious imaginable," following the plow on a November day, which turns up the nest of a mouse. His eyes fill with tears as he thinks of the poor, houseless creature, and at night he reads to his companion the exquisite poem to the

"Wee sleekit, cowrin,' tim'rous beastie."

Or, as he turns up a mountain daisy, his big heart overflows with pity, and he sings to the —

"Wee modest crimson-tippèd flower,"

and in its misfortunes he reads his own future. In the simple joys of those around him, and especially in the joys of the home life of those rough, ignorant folk, he reads the deep craving of the human heart for fellowship and love, and he tells of the "Cotter's Saturday Night" in a poem which stands alone as a picture of the highest nobility joined with obscurity and humbleness. He reads a romance in every bonny face, he lightens every labor by throwing around it a halo of beauty and poetry. Nothing to him is common, nothing so small that he does not see in it a poem.

Would that such a life might have been lasting! But Burns' will was as weak as his sense of beauty was strong, and he was exposed to a thousand temptations to which other men are indifferent. He was swayed by every feeling and passion, and became defiant and wayward and careless to the extreme, until, finally, crossed in love, disgraced in the community and filled with remorse, he determines to seek his fortune in America; and, to obtain funds, he publishes a volume of his poems. Their success is remarkable. In every social rank they are admired. The humble farmer's maid pores over them, recognizing in every poem something of her own life, and wondering that she had not seen all of the beauty it contained before. The high-born and educated marvel at the poet's exquisite sense of beauty and harmony. Burns abandons his plans, goes to Edinburgh to find himself on the topmost pinnacle of popularity, which seems to restore to him something of the self-respect he had lost. He everywhere asserts his manly independence, and meets the greatest and most brilliant minds of Scotland as their peer. Shortly after, he settles on a farm at Ellisland with his new wife,—

> "To make a happy fireside clime
> For weans and wife,"

and during these last years of his life composed most of his incomparable songs. There is hardly a feeling of which the heart is capable that does not find expression among these, from the purest, highest sentiments man can know to the wildest and most rollicking drinking songs. "To Mary in Heaven," "Is there for honest poverty," and "Oh! Willie Brewed a Peck o' Mault," show something of this contrast. But the clouds, which for a while had lifted from his life, had already begun to settle again more heavily than ever. His life becomes a terrible mixture of sin and repentance; and, as time after time he is defeated in his struggle to master his temptations, his melancholy and remorse grow stronger. The struggle cannot last long, and death came as a relief in his thirty-seventh year.

Burns has thrown around the land of the Scots, its firesides, its strong men and lovable women, its language and legends, as well as around its running brooks and moors, a charm they can never lose. He was an intensely national poet, and yet, because he spoke to the human heart and from his own heart, he is the most universal of poets. He saw every little flower and every human life through eyes covered with an ointment which revealed to him all their beauty, hidden to common minds. He was in poetry what Millet was in painting. To them all things were sacred, all beautiful; for in everything they saw the infinite harmony and poetry of nature.

With uncovered heads we stand beside Carlyle at the grave of Scotland's poet, and muse on the short, sad life of its inmate. When we view the majesty, the noble grandeur and the exquisite beauty of the plan of that "temple of God," we wonder in awe and reverence. But when we behold the flaws, the weaknesses, the incompleteness of the structure, we are filled with sadness and forebodings, and we feel thankful that a spirit so mighty and beautiful has left a body so weak and sinful. Then, as we turn sadly from the grave, the words of the old preacher come into our mind: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." F. I. P.

EVENING SCENES.

The sun had passed over the hill-top,
 And left two small children at play,—
The beautiful Bessie and Willie,
 A neighbor from over the way.

The shadows of evening deepen,
 Yet Bessie still stands at the gate,
And turns her dark eyes toward the village,
 While sighing, "My Willie is late!"

The evening dew was descending,
Yet William still lingered and kept
Close watch o'er the green mound beside him,
Where Bessie, his bride, sweetly slept.

The moon has now mounted the zenith,
Dispelling the darkness of night,
And guides to the Land of the Blessèd
Our Willie, now old, with its light.

CHARACTER.

Character is the man. Let him be never so learned or never so brilliant, if he has not character in full roundness, he is but half a man, and the worse half. True manliness is character. Character in this positive sense includes all those qualities of heart and soul that indicate the true sterling worth of a nature.

That old wisdom of the bent twig and the resulting tree has no completer application than it has to the growth of a young man's character. The tendencies that gather into him, with their forces of good or evil during the years when he approaches maturity, will always have their influence. No amount of after struggle, no amount of pruning and purging, will ever place him at that point of attainment where he might have been, had those foolish, careless days of youth been fraught with more of earnestness, with nobler ambitions and with purer thinking. One must wonder, as he looks with that sight of which he is capable, in being one of two hundred young men, at the few of all that are growing to manhood, who seem to realize the importance of guarding their natures from the impressing of sin and unmanliness. How few young men bear in mind that during these years, the foundation of all the after-structure is laid, in both the mental and moral building. Well it is for him who lays his foundation of the best material, strong and sure.

For the neglect of his character, no young man can find excuse; that of having no particular genius or adaptation, with which many seek to palliate their failures in other growths, will not apply to this. Every man can rise to-morrow above the level of his to-day, and as yesterdays are in to-days coined from to-morrows, his life can steadily, even though slowly, and through struggle, rise higher and higher. It takes true grit and courage to leave all associates and associations that are holding one down to their level, and to seek and to receive only those things and those friends whose influence is positive for good. But no young man who thinks more of his character than of all else stands alone, for the earnest of every station are shoulder to shoulder with him in the good fight, and above all besides, God will never forsake that soul that is striving to make itself truer.

More or less goodness may be natural to every man, but character is not of nature. It is a growth, an enlargement of the higher aspirations, a stronger will to fulfil only the best in thought, and to conquer all that partakes of evil or dishonor. No young man will ever attain character without a hard, long struggle for it. It cannot be put on like a coat and taken off at pleasure, but only by a constant, fervent seeking for it will it come. All that, in the least, stands in the way, all that, by the slightest, tends to lower one's ideal or stop the steady progress towards the attainment of that ideal, must be met manfully and conquered. Not large conquests over self, not great acts of goodness or sacrifice, are the deeds that make the character of a man. They are results, not means. Of the spirit and strength, from the doing of little things, daily tasks, however small, conquests over petty sins, is the pure, strong character formed.

One prime requisite for the true success of any man, young or old, in any achievement that is worthy to be achieved, is that he give his whole energy to it. This is the first element of character — the key of the arch. One must, as it has been said, buckle down exclusively to his duty and never be faint-hearted. With an energy only half devoted to a cause or work, with only half a heart to do one's daily life, failure is more certain than success. A divided interest weakens: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." A life so little in earnest about its work, that its desires for pleasure are not held in firm check, is a life that never will accomplish its full possibility.

A young man can afford to make no compromise whatever with wrong and weakness. He must guard his nature jealously from every influence that savors of unmanliness. Faithful performance of tasks, pure thinking and uprightness in every school or social duty and relation, must be his standards. To such a one failure can never come; in spite of all worldly reverses, he will feel a certain assurance that his is the truest success.

C. H. P.

FROM A NEIGHBORING INSTITUTION.

In a certain centre of learning there lived a student of such a dreamy, speculative disposition, that he was the laughing-stock of most of his companions. He possessed unusual powers of abstraction, and this may partially account for the story which he told me, and which I will try to give in his own words.

"One evening I was reading the 'Spectator's' account of the examination of a Beau's head and a Coquette's heart, when it occurred to me that I should prefer to explore a live person's head, like the young man of whom Hans Andersen tells. As I speculated on what I should find in such a place, I left my seat and entered a peculiarly shaped room, and before many minutes had passed I realized that my wish had been fulfilled. I looked about me with interest, and recognized from the furnishing who the owner of the room was. The furniture was good but had a neglected appearance, while all the care seemed to have been bestowed upon the pictures, of which there were a great number and variety. The central figure in each of these pictures was the owner of the room, who was depicted in many striking and pleasing attitudes. In the first picture he appeared in a foot-ball suit, holding the ball in his hands and having evidently performed some wonderful feat in sight of the advancing crowd around him. In the next picture the same person was reciting in the class-room, overawing teacher and scholars with his learning. Again he was debating in his society, covering his opponent with confusion. At last I became tired of so many pictures of such a character, and, finding the air close and oppressive, I escaped to the next room. My situation here, however, was worse rather than better, as the air was dimmed by tobacco smoke and the floor and chairs were heaped with old novels, cigars and confectionery. I was glad to leave without further explorations and try again. The next apartment that I entered was a great improvement, for although rather scantily furnished, what furniture there was was strong, and meant for good service, and the windows were thrown wide open, letting in plenty of fresh air and a flood of sunlight. In a neighboring room were a great many ornaments, including a number of meershaum pipes, and a great many pictures of young ladies in striking attitudes. I must confess, however, that these latter could hardly be called ornaments, as they were so thickly covered with dust as hardly to be recognized; only the very newest could be distinctly seen. At first I was not going to stop in the next place that I reached, because of its similarity to some of the others; but just as I was hurrying away I saw in one corner something, which, on nearer view, seemed like a shrine. On this were laid, evidently as objects of worship, a new ulster, a cane, some brilliant neckties, and apart, under a glass case, a slender moustache, close to which was laid a powerful magnifying glass, which, however, was not *absolutely* necessary. The other rooms that I saw were not worth the trouble of describing, and I soon returned to my room with the feeling that 'things are not what they seem.' "

ATHLETICS.

To ask a man to write on Athletics in the winter term, in Andover, is like fishing for trout in the Shawshine. But such is fisherman's luck, and we must try and put on as attractive a bait as possible.

We think we should not commence without casting a glance back to our Foot-Ball team. We do not boast of any championship, simply because there was organization formed. But we do say we have maintained too strong a team to be beaten, and have left a record of which Phillips may well be proud. How was this obtained? Not by individual playing, but by the constant practice and hearty co-operation of every member of the Eleven.

In like manner we wish to remind our base-ball men that this is the only way by which they can succeed. The committee picked out twenty men last term who are supposed to have been practicing in the gymnasium, but we fear there has been far too little done; yet we see no reason why the school cannot support a better nine than last year. What we want is practice and a selection of the best players for their respective positions.

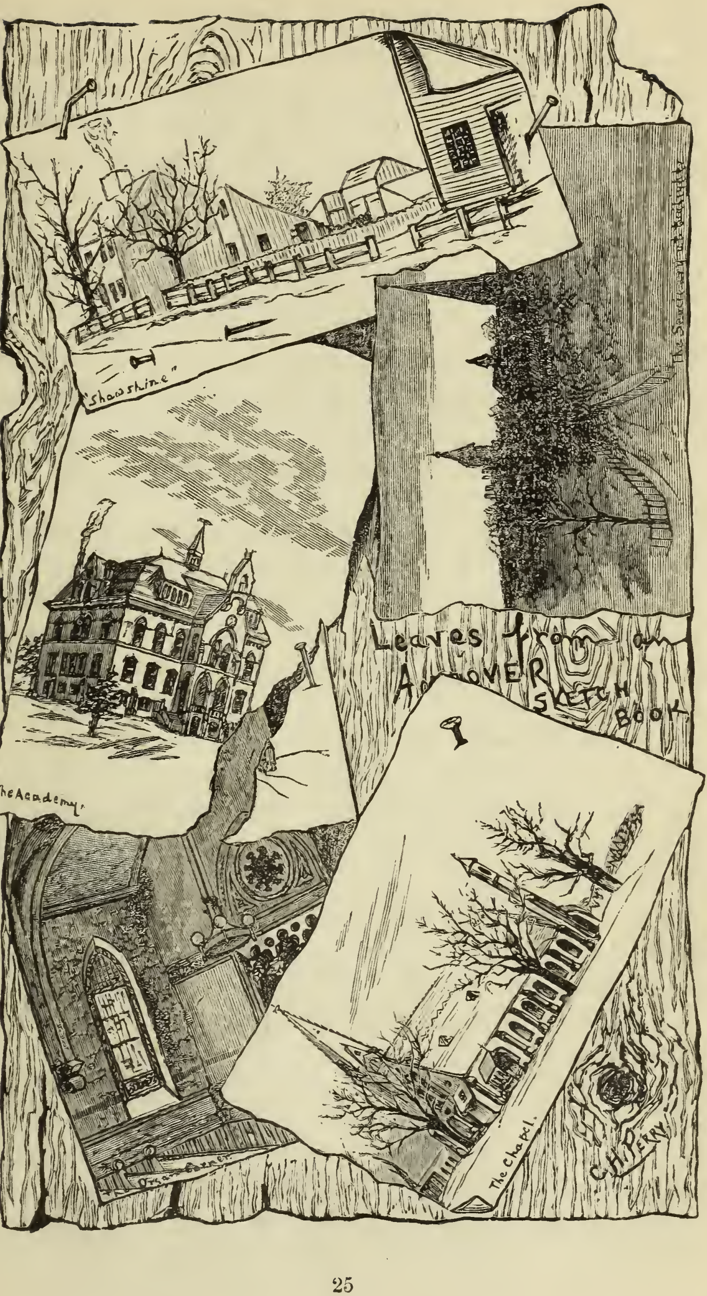
The attendance at the gymnasium has been about the same as in previous winters. A few slight improvements have been made, *viz.*, one new rowing-machine, a place for keeping Indian clubs, and one end of one of the bowling alleys boarded up for base-ball throwing. Still there is a great lack of apparatus, with which every gymnasium of that size should be supplied.

Mr. Frank Dole, whom the faculty and school (each raising one hundred dollars) hired as teacher, has been constantly in the gymnasium, ready to advise and assist any one who wished. So no one can complain that he has not had an opportunity for physical culture. Mr. Dole is an excellent boxer, and has given an unusually large number of lessons to the students.

The tournament of the term came off Wednesday, March 16th. The afternoon was as pleasant as could be desired, especially overhead. Although somewhat muddy, still a goodly number of Fem. Sems. and Andover people could be seen wending their way towards the old brick academy. Soon after two o'clock the exercises commenced, with music by the Andover band. The most interesting part of the meeting was the sparring between W. C. Dole, Jr., New Haven, Ct., and F. F. Dole, Andover. The skill and alertness which they displayed in the art was wonderful, and they won loud applause from the spectators. All the parts were well taken, and the exhibition regarded as a success.

The following is the programme. Names which are *in italics* took prizes.

1. Parallel Bars. J. A. Atwood and *C. O. Howard.*
2. Wrestling. *F. R. Fuller* and J. W. Smith.
3. Light Weight Sparring. (Three rounds.) C. L. Bailey and *C. M. Hinkle.*
4. Club Swinging. (Draw.) F. B. Towne and C. N. Peck.
5. Second Round Wrestling.
6. Hitch and Kick. P. N. Pinchback.
7. Third Round Wrestling.
8. Exhibition Sparring. W. C. Dole, Jr., New Haven, Ct., and F. F. Dole.
9. Trapeze. (No prize.) C. O. Howard and H. H. Ellis.
10. Batule Board. J. A. Atwood and *P. N. Pinchback.*
11. Middle Weight Sparring. C. A. Battell and *B. F. Hayward.*

"Shawshine"
The Sanctuary at Andover
The Academy.
Leaves from an ANDOVER SKETCH BOOK
Organ Corner.
The Chapel.
C. H. PERRY

EDITORS' REVIEW.

WITH this issue we launch upon the Society and School the second number of the twenty-seventh volume of THE MIRROR. We are conscious how feeble has been our pen, how many our faults; but it has been a labor of love, and whatever may be the criticisms upon the present number, we at least have been faithful to our charge, we have done our best — with what success we leave our readers to determine.

The Philomathean Society, though with an excellent President and every advantage of season, has seemed this term but the ghost of the Society of a year ago, in numbers and interest. Truly we mourn the great men of '80! But yet a faithful few have answered to the roll-call at nearly every meeting. The parts have been generally well filled, and there have been few if any "cuts." One meeting, however, which some were pleased to call an "ideal meeting," far outshone the others of the term, when our favorite debaters charmed the society with their eloquence, and the other parts were ably filled.

On January 15, the ill feeling with regard to coasting, which periodically springs up between the school and the town authorities, culminated in the passage, at a school meeting, of a series of resolutions to the effect that we as a body and individually would henceforth withhold our entire patronage from the citizens of Andover. Although we received the censure of such a paper as the *Congregationalist*, we yet deem the action perfectly justifiable; for it was taken not alone in retaliation for the loss of coasting, but the students were justly indignant at the exorbitant prices charged by Andover merchants. Shortly after this movement, Mr. Howard, independent of the school, circulated very extensively among the citizens a paper petitioning the selectmen to allow us a street for coasting. In town meeting recently a vote was passed in favor of this. So the school, with due grace, on the 8th inst. reconsidered their resolutions, and they were "indefinitely postponed." But, nevertheless, the fact remains that we are still unable in Andover *acheter à bon marché*.

We were glad to see a new impetus given to literary work among us by the organization of a reading-club in the Senior Classical, with Mr. Coy as head. The meetings, which are held Saturday evenings in the Academy, are presided over by each member in turn, who then reads an essay on some subject of his own choice; besides which, the programme of each meeting includes select readings, with biographical sketches of the authors read and other connected data, an address, and a few moments of critical conversation,—all bearing on a general subject selected by the executive committee, the fundamental idea being American History. The Mound Builders have already been unearthed, the Indian has been discussed, and the Pilgrims have passed under their consideration. We hope this will continue as one of our permanent societies, and that in each succeeding class there may be found at least a few zealots in this important department of education.

On the 9th ult. occurred the pleasing episode of the Seniors' ride to Bradford, and their delightful reception there by the charming young ladies of the Fem. Sem., the remembrance of which will long linger in the minds of the class of '81.

A number of the students have been availing themselves during the present term of Mrs. Downs's lectures on English Cathedrals at our sister academy.

The holiday given us on the 22d ult. proved a lovely day which was thoroughly enjoyed by all; a large number passing the day in Boston.

A new feature is with this number added to the Pot-Pourri in the shape of a chronological table of interesting facts in the Academy's history. We hope every member, acting on the motto "Know thyself," will make himself familiar with its dates.

The Philo entertainment, always one of the most interesting events of the winter term, will occur while we are at press. May it enjoy in its new departure something of the success of last year's Mock Trial.

The Draper Prize men, as finally chosen by the committee, are as follows: F. D. Greene, T. B. Pollard, J. T. Symons, for P. A. '81; L. M. Porter, E. A. Willets, for P. S. '81; E. J. Phelps, J. N. Roe, for P. A. '82; W. P. Baltz and Foster, for P. S. '82; E. Beers, for P. A. 83. The speaking, which was to have occurred this term, is expected to come off the first of next.

With this review of the few events of the term, we bring our editorial to a close, and with much fear and trembling place THE MIRROR in your hands, dear reader. May you find within its covers words to amuse, sober and edify.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

THE worthy gentleman who has so strongly opposed our coasting this term will trouble us no more; at any rate, not until he becomes a constable again.

Some college paper advertises seventeen bobs for sale, at seventeen cents a bob. We are not selling as cheap as that. There has been a rise in market here.

The subject of measles has been one of considerable interest to a number of fellows this term. In the Commons the victims have taken part in snow-ball fights, etc., as much as they could with a pair of blue eye-glasses and a window between them and the outer world. And three times a day kindly disposed friends could be seen, some bringing rations to the prisoners, and others returning dishes to the boarding houses.

We believe that the manly and ennobling sport of destroying window-glass has been as much indulged in during the past term as in the winter terms of former years.

In the course of a debate in one of our societies, the other evening, one of the contestants having spoken of Charles I. as a consummate liar, his opponent gave vent to a little sarcasm by ejaculating, "Consummate liars have their heads cut off — watch out, young man!"

A party of Phillipians out walking: one puts on a pair of eye-glasses, whereupon another remarks, "I think A. would look well in glasses."
A. (in reply): "Yes, in looking-glasses."
3d youth: "Better send that to the MIRROR."

The latest in punching — a conductor carrying a punch in each hand as he goes through the train for tickets.

Solomon had over six hundred wives, they say. No wonder he said, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

In Philo — President rising from his chair to give his decision upon a closely contested debate: "You see the position of the chair, gentlemen," . . . .
A voice: "Yes; behind the desk."

A Middler translates the verse *Si quibus ejectus silvis aut urbibus errat*, in this wise: "To see whether, having been cast away, he was in any woods or *erring* about the cities."

The Senior Classical is divided in Latin this term. Ten of the more advanced members are reading Cicero's *De*

Senectute, which they enjoy very much, while the rest of the class still go "plowing through the Georgics" of Virgil.

The Middle Classical have received a warning from their Greek instructor, that the class will receive a vigorous pruning at the end of the term.

Mr. Comstock has begun a series of very interesting "talks" to the Middle class upon the structure of the Roman house, and the social life as connected with it. Though the attendance is voluntary and the meetings are on half-holidays, the class show their appreciation by an almost unanimous representation.

We understand that the health of Mr. Merrill is improving, but he will probably remain in Colorado during the summer, and return to the school in September.

Some of the chaps in the Prep. class are almost small enough to make one think that there is a kindergarten annex to the school. On the other hand, one in particular is so large, that an outsider might suppose a Theological course to be also attached.

The members of the Senior class and others are having their photographs taken by McCormick & Heald, Boston. We believe the firm is giving perfect satisfaction.

The Glee Club has been practicing frequently throughout the term. We may expect some very good music from them in the future.

Winter is over. Pawn your overcoats.

Awake, ye bicyclers, and prepare to whirl.

The following officers have been elected by the Society of Inquiry for the ensuing term: Pres., C. A. Jones, P.A. '81; Vice-Pres., R. E. Smith, P.A. '82; Sec., H. Stearns, P.A. '81; 1st Editor, J. D. Ferris, P.A. '81; 2d Editor, E. A. Ford, P.A. '82; 3d Editor, H. A. Frederick, P.A. '83; 1st Exec., G. C. Woodruff, P.A. '81; 2d Exec., W. A. Halbert, P.A. '81; 3d Exec., J. W. Howard, P.A. '81.

Every room in both Commons full.

Porter has a *down*-in-the-mouth appearance. Raising a new moustache.

Patronize the firms who advertise in the MIRROR.

Vacation is upon us. Two weeks.

Next term begins April 8, two days later than announced in the Catalogue.

The Middle Classical are reading Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* under Mr. Comstock, one exercise a week instead of Latin. The study of English in the Classical Department is beginning to attain its proper position.

Minnie, P.A. '82, has left school.

AN INCIDENT IN A CLASS-MEETING ON COASTING.

While they held counsel mighty and deep,
With not a single member asleep, —
For the mighty good he had at stake
Kept the laziest wide awake, —
While these the members of '81
Were thus consulting,
A well-known tongue
Familiar to all in the town around,
And often heard on the foot-ball ground, —
" Mr. President, Gentlemen all
Who are gathered here in this classic hall,
If some one now will nominate me
I too will act on this committee."
So the G–n–r–l spoke.
His myrmidons heard,
And they voted him in
Without one word.

BRICKS *et* BATS.

An adjutant of a volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried out, "All you that are without arms will please hold up your hands."

At a christening, while a minister was making the certificate he forgot the date, and happened to say: "Let me see. This is the 30th." "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed, it is only the eleventh!"

A mechanic, having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour, saying that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you," said the boy turning over in bed, "thank you; but I never eat during the night."

Slumber songs should always be sung in a s'norous voice.

Tom Moore compares love to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." "Or, rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by paring."

"Have you any traveling inkstands?" asked a lady of a young stationer. "No, ma'am. We have them with feet and legs, but they are not old enough to travel yet."

Why is a kiss like a sermon? It requires two heads and an application.

"Jim, do you snore when you are asleep?" "No, never; for I lay awake one night on purpose to see."

A gentleman, asking Dr. Johnson why he hated the Scotch, was answered, "I don't hate them, sir; neither do I hate frogs, but I don't like to have them hopping about my chamber."

Mixing the quotations: We are assured that Jones was not tipsy the other evening when it became his duty at the proper stage of the proceedings to give the regular toast to Woman, for he said so afterwards. He proceeded:—

> Oh, Woman, in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

"Why do you write such a large hand?" asked a friend of an Irishman. "An' isn't it to my poor mother I'm writing? An' she is very deef."

Rev. Dr. Hall said that every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by clipping his lawn, when a parishioner said: "That's right, doctor — cut your sermons short!"

The most reluctant slave to vice that we ever saw was a poor fellow who had his fingers in one.

"Pray, madam, why do you name your old hen Macduff?" "Because, sir, I want her to lay on."

"Do you want cheeks with roses?" asks a medical advertisement. No, we don't — no "cheek" with our roses, if you please. We get "cheek" with too many things nowadays.

Matchless misery has been defined,— to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

There was an old Ogre in Andover,
The ugliest in all the land over,
And Cads and bobs he'd hand over
To the justice stern of Andover.
  And his name begins with H.

Behold him now returning
From the hill of science and learning;
I'll bet his palm is burning
For the half dollars he is earning.
  And his name begins with H.

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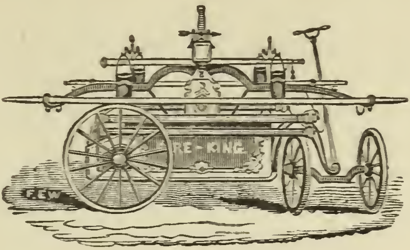

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1778, Constitution and Deeds of Trust signed by the Founders, April 21.
1778, Board of Trustees organized, April 28.
1778, School opened for instruction, April 30.
1780, Act of Incorporation passed, October 4.
1785, Second Academy building built, near present Brechen Hall.
1808, Theological Seminary added to the Academy.
1818, Academy burned, January.
1818, Third Academy, present gymnasium, built.
1825, Philomathean Society founded.
1829, English Department and Teachers' Seminary added to the Academy, with distinct buildings, faculty, and courses of study.
1829-32, Stone Academy built for the Teachers' Seminary.
1833, Society of Inquiry founded.
1833-35, Commons built.
1840, Classical course lengthened from two years to three.
1842, English Department and Teachers' Seminary reorganized as the present Eng. Depart.
1854, Philo Mirror first published.
1854, Students' Educational Fund started by P.A. '54.
1864, Stone Academy, the fourth building, destroyed by fire Dec. 21.
1864, Farrar Fund founded by Samuel Farrar.
1865, Present Academy built.
1866, Gymnasium established.
1866, Chair of Natural Science founded by George Peabody.
1866, Draper Prizes founded by W. F. Draper, Esq., of Andover.
1867, Means Prizes founded by Wm. G. Means, Esq., of Boston.
1867, English Department graded into a three years' course.
1870, Clarke Scholarship founded.
1875, Classical course lengthened from three years to four.
1875, Taylor Memorial Library founded.
1875, Philo Semi-Centennial celebration, May 26.
1875, Corner-stone of New Chapel laid.
1876, New Chapel dedicated.
1878, Phillips Academy Centennial, June 5 and 6.

1878, Phillipian established.
1878, Jonathan Taylor Scholarship founded by Edward Taylor.
1878, Peter Smith Byers Scholarship founded by John Byers.
1879, Principalship (Peter Smith Byers Memorial) founded by Peter Smith, John Smith, John Byers.
1879, Latin Chair founded by John C. Phillips.
1879, French Scholarship founded by Hiram W. French.
1879, Joseph Cook Greek Prizes, instituted by Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston.
1880, Dove Latin Prizes, instituted by G. W. W. Dove, Esq., of Andover.
1881, Senior Classical Reading Club organized.

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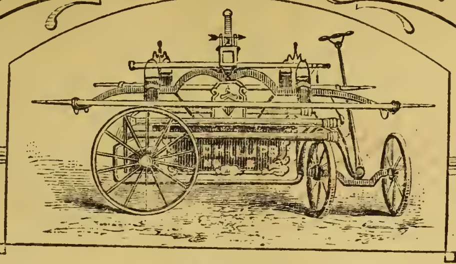

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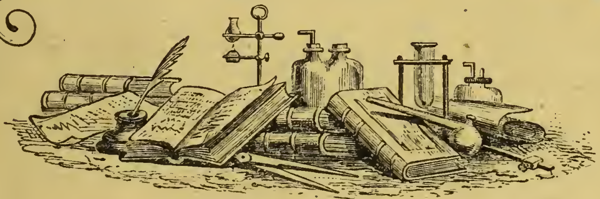

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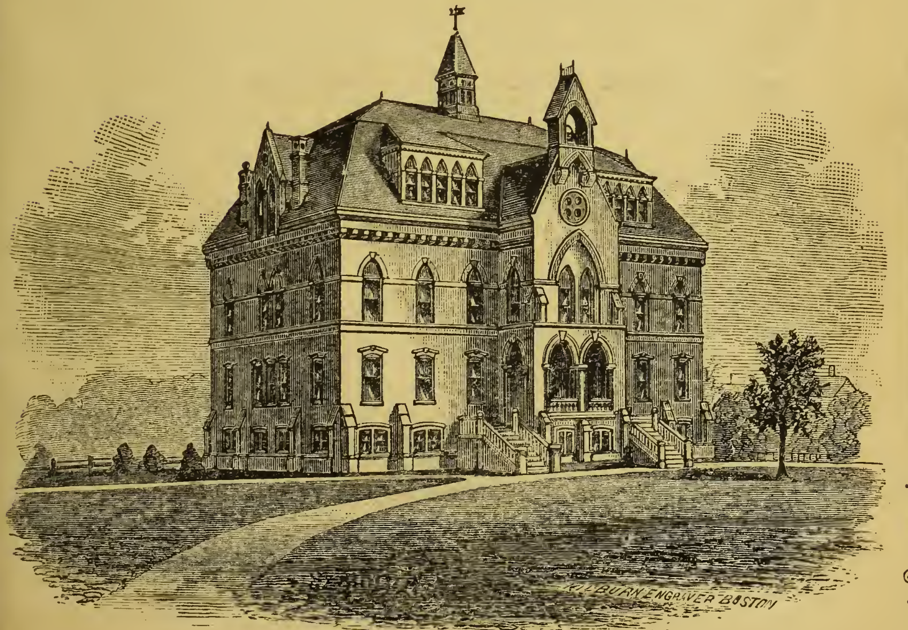

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Vol. XXVII. No. 3.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE
PHILO MIRROR.

JUNE, 1881.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

Andover:
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PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

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THE MIRROR.

Board of Editors.
Frederick Davis Greene, '81. Chas. Hall Perry, '83.
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VOL. XXVII. JUNE, 1881. No. 3.

ROBERT COLLEGE.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

In describing this institution we shall not attempt an encomium upon the founder nor upon the great work that is being done for Turkey. We shall first notice the most striking features that catch the eye of the traveller, and then answer the questions that arise from a closer inspection of the students themselves.

The College perpetuates the name of its founder, the late late Mr. Christopher R. Robert, of New York City. The arduous task of starting a school so offensive to Mohammedan principles was undertaken by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, its first president, and for many years a missionary of the American Board. His Imperial Majesty, Sultan Abdul Aziz, was very obliging, however, and at the end of only seven years granted a permission for erecting the present building.

The College is situated in Roumeli Hissar (European Castle), a suburb about six miles from Constantinople proper. The building is of iron and hard limestone, in the form of a hollow square, ninety feet high, with an imposing front of a hundred feet. Phillips Academy could be put into the court alone, and completely hidden. On the basement is a dining-room extending the whole length of the building. The library, labratory, a fine museum of birds, and recitation-rooms occupy the second floor, and the three stories above are used for dormitories and teachers' rooms. Behind this building is one for study, divided into two large rooms, for the Collegiate and Preparatory Departments, respectively. There are no other buildings on the grounds except a laundry-house and gymnasium.

A little below and to the left stands a massive round tower built by Mohammed II. during the siege of 1453, to blockade the Bosphorus, here only a mile wide. On holidays this tower is a favorite resort of Turkish boys; and passers-by, especially "infidels," are warned to beware of brickbats.

But let us now step within, and study the scholars themselves. In both Departments there are about two hundred and seventy-five, representing as many nations as we do States. The Armenians and Bulgarians are in the majority. Then there are about a score of American and English boys, sons of merchants, mechanics and missionaries. Besides these there is a motley crowd of Greeks, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Jews, with once in a while a Turk. The students are not distinguished by costume, but wear the European dress, which, among the upper classes, has displaced the flowing robes and *shälväs*, the latter being so full that our tailors would cut three pairs of pants from them. The Robert College boys are ahead of us in having not only a school hat, but a whole uniform.

The course of study differs much from that of our colleges. Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, and Philosophy are what they need. All branches are taught in English as soon as this language is acquired.

As a rule the students are not wealthy, and come disposed to make the most of their books. The Bulgarians have the credit of being the most scholarly, liberal and progressive.

The College takes great interest in athletics; but, though there are gymnastic classes, they do not give prize exhibitions. Base ball and cricket are not without their champions. For lack of rival colleges, match games are played with local clubs or with teams picked from the English and American men-of-war that happen to be in port. Fielding and the batting of straight balls are well done; but the science of the "in" curve and the "out," the "up" and the "down," is a little beyond the college nines. Foot-ball, as we play it, would probably strike them as ungentlemanly.

Considerable attention is paid to elocution; and, though some have talent, what incentive is there to cultivate it when one is in danger of being arrested for private conversation on forbidden subjects? When a boy in the Preparatory Department declaims in Turkish, the fresh American tutor does not always see the jokes. The public meetings are a Junior Exhibition, Prize Speaking, and Class Debates.

The rules of the College are unwritten, for the most part; but leaving the grounds is forbidden. The marking system is as follows: For a week's excellence in any study or in deportment, a "good mark" is given; twenty-five "good marks" make one "letter of commendation" sent home; five such letters in a year win a prize of a book. Twenty-five "bad marks," on the other hand, make a "bad letter;" and for a Collegiate student three bad letters, for a Preparatory student five, mean expulsion. Prayers are conducted in the morning, and one College service is required on Sunday.

There are about twenty teachers, all Americans except the instructors of modern languages. Every year two tutors go from our colleges on three-year engagements. These are rare chances for young men of moderate means to see the Old World before entering a profession. Besides having their salary and a room in the College, their passage is paid both ways. During the summer vacations they visit Germany, Switzerland and Italy; and in the winter take a trip to Greece, Palestine or Egypt.

A great disadvantage in a school like Robert College is the lack of unity. Race distinctions are very strongly and sometimes unpleasantly drawn. To every national difference, also, is added a religious antipathy, and society itself is not in a healthy state. Our motto is, "A gentleman would not insult me, and no other can." Not so there. And so we find no literary societies or class organizations. There are no school meetings — no, not even a bulletin board.

It would be difficult to bring about there that reverence for authority and sense of personal pride yielding only to the voice of the majority which is inborn in every American boy. The trouble is that the State does not teach them the dignity of citizenship. But will the cure be effected without the remedy? Foster the ties of literary societies, and natural prejudice will give way. A hot debate is better than cold silence.

The College crowns the brow of a steep hill, the foot of which is shaded by an ancient grove of cypresses, and bathed by the swift current of the crystal-clear Bosphorus. The view down to the Marmora and up to the Black Sea is magnificent. Picturesque villages sit on every hillside, or nestle in the valleys. The village directly opposite the college is called Candeli (Candle) from its glittering windows at sunset. At its side is a perfect Vale of Tempe, "The sweet Waters of Asia." Here is one of the Sultan's guest-palaces.

As the eye glances from the snowy palaces along the shore, built by fraud and extortion, to this noble edifice of Robert College, which receives the first beams of morning, and under the Stars and Stripes bids proud defiance to ignorance and fanaticism, no one can doubt that there may be hope yet even for Turkey.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE POETICAL.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Our subject naturally comes to our mind as twofold,—one side being the conditions of influence within the poetry itself, and the other the nature and receptiveness of the reader. In considering this influence we must bear in mind, first, that although poetry is spoken of most often as, and is received as the embodiment of, the poetical, yet it does not monopolize the mediumship of the influence; but that all the Fine Arts, much of that which we call prose, nature, earnest personal conversation,—all are agents to bear the spirit of poesy, mind to mind. Secondly, that we must confine ourselves to true poetry, the best; not anything that is less.

It is necessary that the poetry contain within itself some pungency of beauty or loftiness of thought in order that it may exert the looked-for influence. The question may be asked here, What is it that makes one set of words poetry, and another only rhyme or jingle? Certain is one fact, that neither the euphonic harmonization of sets of lines, nor the regular fall of the accentuation, will render words poetry, even though they tell a story and a distinctive plan runs through their arrangement. Pigments arranged in the forms and colors of a scene or of a human figure do not transform a canvas into an artistic picture necessarily. It may be called a picture, as we call pictures, but it is not a picture from the highest art standard. Did you ever sit at a concert and listen for fifteen minutes to the execution of a piece of music that seemed to include nearly every combination of musical sounds and accents, and yet, as the player finished and the last deep note of the organ ceased, you were conscious of a poverty in the whole, a something lacking that you could hardly define, yet most surely felt to be wanting? And then, as again the pipes vibrated and the mellow tones came burdening the air with mingled strength and pathos in some very simple melody, perhaps, you felt a sense of sadness or, again, of ecstacy, and then of vigor, so that you felt that it was impossible to do anything weak, or to have any ambition or thought not the highest and purest. Perhaps the tones changed, and their influence came with a saddening power, so that your heart, filled full, seemed to seek outlet in tears. Then the organ ceased, and you sat, unless your neighbor aroused you, in a reverie of good and beautiful thoughts, striving hard to shut out and keep out the rustling, chattering world about you. There was a something in the last that no technical analysis could find; a something that would elude all search, yet so powerful was it, and so pungent, it sought at once and found sympathy within you — a sympathy that the other music had had no power to awaken nor stir. The composer of this first had known and had written perfectly in technique, perhaps. It may have been a faultless composition to the eye, but the soul detected a want. And then, as the second piece had murmured low in some sweet andante, not seemingly trying to amuse you, it had taken itself into your thought, and found there its welcome.

In poetry, in art and in music the same embodiment of passion or of beauty in the poem, picture, statue or harmony is necessary to render the medium of expression more than pleasing to the sensual or mental. Poetry may express the beauty of nature, the deeds of chivalry, the imaginations of dreamers, or the outreachings of the spiritual, but in any of these it must be lifting, in a measure, greater or less, it must be idealistic,—that is, tending in influence toward a better. But while we must admit that the metrical use of words to express any of these thoughts is legitimately called poetry, yet, in considering poetic influence, we are dealing, not with the poem that holds the influence, but with that inner, hidden thought or sentiment that is poetical as opposed to an ordinary use of the word "practical."

The poetical must be pure, must be elevating, to be true. It cannot deal with, nor serve the uses of, any thought immoral, weak or perverted. Although these may creep in and cling to much of what is really poetry of the truest type, yet so far as they do come in, they lower the poem, and reduce its approximation to the perfectly poetical. The service of sensuality and ugliness is no more within the province of poetry than is the distorted and evil within that of art, except so far as it may strive to work its good by contrast. Bad followed for bad's sake is entirely foreign to the poetical.

The secret of a poem's influence lies not in the story that the poem tells, though that may contain great good and give large pleasure. The poem comes from the life of the poet as the sermon from the life of a man consecrated fully and sacredly to the service of God. It comes as a part of himself, full of his earnestness, full of his deepest conviction and highest aspiration. It comes with all this force throbbing in and filling it with a subtle, mighty power that speaks in a language felt, and by the soul understood. A poem, then, to exert its true, its best influence, must be idealistic, lifting in tendency; it must be written with no thought of self, purely and strongly, and it must have the motive power of vivid personality.

Poetry may be filled and glowing with all deep spiritual and beautiful sentiment, but its influence is powerless if he who receives does not receive with openness and in the spirit. Many, if not most, who read think that the poem tells but a story; and they read and are pleased, but are little better for the reading. Until a man delves deeper than this into the heart and innerness of the poem, he knows but little of its influence. The poet strove to express to his fellow-men the strange, exquisite influence that overshadowed and filled him, and, being unable to speak it out plainly, he breathed its thought into the words, weaving its power deep, like a spirit, unseen, scarcely thought of, but strongly felt. You cannot always find it, the words of the poem obscure it, the surface story that the poem tells hides it, and you, in careless, thoughtless reading, know nothing of that mighty undercurrent flowing in the poem like the magnetic pulsations through the heart of the earth, or like the silent, strong sweeping of the unseen, deep sea streams. Many men read poetry overflowing with this delicate sentiment, with no idea of its existence: the outer story is all they perceive. They are like one who has no sense of smelling, and admires but the petal's beauty of the flower, or the harmonious arrangement of corolla and calyx, pistils and stamens, but who never scents the delicate perfume that floats, all unbidden and unseen, from the heart of the flower. So in poetry it is not the outer thought that is truest, but the gentle undertone that murmurs through it, all too soft and low for any to hear but those who earnestly seek it. These soul thoughts cannot be fully bounded by words. Their language is far beyond ours, and we must feel in our own inner-selves the thoughts, for we cannot see them with our eyes, nor hear them with our ears. In some hearts care and selfishness have covered and smothered the old inner soul fire, and the dead ashes and cinders will not kindle and glow in answer to another's warmth. Blessed and happy is that man whose life tingles through and through at times when the soul thought of another, in its sweet, tender, silent melody flows into and about him. It is then —

> " He thinks he knows
> The Hills where his life rose,
> And the Sea where it goes."

All natures do not admit of so great a depth in their seeking into the regions of the unseen but felt as do others. Just as a diamond shines brighter than any other gem even with the same finish and nicety of facetting, so the perceptions of sensitive, pure natures are beyond those of coarser, more finite ones. If men would get from poetry the true poetical influence, they must put their natures more in harmony with those whom God has chosen to speak these things. Pure seeking and hunger for the highest in life and thought and aspiration must be in that soul which would find and know. This undercurrent is not in poetry alone: in music too it is found, and in art. The grand symphonies and chorals are like tinkling brass to many; with most, perhaps, they only please the ear; but some feel down in some inner chamber of themselves that a spirit lives and breathes out from the harmony that is not sound, is not the music itself, but a thought deeper and beyond.

The centuries vary from each other like the thermal currents,— here warm, there cold; this idealistic, that realistic; and as the slender mercurial column indicates the atmospheric temperature, so in an era, the productions and thoughts in those arts and philosophies that derive their inspiration from the influence of the poetical show the degree of purity of seeking and the depth of that seeking for that influence. The character of times fluctuates from the intensely practical to the intensely poetical, and either extreme leads to a decay and downfall of either the higher, finer sensibilities in men, or to a weakening of their firm moral tone. The equal balance of the two in an age would make that age strong and stern in purity, and yet delicate in sentiment. At certain times this balance has been approached, and those years have been bright with the lives of good men, and beautiful with the thoughts of the idealistic.

Apparently our present age is one of realities, to the almost entire exclusion of the poetical; for the life of our nations, the aims and ends of a large majority of our men in their lives, are the practical sciences, the industrial arts, and the natural philosophies. Commerce, manufactures, agriculture and kindred industries seem to occupy the whole mass of the civilized world to the exclusion of all other things. But this is not so. All this lies in the region of the practical and real, and, being connected with the outer life, the every-day life, becomes prominent above the ideal and poetical, which lies hidden, as it belongs to the inner nature.

The poetical by its influence works strongly upon the practical nature, and softens its harshness, smooths its sternness, lifts its ambitions. Without this subtle, sensitive power bearing upon the blunt, hard life that the ambitions and pleasures of the world drag men into, the human being becomes crabbed, selfish and cramped in his thinking, egotistic and bigoted in his beliefs, and dull and dark in his then almost pathetic gropings after his lost nature, his ideality. There are men now, as always, who deride, because they are ignorant of and blind to this finer nature, these higher thoughts; and the names of dreamers, illusionists, vaguists, sentimentalists, they apply to those who in their finer, deeper nature have experienced the longings for a more apparent materiality of ideality. With scarcely an exception those men are they whose lives are selfish, to whom the realms of poetry and music and art are unexplored vastnesses. They are materialists, with blind souls, that never even strain their dark eyes as if reaching out for the glorious sun, but sit crying, There is no light, and you who speak of light are all stark mad. O poor blind eyes, that are blind because you will not see! O dark souls, that are dark because you have smothered your fires, I pity you! God made your souls to look abroad with their spiritual insight; and you are blind because, covering your heads, you could not see, and refused to be uncovered. Like the fish in the dark cave you are blind. Let the materialists laugh in scorn, and be content in their hard, stern lives, hug their physical thinking and pleasures, and jingle their gods in their pockets. Realism begets morality, but idealism spirituality.

There is no doubt but that the poetical, loved and followed for its own sake, leads men into vagueness, laxness, and finally into immorality and weakness. So any good, perverted and misused, will prove an evil greater than any bad. The higher and nobler the good, the blacker will be the bad to which its prostitution leads. The poetical must be pure, must be strong, and seek to lift the practical to a higher standard, and it must strive to embody itself into the practical. And the real, on the other hand, must yield itself to the influence towards the higher; it must make its ideals that to which it bends and seeks to attain. So only can the poetical exert its true, its best influence. The aim and end of all must be to make the poetical so practical that it can be used in living, and to make the practical so poetical that it ceases to be sordid and uninteresting.

THE CHILD LIFE PORTRAYED BY DICKENS.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

It is said of Dickens that in his later writings he always employed to advantage the graphic touch of the reporter's pencil which he had acquired in his first literary work. And in no part of his efforts do we find word-painting used to better advantage than in his delineation of child life.

Child life was, too, a swelling surge in the sea of troubled faces he looked out upon in this world, well calculated to call forth the highest powers of this gifted man. Childhood — the very word suggestive of innocence, purity and affection — inspired his very soul. He, indeed, enjoyed its bright side, its lasting attachments, air castles, day dreams, but he also bowed down before its patience in sickness and fortitude in the final struggle of death. And he could not hold his admiration and reverence shut up within his own heart, but must needs make them known to others. His very pen must have thrilled in his fingers as he warmed to his undertaking and composed those rare passages of description which to-day moisten the eye in private perusal or public recitation. He touched an inexhaustible store of interest and of pleasure. He essayed but little, yet struck the true vein, the secret connection with the well-springs of our hearts.

We follow the life of Little Nell with absorbing interest; we can all but see the scene before us; we laugh with her in her few pleasures, and sympathize in her many misfortunes so far that "Old Curiosity Shop" seems to call up personal reminiscences. This was his first great effort in depicting child life and thought. He excelled. No one before or since has equalled him. In the beauty of his style, in the tenderness of his pathos, he stands unsurpassed.

Later, in the death of Paul Dombey, we find a rare, a sweet description, a whole-souled effort. All is vivid. Nay, it seems real. The weeping friends, the heart-breaking separation, the final end,—all, all seem too true.

But also in other situations he was most happy in his expressions. With all the vigor of an attendant pupil he writes his best work, "Nicholas Nickleby," in which, while graphically describing scenes of modern English life, he aims a powerful blow at the wrongs and cruelties practiced in the cheap Yorkshire schools, sets forth the character of such institutions, and with biting sarcasm, in its most effective forms, demands a remedy. Here the boy plays a prominent part and is described to perfection. In David Copperfield we find youth of a more advanced stage in the person of a young man beset by all manner of obstacles in his struggles for literary fame. The very subject immediately secures our attentions and holds it undivided to the end. Neither can we pass by Little Emily, without mention, his lovely creation, for here he shows his great power of arousing sympathy in the hearts of his readers; for, surely, no one will deny that Dickens is a master of that faculty. He was no cynic; he tried not to produce in the hearts of his readers feelings of disgust at the world, but rather pitied the condition of the lower classes and tried to call public attention to them. Here child-life served him, furnished him material to use in the display of his marvellous pathetic powers. We could perhaps choose no better author in the way of writers of fiction to recommend to the youthful reader, and of his works none will be more beneficial than those which portray child life. He is a genial writer, under whose kindly influence one's heart is mellowed and urged on to its bounden duty to humanity.

Time and space fails us to mention all, with their peculiar attractions, and we can only advise our reader to begin their perusal for himself, assuring him that again and again his subtile talent sets forth the joys, pleasures, life, hopes, aspirations and death of children with unrivalled power. In their prattle he finds music in joyful strains. In their death he sees a subject worthy of supreme exertion. In death he saw no forbidding, gloomy stream, but a pleasant though sorrowful voyage on a crystal tide, when one was lulled to rest by what the waves are always saying.

Charles Dickens is not yet fully appreciated. His day as the greatest novelist of this century is yet to come. But come his triumph shall, like the triumphs of old, when the multitude shall bow in admiration, when all praise will be yielded to him who so touchingly recalls the by-gone days, who has wielded the pen in such charming productions, who has surrounded childhood with a halo of glory.

JACOB WARNER'S DREAM.

Once on a time, not long ago,
When Barnum's great and only show
Was stopping in an eastern town,
Far-famed for quiet and renown,
The pastor, Rev. Jacob Warner, —
Whose church was just around the corner, —
Sat writing, at his quiet ease,
A theological treatise
On temperance and sobriety,
And other forms of piety.
From time to time, the merriment
Of those within the circus tent,

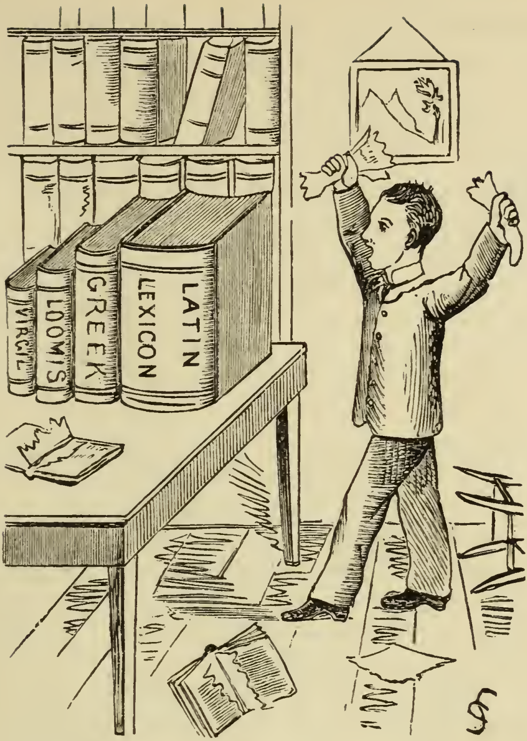
Delighted with the funny clown,
Called from the minister a frown;
But tired at last of writing "next,"
And turning upside down his text,
A drowsiness did o'er him creep,
Until at last he fell asleep.
Now, in a dream, he thought he went
Within great Barnum's circus tent;
How he got in he could not tell —
A minister of the gospel,
Unless the showman kindly sent
A ticket with a compliment;
But hardly had he viewed the place,
When lo! before him, face to face,
His deacons three all in a row,
Drink in the wonders of the show!
A look of sorrow and surprise
Beamed from the parson's open eyes,
And turning to the oldest one,
With grief and anger in his tone,
He said, with much sententious pith,
"Why are you here, O Deacon Smith?"
Then Deacon Smith, dismayed no whit,
Made answer swift from holy writ:
"Does not wise Solomon the king
In book Ecclesiastes sing
Of having seen some servants ride
On horses? It can't be denied!"
Then Parson Warner, much perplexed,
Tried to recall that obscure text;
And, feeling suddenly cast down,
He turned him next to Deacon Brown.
"Is it not said by good St. Paul
That deacons should be grave men all?"
"But didn't Noah build a boat,
A circus outfit for to float?
And didn't he sail the world around,
Until his old skiff ran aground?"
Thus Deacon Brown made quick reply,
And Parson Warner heaved a sigh;

He uttered several hearty groans,
And thus accosted Deacon Jones.
"Does it not shame you, O my brother,
Who ought to blush if not another,
That you, the husband of one wife,
A man of quiet, sober life,
Should to a glaring circus go,
And sit upon the foremost row?"
Then Deacon Jones looked up and said,
"I fear, dear sir, you have not read
That fact which is of Samuel told,—
Of Samuel, worthy man of old,—
Of whom 'tis said, that year by year
He in a circuit did appear.
Now what is circus but a ring?
And circuit is the self-same thing!"
Then Parson Warner looked dumbfounded,
Completely, utterly confounded;
When suddenly the deacons rose,
And stood around him on tiptoes;
While all three, Smith, and Brown, and Jones,
Exclaimed aloud in thundering tones,
"But why, dear sir, does it appear
That *you* are in the circus here?"

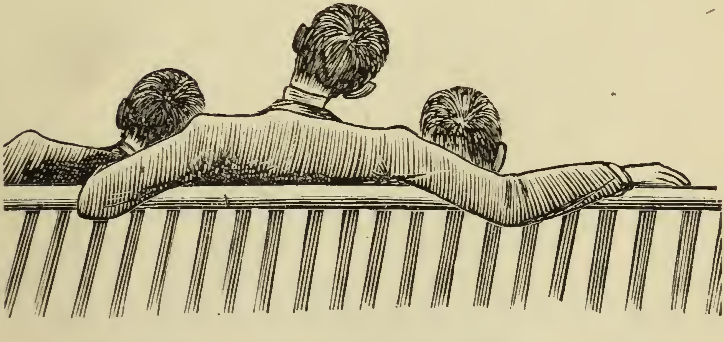
* * * * * *

Then Jacob Warner rubbed his eyes
And stared around in some surprise;
His lamp and Barnum's show were out,
And silence reigned the town about.
But ever after, it was known
By every one throughout the town,
That Jacob Warner preached far less
Against the sins of circuses.

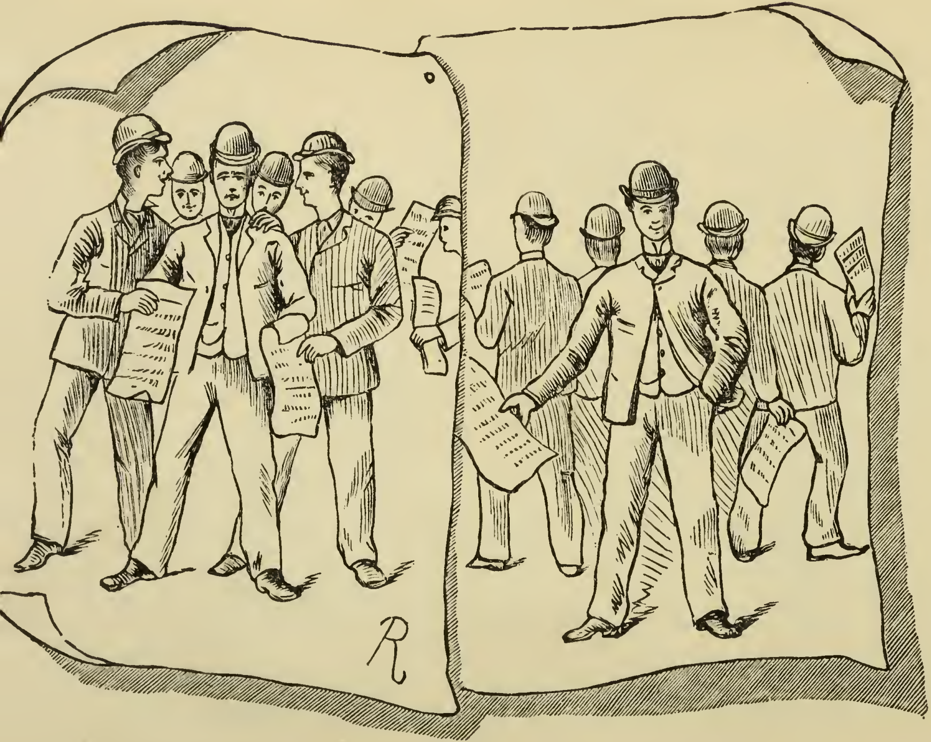
C. M. S.



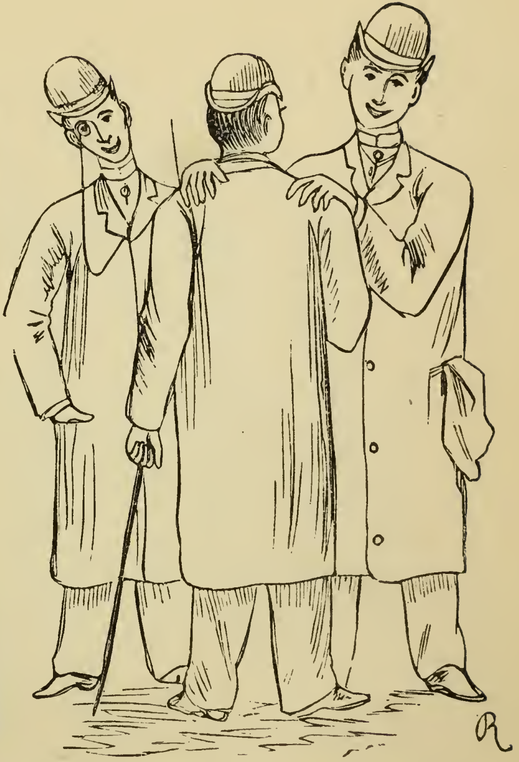
A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!
King Richard III.



Chapel, Sunday afternoon, 4.05 oclock. — Click, click, "Fifthly."



If you want to escape subscriptions, get one up yourself.



Freshman and Society men.

A SKETCH OF RUSSIA.

The recent death of the Emperor of Russia by the hand of an assassin, and the extensive plot which that sad event unearthed, formed by men and women so thoroughly imbued with a hatred for the existing government that they think no means too desperate and no personal sacrifice too great for the accomplishment of its destruction,—opens to the student a broad field of investigation and thought. Our aim is to give some idea of the causes for the present condition of Russia as they are prominent in its history of the last fifty years.

The accession of Alexander II. to the throne of this great empire began a new period in its history, and the part which he played in those early days showed him to have been an advanced, though not always a wise, statesman. The policy of his father, Nicholas, had been very simple, as well as very short-sighted. To his mind monarchy and democracy caused respectively order and anarchy; and for the maintenance of order he saw reason for the exercise of the most absolute monarchy. Public discussion of the governmental policy was as much treason as in the days of Tiberius. The writers of the time were kept under the strictest surveillance, while all foreign books and newspapers, excepting those of the "well-intentioned," were excluded from the country; the people were prohibited from travelling abroad, and foreigners visiting Russia were closely watched; the number of university students was diminished and the chair of political economy was suppressed; in short, no means were neglected of shutting out from this people all ideas of advancement and personality, and of educating them in the simple creed of obedience to the Tsar. To this "Don Quixote of Autocracy" there was one cause for every social evil,

— disobedience to his orders; and there was one remedy, — more discipline.

The result of such a policy is self-evident: among the more educated classes there prevailed a general moral and intellectual stagnation; and the great mass of people merely existed, with no future to call out their ambition.

Nicholas's great stronghold — and the great power of Russia — was the large and well-disciplined army. With this he considered himself safe from disaster from abroad, and secure in his authority at home. But even this proved disappointing in the unexpected result of the Crimean war; and then there burst upon the nation a revelation of the complete rottenness of every department of the government, and the entire inadequacy of the Tsar's political creed. The last and strongest prop of despotism had given way, and thenceforth Russia entered upon a new career. In this crisis Nicholas died, and was succeeded by his son Alexander II.

There is always something interesting and poetical in a crisis, whether in the history of a nation or individual, as one looks back upon it. Perhaps it is because in the intensity of the time the dull and commonplace in daily life are lost sight of, and the nation or the man forgets the petty and selfish interests of the moment, and is lost in the ideas which call out all latent powers. Such a period followed the oppression of Nicholas, when Russia, as some one has said, rose like a strong giant from his sleep, stretched his brawny limbs, collected his thoughts, and prepared to atone for the past by deeds of untold prowess.

The awakening was as intense as the stagnation had been profound. An unrestricted press sent broadcast over the land burning words for liberty and progress; the periodicals of the time, casting off their timidity, were filled with ideas of political science and social reform, which were eagerly read by those who but a few months before were absolutely indifferent to the government. The government itself was so severely criticised that the officials, whose whole glory had been in belonging to the "well-intentioned," now found their position a burden and a disgrace in the eyes of the people. High-sounding expressions like "the rights of man," "human dignity," "progress," "spirit of the age," etc., were on every one's lips, and most of all the cry of "reform" went up on every side.

Let us but remember what so shortly before had been the condition of this people, and we will not wonder that they were but ill prepared for the reforms which followed each other in quick succession,— the abolition of serfdom, the liberty of the press, trial by jury. Provincial and municipal assemblies were also given one after another, and these oppressed people learned for the first time the importance of their power, and were intoxicated in the delight of exercising it. What wonder, then, that like giddy youths many have tried to reach the utmost extreme, and cast off every moral or political restraint. They had never learned the true liberty of law.

One of the most important acts of the Emperor was that of opening the universities to all, the substitution of English studies for Latin and Greek, and the formation of university clubs and debating unions. The conceit and fickleness universally found among the Russian youths, and the facility with which they acquire knowledge, made this reform one of the most unfortunate of all in its results. The students no longer devoted themselves to the downright study necessary to obtain a knowledge of classics, but congregated at the clubs, spending the day in political debates and discussions regarding the government policy, forming the wildest schemes of reform, and convincing themselves that they were the coming race upon whom the salvation of the country rested.

The government was not long in perceiving its mistake and in returning to the old *régime;* but, by doing it, closed the university doors to hundreds of poor students who, having spent their time at the clubs, were hopelessly behind in studies, and thereby shut them out from the civil service, the only career open to a Russian youth. From these students and from those who, having passed the examinations, have still been unable to find employment in the service, the ranks of the Nihilists are most largely filled. For Russia opens the eyes of these youths to what life might be, but shuts them out from all opportunity of attaining that life; and in Nihilism they find a scope for their restlessness and conceit.

It is in this society that the reaction from the policy of Nicholas is met in its worst form. In its code every virtue that we hold dear is cast aside, while it teaches the utmost lawlessness and disregard to every tie of God or man. It calls its members to tear from their breasts every idea of God, to trample upon every pure and tender feeling, to laugh at every natural or human law, and in their glorious "liberty" to live lives revelling in every form of the most revolting lust and vice. In a popular novel which has been read and reread by thousands of young men and women of every social rank in Russia, are portrayed characters of ideal Nihilists and pictures of life as it should be, so indecent and so rotten that it would make a virago, in the slums of some great city, blush. And hundreds of young women in Russia to-day can repeat long passages of this book from memory.

The saddest thing in Russia is the support Nihilism is receiving from the university students — those to whom, in our land, all eyes are turned for the support and defense of all that helps good government and pure morality; and from the young women, whose place ought to be to keep the sacred hearth fires burning brightly throughout that great empire, as the Vestal Virgins guarded the sacred fire at Rome.

The secret power of this society is untold, — working silently and darkly; thinking any means good enough if only the end is accomplished; drawing into its membership by its tremendous fascination thousands in every position, from the court to the commune; supporting itself by intimidating the rich, by the money brought by its members into the treasury, and sometimes by bursting upon the world some in daring deed of crime. Among its members are some, doubtless, of noble character, and all are willing to give even life itself to the cause. So great is the power of man to sacrifice self that even this institution, which calls out no great ideas, but only a sense of wrong, largely due to an abnormal view of what liberty really is, makes men and even women ready for any service or any sacrifice. We can but feel, however, that the sore is only skin deep, and that Russia will yet rise out of her present infirmities; and as the light of intelligence and of a practical, living Christianity spreads over the land, one by one the scales will fall from the eyes of the thousands now following liberty so blindly, and they will learn that the truest liberty is, after all, a state of subjection, and will bring to the support of their new convictions the same devotion and sacrifice they have shown in their darkness.

F. I. P.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

'Twas on a hazy summer's day,
When Nature was smiling and sweet;
A Theo. stalked forth on his way,
A Fem. Sem. to spy down the street.

His slimsy tie — of whitewash hue —
Put dirt to the uttermost shame;
His boots, so bright with blackened glue,
The sun's sultry rays seemed to tame.

His form was lean and long and lank,
And "grub-struck," indeed, was his mien;
Loose dangled his hempen locks, dank,
Afloat on the zephyr's brisk stream.

Upon his lip a struggling growth,
The withering winds had weathered;
And still it clung as if too loath
To leave the fellow it feathered.

He hummed a sort of lovesick strain,
Weak infant of some Yankee brain:
"How yearnin' and to yearn in vain,
Was wusser than the wussest pain."

While tuned he thus this mournful lay,
He sighted a feminine form;
As lambkins o'er the landscape play,
Joy romped on his features forlorn.

"A Fem. Sem. 'tis," he murmured low,
"My soother dear, sweet bonbon charm!"
Soon at her side he ducks a bow,
And proffers his crooked, thin arm.

"One word I'll ask, my Pussy dear;
Oh say I'm your own darling Jack?"
She squared on him a face so queer,
No bottled ink was e'er so black!!

[*Exit Theologue.*]

BY ONE OF THEM.

ATHLETICS.

THE EXETER–ANDOVER GAME.

On Wednesday, June 8, though a threatening sky and an adverse wind were most unpropitious, a great majority of the school boarded the train for Exeter, in order to back the nine by their favorable applause, and it is needless to remark that all throats were indescribably hoarse at the return. Phillips Andover took the lead from the start, and maintained it throughout the game by means of Halbert's effective pitching and the good batting of the nine generally. The Exeter nine was composed of far heavier men, and seemed to play well together; but Andover pitching was too much for them. We defeated them by the following score, and rejoice at our success in the long hoped-for match.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	E.	P.O.	A.	T.B.R.	T.B.H.
Strong, 2b.	5	1	3	3	3	0	9	4
Peck, r.f.	5	2	0	1	1	0	9	0
Pi Yuk, c.f.	5	3	2	0	0	0	12	4
Fuller, l.f.	5	2	3	0	2	0	10	3
Halbert, p.	5	2	2	0	4	6	10	3
Pinchback, 3b.	5	3	2	1	2	3	14	2
Stewart, 1b.	5	0	2	0	10	0	7	2
Watson, s.s.	6	0	1	2	1	5	3	1
Parkhurst, c.	5	0	0	2	4	1	0	0
Totals	46	13	15	9	27	15	74	19

EXETER ACADEMY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	E.	P.O.	A.	T.B.R.	T.B.H.
Allen, 3b.	5	0	1	4	2	0	5	1
Phillips, 2 b.	5	0	0	2	3	1	3	0
Chin, s.s.	5	1	1	2	0	1	4	1
Bales, l.f.	4	1	0	1	2	0	4	0
Merril, c.	4	2	2	6	6	2	13	2
Adler, r.f.	4	1	1	0	1	2	9	6
Pritchard, c.f.	4	0	1	0	4	0	2	1
Boyden, p.	4	0	1	0	0	7	2	1
Peters, 1 b.	4	0	0	0	7	1	2	0
Totals	39	5	7	15	24	14	44	7

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Phillips,	5	3	0	0	0	1	0	4	—	—13
Exeter,	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	3	0	— 5

Wild pitches — Halbert 1. Passed balls — Parkhurst 4, Merril 1. First base on called balls — Allen. Struck out — Phillips 5, Exeter 5. Third base hit — Pi Yuk. Second base hit — Strong, Halbert. Left on base — Strong (2), Halbert, Peck, Pinchback, Stewart (2), Watson; total for P. A., 7. Allen, Phillips (2), Merril, Adler, Pritchard, Boyden; total for Exeter, 7. Out on bases, — Phillips 9, Exeter 14. Total called balls — on Halbert (9 innings) 87, Boyden (8 innings) 70. Called strikes — off Halbert 8, off Boyden 7. Earned runs — Phillips 5. Captain of Phillips — W. A. Halbert; of Exeter, Bales. Umpire, A. F. Lane, Harvard '82. Scorer for Exeter — T. R. Varick; for Phillips. J. W. Howard. Time of game — 2h. 25m.

DISAPPOINTMENTS AND GAMES.

The entire school deeply regretted the inability of the Harvard Freshmen and the nines of the Institute of Technology and Quincy to meet our nine on the diamond, but we suppose they did not have time. And, indeed, there was bad fortune to all our arrangements for matches! Never has it stormed so persistently on half-holidays; never have fewer clubs been able to play us; and rarely, if ever, have we had a stronger nine. We trust, however, that next year we may be able to chronicle victories over those we have not encountered this season. The game with the Harvard Fresh was prevented by the storm of a week; the Exeter game by still another rain was postponed for four days; and yet, although Adams and the Institute of Technology refused to meet us, we are happy to record that the nine crossed bats with the Ætnas of North Andover and the Town Nine, defeating the former by a score of 12 to 6, and the latter, Decoration Day, by a score of 20 to 1.

PROSPECTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Of all the celebrated preparatory schools of New England we can now confidently say that Andover takes the lead in Athletics, and she must hold her position. Next year the aforementioned institutions may develop strong nines, and Andover must be prepared to defeat them. Therefore we advise the committee of next fall to get the men in training as soon as possible.

We are unable to give the records of the Spring Meeting of the Athletic Association, as we go to press before it takes place.

And, in conclusion, we cannot praise too highly the scheme of the two Senior classes to start a Campus fund, and we trust the agitation will bear abundant fruit, both in this and in future years. Long have we needed a *good* field for sports, and our want seems about to be supplied; and if only a few classes take hold of the matter, in a short time there will be level ground from Latin to English Commons, where more than one sport can be indulged in at a time. For it is not well to be too conservative in Athletics, since some big fellows, who are of no advantage in the ball field, might make their mark in cricket or some other favorable pastime.

All praise, then, to '81, if she takes the lead in this laudable project, and effects a result that will gladden the hearts of innumerable students of years to come.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

WITH this number the MIRROR has been increased to three hundred copies. No time or effort has been spared to make it attractive and financially a success. With all humility and a clean conscience we now submit it to your kind criticism.

The last of the winter term, Phillips' spacious hall was transformed by the Philo Society into a theatre, and filled by a large and appreciative audience. Upon the "boards" appeared a motley assemblage arrayed in warlike and beauteous attire. There stalked the ghost of Banquo and raved the bloody Macbeth. Fair ladies and gallant knights drank, from pasteboard goblets, imaginary wine. Personal hits awakened and kept the audience in a smile. Altogether the "Macbeth Travestie" was a success. Many declared that the young ladies of the Fem. Sem. were excelled in beauty by the dressed-up Cads. The picture of the cast, afterwards taken by a Lawrence photographer, is a pleasing souvenir of an evening to be remembered by both audience and actors.

The Phillips boys had a good chance to show their interest in the town welfare, their muscle, and their desire to get rid of a recitation, on April 14, at 10.30 A.M. The iron tongue of the fire-bell soon started the little engine down hill towards Frye Village, where long, hard work was done. After the fire was out a lunch was given to the Cads by Mr. Dove, which went quickly to the bottomless pit. All were really too tired for the afternoon recitation, and "cuts" were decidedly the order of proceeding. The Faculty demerited all round for missed recitation; and while some required the lessons to be made up, others in mercy forgave freely. Doubtless if they could have seen the work that was done pulling the engine down, and could have experienced a half hour at the handles, the demerits would not have been so plenty. The slur that appeared in that discriminating (?) publication, the *Lawrence American*, in regard to the boys not working at the fire, but wetting the crowd, hardly needs comment. It is on a par in its brightness and truthfulness with the rest of the *American's* remarks. We can rest content with the praise that we have received from many who were there in regard to doing our duty well.

The Draper Prize Speaking was a brilliant exhibition of talent. Doubtless never in the history of old Phillips has the entertainment been so perfect in all respects. However, we will not expatiate upon the merits of individuals, since the *Phillipian* has already performed that pleasing task. In the capacity of reviewer we can only present a *résumé* of the matter. Mr. Baltz's speaking was worthy of any actor; and we regret that there were not more prizes for those whose elocution clearly deserved them. Of Mr. Churchill's training nothing need be said. The rounds of applause showed that it was appreciated. We wish the gentlemen all good fortune in the sterner duties of life, and we trust that in the future they will not hide their lamps under a bushel.

The Glee Club discoursed some pleasing selections and medleys during the absence of the Committee, and the recalls of the audience showed that a popular chord was touched.

We are happy to report the success of the Senior Entertainment given May 12 in the Town Hall. The canvassers, judging from personal experience, did hard work, and the hall was comfortably filled. Mr. John L. Stoddard lectured on "The Country of the Moors." To mention the gentleman's name is enough to certify that it gave complete satisfaction, and praise at our hands is unneeded. The views were charming, and were presented in perfect taste and form. The affair was, too, a financial success. A gentle smile was visible on the care-worn Senior's face next day, and all rejoiced in the much-to-be-desired result.

A few favored mortals, inhabitants of that tabooed institution on the hill whose denizens bear the name of "Cads," were allowed to penetrate the sacred precincts of Abbot Academy on May 31st, to listen to the Draper readings of the young ladies. The little hall was crowded to its utmost. It was a happy thought to allow us to pass up the aisle facing the audience, for we were given a view of the young ladies in their evening attire that is seldom granted to a Cad. Whether the toilets were the cause, or whether our eyes were dazzled by so bright and smiling an array, we do not know; but the young ladies never looked so pretty on the street as they did that evening. The readings were without exception well rendered and well received by the audience. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful.

The new system of selecting commencement speakers was first used this year. Now the two men of highest rank alone are sure of their appointments, the other five being selected by merit of essays in which all have an equal chance. This will secure a larger recognition of literary ability and also render the speaking of more interest. The following speakers were selected from the Senior Classical: Ferris, Greene, Halbert, Jones, Noyes, Welles and Weymouth. The Senior Scientific speakers are Skilton, Chow and Willets. The Vine Parts are assigned as follows: Class History to Greene; Class Orator, Symons; Prophecy to Durant; and Jones is the Poet.

The Glee Club deserves a tribute from these pages, for the long and faithful work it has been doing. It was started without display, and though some of the best voices in the school kept aloof, those who did join were in earnest and soon became inspired with the enthusiasm of their instructor. On every public occasion they have been well appreciated and have received some very pleasant attentions from the ladies of the town. The concert given by the Club for the benefit of the graduating class of the North Andover High School cleared about $60.00. The serenades offered to our sisters down street and at Bradford well illustrate the proverb about a prophet in his own country. Marked improvement has been made in the school singing. The Club presented Mr. Miriam with a slight token of their appreciation of his disinterested efforts in their behalf. We expect great things from next year's Glee Club, and hope every man who has any ability in this line will not withhold it.

There is one objectionable feature that forced itself upon us at first sight, and the opinion of men of taste and experience has emphasized it. The present cover of the Mirror, though very elaborate, suggests to one not familiar with it a Patent Medicine Almanac rather than a literary magazine. The cut of the fire-engine, laboratory, and Academy are all out of place. The chief end seems to be to advertise the school. The only reason why we have not made the change is because this is the last number of a volume. But we would suggest to the coming board that they engage the service of an artist to design a cover worthy of and appropriate to the contents.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

NOTICE: — Readers are earnestly requested not to smile during the perusal of the DRAWER.

Bicycler's motto: "For wheel or woe."

The gay and festive theologue announced that he was going for fishing tackle, and then was going to tackle fishing.

Owing to Mr. Howard's efforts of last term, the enterprising "bobber" will no longer ask, "Is the coast clear?"

The Commons man who called his room-mate "*Imbellis cithara*," a peaceful lyre (liar), remarked, as once said Cicero, "*Quo studio incendimur*," with what zeal are we fired (out).

Tom Indolence remarked to the DRAWER, that there's a condition to everything in life, even to a college entrance examination.

Prof. — "Mr. F., you may continue." F. — "And he — and he — and he —" Prof. — "You may discontinue." Class — "He! he! he!"

During the past term Mr. Symons resigned the editorship of the *Phillipian* on account of overwork, and Mr. Welles has filled the position most acceptably.

There being 100,000 more women than men in Massachusetts, and 80,000 more men than women in Missouri, why not start an Inter-State Matrimonial Association?

Tennis and Bicycle Clubs are among the new organizations published in this MIRROR.

The efforts of the Glee Club, under the efficient training of Mr. C. L. Merriam, of the Seminary, have been most successful. Recall upon recall shows a merited appreciation.

And yet one of Philo's officials continually hums, "Grace, 'tis a charming sound."

Philo will lose some of her prominent men this year, whose faces have become associated with her time-honored walls. The MIRROR hopes, however, that their places will be equally well filled, and that the society that has survived the shocks and storms since 1825 may have even a more brilliant future.

'81 P.A. is twenty-six strong, and all but two will go to college. Yale leads off with twelve,—Doggett, Dunlap, Ferris, Flanders, Frey, Halbert, Noyes, Sands, Welles, Weston, Weymouth, and Woodruff; Amherst gets Greene, Jones, Stearns, Symons, Tuttle and Upton; Harvard has Saunders, Smith and Thayer; Pollard goes to Boston University, and Taber to Wesleyan; Holmes takes to business and Foster expects soon to go to a large ranch in Kansas.

'81 P.S. contains twenty-three, of whom Allcott, both Atwoods, Blanchard, Coit, Downing, Joslin, Porter and Willets go to Sheffield Scientific School; Chou and Lin to Columbia School of Mines; Hanna to Princeton; Atherton to Lawrence Scientific School, and Smith to Worcester Free Institute.

Selfridge, P. A. '81, and Love, P. A. '79, are on for Prize Speaking at Hamilton; and Ward, '80, is on the Kellogg at Amherst.

The following gentlemen, in the order named, received the Joseph Cook Greek Prizes:—

F. D. Greene, of Constantinople, Turkey; P. I. Welles, of Fayetteville, N.Y.; A. J. Foster, of Reading, Mass.

The Poco is surely numerous. His name is legion. And the more they come the worse they look. Look out for it! It has escaped! But, behold, even now he cometh —the fiend is on us.

A rheumatic Senior translates: "*Volucrem trajecto in fune columbam*, A free dove tied with a cable."

Pride goeth before a fall, but the bicycle generally comes after.

The athlete has his admirers, the speaker his moments of applause ; but in school life the student gains the most honorable reward.

"Through troubles to triumphs," as the Middler remarked, when twenty-five of them were guarding a blackboard from three Juniors.

The observant student will note that House Decoration is not included in the course for next year.

We would call attention to the fact that concentration of Academy trade is necessary, or we cannot expect our periodicals to be supported. Especially patronize those who patronize us. Scan our advertising columns, and make it a special care to trade with our supporters.

Now doth the Middler plead for the Senior's fish-horn, plot all manner of dark schemes to stack the Senior's room, and sport the white hat and knotty banger in anticipation of the sobriety of the year to come.

By the permission of the *Phillipian* we republish a few illustrations (?) of permanent interest and new to many of the present members of the school.

Prof. — "Who was Galatea ?" Middler. — "A sea nymph." Prof.—"Yes, the one *Polyphemus* wooed. (All hands laugh.) Well, I see I am unfortunate in my classical allusions. The other day I quoted from the Eclogues a passage concerning a "Kid," but my attempt was entirely nipped in the "Bud."

It is reported that several young ladies have volunteered to tread the rough and thorny path of Greek with the Juniors next fall.

The average statistics of P. A. '81 are: age, 19 yrs. 2 mo ; height, 5 ft. 8½ in.; weight, 143 lbs. Of P.S. '81: age, 19 yrs. 1 mo. ; height, 5 ft. 8 in. ; weight, 143 lbs.

A youth much renowned for his cheek
Tried to ride through a lesson of Greek.
  Being caught in the act
  By the firm teacher's tact,
He plodded the rest of the week.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

College Proverbs:—
Ponies and power.
A crib in time saves 9.
Never too late to flunk.
A soft answer turneth away 0.
Profs. of a feather flock together.

— *Free Press.*

You cannot cultivate a man's acquaintance by continually harrowing his feelings. — *Ex.*

Crop report: Corns show a larger ache-erage this year than last. — *Ex.*

In the lexicon of Crib there is no such word as flunk. — *Ex.*

What is the most prevalent disease among students? Dropsy, of course. — *Ex.*

Inquirer: The hottest thing next to a mustard plaster is the skin.

Married student: In starting housekeeping you will find the following receipts invaluable:—

To make a good cat-sup — give her some milk. To make a Rhode Island clam-bake — put it into the fire.—*Spectator.*

It is a fact worth remembering in the Washington holiday season that ashes made by burning the wood of a cherry tree never produced lye. — *Ex.*

Oh the bells, the bells, the bells, what sòng their music tells, when the high-toned city swells meander up and down the dells, with many hoarse and howling yells, in quest of where the daisy dwells, the belles, the belles, ah belles.

When a pilot, gone wrong through delusion,
Veers a ship right ashore, in confusion,—
    That they should invent
    Some means to prevent,
You think is a fog-horn conclusion.

— *Lampoon.*

When a traveller goes to Europe, does he generally complete the Turin, Italy. — *Ex.* No, he generally continues to Rome. — *Ex.*

Harvard is the Fifth Avenue of American colleges; Yale, the Broadway. — *Ex.* And Vassar, the Maiden Lane. — *Mis.* And Princeton, the Rotten Row. — *Acta.* And the Agricultural College, the Cornhill. — *Amherst Student.*

"I am translating you from the German," said a Senior to the fair one by his side, as they rolled away from the dance the other evening. "Not without a horse, I hope," she murmured, and then gently fainted. — *Ex.*

A newspaper man, in putting on his last year's white vest, found a roll of bills in one of the pockets amounting to $120, which he had entirely forgotten. P. S.—None of them were receipted. — *Ex.*

Scene at a stable. Funny Freshman to hostler: "Pat, I'm afraid you're currying favor with that horse." Pat: "Faith, no! I'm merely scrapin' an acquaintance." — *Amherst Student.*

An old angler says that a fish does not suffer much pain from being hooked. Of course not. It is the thought of how his weight will be lied about that gives him anguish.

"What is the greatest charge on record?" asked the professor of History. And the absent-minded student answered, "Seventeen dollars for hack hire for self and girl, two hours."

"Men often jump at conclusions," says the proverb. So do dogs. We saw a dog jump at the conclusion of a cat which was sticking through the opening of a door, and it made more disturbance than an Exeter-Andover game.

To degenerate student on the fence: "Hello, Tom! where are you going this summer?" "Going to the devil, I suppose." "I should think you' d like a change." — *Lampoon.*

Dogs have the power of changing their color. A black dog can make himself bay. — *Ex.*

Who strides the streets of Boston town
With such majestic tread?
Whose lip is covered o'er with down?
Whose hat-band is dark red?
Who, when he walks upon the street,
Of Jockey Club doth smell?
Whose hair is parted, oh, so neat?
He is a Harvard swell.

Then who is this, with winning smile,
Whose whiskers are so black?
Whose overcoat's the neatest style?
His trousers ten years back?
Whose wicked eye is full of sin,
Who drinks much beer and ale,
Who wears a skull and cross-bones pin?
A masher he, from Yale.

But now, who's this, who, full of strife,
Yet still is pale and sad;
Whose greatest comfort in this life
Is in his ague pad?
Who, when his Faculty say No,
Is gentle, meek and mild,
But positively will not go?
'Tis Princeton's revered child.

—*Lampoon.*

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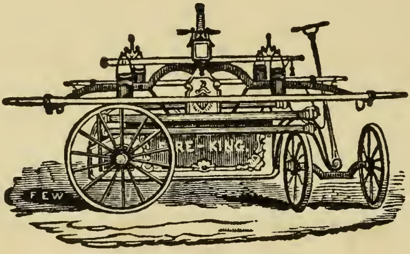

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